

THOUGHTS ON HUNTING AND OTHER MATTERS

ROBERT SMITH SURTEES
AND JOHN JORROCKS

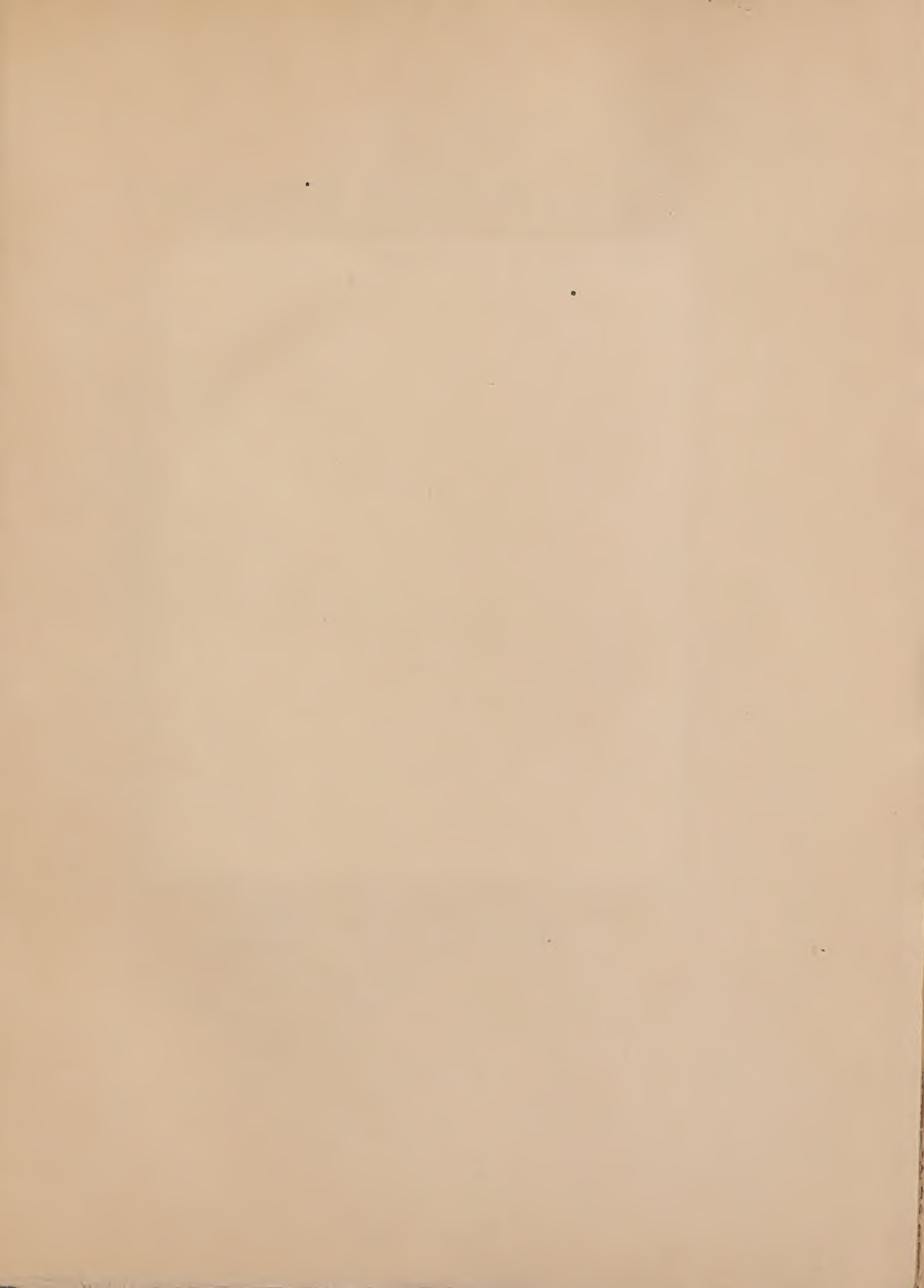
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No. 7

THOUGHTS ON HUNTING
AND OTHER MATTERS





A Fine Natural Observatory in Surrey.

THOUGHTS ON HUNTING
AND OTHER MATTERS

BY
ROBERT SMITH SURTEES
AND
JOHN JORROCKS

ILLUSTRATED BY
GEO. DENHOLM ARMOUR

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INTRODUCTION.

THE following pages contain a selection from those writings of Surtees which have lain forgotten or unrecognised in the issues of the 'New Sporting,' 'Sporting,' and 'New Monthly' magazines. The resolute anonymity maintained by the author explains the obscurity to which many of his fugitive essays have been consigned; and it is under the guidance furnished by letters and accounts found among the Hamsterley papers that these have been identified as from his pen.

It seems curious that the lucubrations signed by such a celebrity as Mr Jorrocks should not have been rescued from oblivion.

At one time Surtees contemplated republishing more of his Jorrocks papers in book form; and sought the opinion of his friend and literary adviser, John Gibson Lockhart, on the step. That gentleman replied, 17th March 1842:—

"I am no stranger to the 'New Sporting Magazine' even of later date, and therefore well acquainted with the various adventures in which my dear friend Jorrocks found himself

involved subsequent to the era of his 'Jaunts and Jollities.' I am not at all surprised that you should think of collecting these papers into a book, but only doubt whether . . . you should not be more tender-handed in your revision than on the former occasion ; for I, at least, thought some of the best things in the magazine were omitted."

Surtees never carried his intention into effect. He made use of some of the Jorrocks papers in the first (3-volume) edition of 'Handley Cross' (1843), and others in that published ten years after ; but those here reproduced were not of a nature that lent themselves to that work. It is obvious why some at least could not be included ; the Jorrocks who "used to hunt a great deal with the Surrey—every third Saturday, in fact," who was an advocate for hill-tops whence he might "look at hounds through a telescope instead of riding at their tails, to the damage of farmers' crops and with danger to his own neck," was a different Jorrocks from him who became Master of the Handley Cross Hunt. To fit the hero for that exalted position it was necessary to develop him, to imbue him with orthodox ideas on the subject of following hounds. It would ill become an M.F.H. to contemplate the doings of his pack through a telescope from the hill-tops ; the most indulgent of his hearers would have marvelled at mention of portable hunting observatories, had such found place in his Lectures. Mr Jorrocks put from him all thought of such innovations when he took office at Handley Cross.

We detect progress in his 'Letters from the North' wherein appears evidence of dawning appreciation of a good thing with hounds. He frankly owns inclination to "recanter over some of his opinions," and admit that the Surrey system is not quite perfection. We discern the birth of true sporting instincts in his recognition of the fact that there is something finer and more animating in going "right slick away" across a fine open country with a fox that mortal man has never handled, than in watching from the hills the chase of a bagman. And if he does add "where the leaps are not too large," shall we not rather applaud his candour than criticise his horsemanship?

Certain of these papers have special interest; such are those 'Letters from the North' wherein Mr Jorrocks gives his impressions of the hospitality of the Hardwicke Club. Surtees in his own proper person has left an account of the Club of which he was a member (see 'Robert Smith Surtees, Creator of Jorrocks,' Chap. iv); and it is worth comparing Mr Jorrocks's experience as that of a stranger with the record in sober vein by the author.

The 'Journal' is pure Jorrocks, containing those occasional gleams of unconscious humour for which the Master was remarkable, as, for instance, when he thoughtfully regrets removal of the bodies of pirates hanging in chains as

depriving the river scenery of "romance." This gruesome post-mortem penalty was, the reader may be reminded, abolished in 1834. The 'Journal' was written in the subsequent year; the removal was therefore recent.

In 'The Foggy Morning,' written in 1834, Surtees has a fling at his former contributor Mr Copland, whose pseudonym in the 'New Sporting Magazine' was "Dashwood." He had been obliged to dispense with the man's services in 1832, as "Dashwood" too frequently failed to produce the contribution he had undertaken to supply for each number (see 'Robert Smith Surtees,' pp. 118-119); whence arose friction which manifestly had not subsided two years later. The postscript suggests that Mr Copland might regard the article as furnishing him with ground for a libel action, which, however, he did not bring.

In certain moods Surtees was prone to dwell upon the less pleasing aspects of life, and thus we find him taking what seems a jaundiced view of institutions upon which other writers are eloquent. The advent of railways opened his eyes to the discomforts of travel by coach, and he does not spare his strictures thereupon during even that brief period which has been called "The Golden Age of The Road." So also as regards the coaching inns of London, for which he has not a good word, whether in respect of accommodation, food, or charges. The glamour which

clings about the old stage-coach and inn vanishes under his hand, and his observations may do something to alleviate the regrets of those who cherish deceptive visions of "good old days."

It was known that Surtees was a non-smoker, but the strength of his antipathy to tobacco was unsuspected until his 'Frost and Snow Papers' were brought to light. His remark that much might be done to "eradicate the evil" if ladies would lend their aid reads oddly in these days.

The various essays contained in this book illustrate the facility with which the author adapted style to subject-matter. Writing of hounds and hunting in 'Paris Races and Paris in 1832' or in 'A Chivey through Cheshire,' his tone is serious almost to formality; he adopts the attitude of the responsible critic whose mission it is to appraise and inform. In widely different vein are such essays as 'Thoughts on Inns,' 'The Inside Seat,' and 'The Coach Dinner'; they are written with that zest for satirical description which characterises Surtees' later and more ambitious works; in such scenes he finds opportunity for observation of humanity, and gives his pen the rein.

I remarked in 'R. S. Surtees, Creator of Jor-rocks' (p. 337), that nowhere was there evidence of appreciation—even of knowledge—of Dickens. This needs qualification by the light of references in 'London Locomotion' appreciative of Dickens'

genius as a delineator of humble characters, also of 'Pickwick.'

Surtees took less trouble with these fugitive pieces than he did with his books; some were written hastily, and contain passages which suggest that he did not even read them over before despatch to editor or—in the case of his own magazine—to printer. He has left on record his opinion that "straining a work through a periodical . . . enables one to revise to great advantage"; therefore I have ventured to prune down one or two of the essays, feeling that this is what the author would have done himself, had he reproduced them in volume form.

Mr Jorrocks has not hitherto been recognised as a poet; in his earlier phases he was somewhat addicted, like Mr Silas Wegg, to "dropping into poetry"; and while it cannot be pretended that he was ever in danger of appointment to the Laureateship, a few examples of his muse have been given among his prose efforts.

I have added a few footnotes where such seemed necessary; there are occasional allusions which have become obscure through lapse of time.

E. D. CUMING.

LONDON, 1925.

THOUGHTS ON HUNTING AND OTHER MATTERS.

THOUGHTS ON HUNTING.

In a Series of Familiar Letters.

BY MR JORROCKS.

No. I.

GENTS,—Herewith you will receive, as per invoice, the first of my “Thoughts on Hunting,” founded on many years’ experience in the county of Surrey ; and though some of my positions may be open to hargument,¹ yet I feel confident that upon the main principles—viz., “bird’s-eye views and reporting,”—the majority of your readers will go along with me ; for it is no use denying, that the finding a fox is productive of the most disagreeable sensations to many in the field, which

¹ Our friend is very particular in having his own precise words used, and found great fault with us for correcting, or rather altering, the spelling of a few words in his former letter ; we therefore now give them verbatim from the MSS.

“bird’s-eye views” would obviate; and I am prepared to show, that well authenticated reports would contribute amazingly to the maintenance of this great national amusement, therefore I mean to make these two points the subject of my present favour.

The great advantages that Surrey possesses over all other countries is in the fine natural observatory formed by the line of hills that runs through the middle of it, from which on a clear day you may see everything that passes below without the least difficulty; and it is a good deal owing to this circumstance that it has always stood conspicuous for the production of real sportsmen, who would rather look at hounds through a telescope than be riding at their tails, to the damage of the farmer’s crop and danger to their own neck. The difference between Croydon and Melton is slight; but the difference between the countries is great. My friend Mr Scattergood, the hatter of Melton, is my authority on this point; and he states in a letter I had from him this morning, having sent for a few particulars previous to writing this, that, with a very few exceptions, all their covers are gorse, and that no sooner are the pack in at one side than the fox is out at the other, and before you can say Jack Robinson the whole field are out of sight, and the country being flat and open, you see no more of them that day. “Burrow-on-the-Hill,” and a

few others, he says, form an exception, and from that one in particular you may have a fine view of a hunt, if the fox goes the right way; and he also adds, that the farmer at the foot of the hill brews a very good ale.

Now in Surrey the thing is very different, and on the severest day it is seldom that a man, with any knowledge of the country, rides above an hour, or an hour and a half, without seeing hounds; though on a Saturday the only difficulty used to be, that we used sometimes to change packs in the course of a run; and many a good fellow who set off with the fox in the morning ended with the stag in the evening. I used to hunt a great deal—every third Saturday in fact—with Jolliffe, when he hunted the country we now have; and a great convenience it was—his men being in blue, because then there was no mistaking the hunt; but then when you got to the other side of it again, there came the Union in scarlet, and many of the stag-hunters wore it too, which made it very perplexing.

Having always had an eye to the main chance, I have never travelled much from home for the purpose of hunting; but last Christmas as is gone a year, says Mrs Jorrocks to me one evening as we were returning from Tooting, "I should like very much to go to Brighton and see the King and all the royal family; and now, as you have got another partner into the concern,

I think it is but fair that we old folks should do a bit of pleasure, and leave the young uns to work in their turn ” ; and so at last, what with a little coaxing, and all that sort of thing, I agreed, and putting Billey into the gig with a head to it we set off a day or two after, and sleeping the first night at the Summer’s Arms, Red Hill, we arrived at Brighton the following afternoon, and put up at the White Horse, at the end of East Street,—such a house for beef-steaks and hoyster sauce as I never encountered before !

Well, it so happened that we had scarcely got set down, and had a nip of ale apiece, before in came the waiter with the Brighton paper, and the first thing I saw was the meets of the hounds—the East Sussex, the Brookside, and Brighton Harriers ; and though I knew none of the places, I read them over and over again till I could repeat them by heart. Well, thinks I to myself, I wish I had brought a pair of boots, and all those sort of things, down with me, and I certainly would have had a day with these Brighton Harriers, for they are a pack that make more noise than all the other hounds in England put together, and I would have tried if they are equal to the Sanderstead or my friend Tom Meager’s.

Well, as things would have it, however, during our three days’ stay, I did contrive to have a day with them, and very gratifying it was. We met at the Devil’s Dike, on open down, with fine

bracing sea-breezes, such as a man who lives in Wapping can never hope to breathe. I borrowed the telescope at Mahmoud's shampooing bath, and a saddle and bridle of Boxall, of the Commercial Inn on the East Cliff, and rode Billey, who, I may truly say, is as good to ride as he is to drive. We had a large field—several ladies and gentlemen in flies—some of whom continued the chase in them throughout; others had their steeds brought close to the doors, and stepped out like they would from a bathing machine; and some again, like myself, rode their own horses quietly on.

Now, for what I am going to write, Mr Editor, I know I shall perhaps be laughed at by a few headstrong young men, who think that life is given to them to be sported with, and who go helter-skelter without thinking why or wherefore; but I feel assured that there are so many men to whom some practical observations upon hunting would be acceptable, that, wrapping myself up in the cloak of sound reason, I will not hesitate in making known my opinions to the world.

It has long been admitted that he is the best sportsman who sees most of the hounds, and at the same time takes least out of his horse; and my friend, Mr Scattergood, of Melton, confirms this doctrine. But, Mr Editor, if the unfortunate nature of Leicestershire renders it necessary for men to ride very fast after hounds, does it hold

that the same system should be pursued in more favoured countries? I should say, decidedly not; and that though a man may be called a good sportsman who takes little out of his horse in Leicestershire, yet he is a better one who takes nothing out of him in Sussex.

No man begrudges his horse less on the road than I do, but then we are pursuing a certain object which we cannot attain without; but where, let me ask, is the sense of riding and tearing up one hill and down another, and round a third, when, by standing on a fourth, you see much more of the game? This is where I take my stand, and it is a position that is not to be controverted, and it is to this point that I owe no inconsiderable portion of the celebrity I am in enjoyment of at the present day. But where is the position that shall not be open to the attack of the envious? But facts are stubborn things, and I say that the Brighton sportsmen are justly entitled to rank high in the price current of hunting, for two men out of every three adopt my system, and the proof of the pudding lies in the eating. Every man may have his own system, but it is not every man that can induce others to follow it, unless they find something both rational and convenient in the receipt.

It cannot be unknown to you, Mr Editor, that I was the original projector of the hunting observatory, on a similar principle to Dr Herschell's

star-gazing one, which, but for those terrible, terrible events that overwhelmed so many glorious



Freestone Hunting Observatory.

speculations in 1825, would infallibly, at this day, have been one of the most popular instru-

ments in the country. The plans and prospectuses were widely circulated in the course of that summer, and at one time I fondly hoped that before another season commenced we should have set an example in the fine county of Surrey worthy the imitation of the rest of England. With us, I confess, it was not a matter of so much importance, because the Surrey hills afford at least one day in each week every accommodation that can be desired. But take Banstead Downs for instance; what an inestimable benefit it would be to command a view over the adjoining countries from a lofty eminence. Even now, after the lapse of so many years from the time of my setting seriously to work about it, I am as firmly convinced that it would be a most profitable speculation as ever, and I do not see why the name of Jorrocks (now so good on the back of a bill) should not be handed down to posterity as the inventor of an engine of universal benefit to his brother sportsmen. Should it be accomplished, then my epitaph, like that of our great Sir Cristopher, might very properly be, *Si monumentum requiras? circumspice*; and I would desire no other grave than to be buried at the foot of a freestone hunting observatory.

But in addition to the permanent ones, my plan embraced some portable self-acting ones, constructed on the principle of Napoleon Buonaparte's one at Waterloo, only that being upon

wheels the number required would be considerably lessened, and by aid of telegraphs they could have been signalled from one part of the country to the other; so that with a knowledge of the habits of the animal, attention to the wind, acquaintance with the country, main earths, and all that sort of thing, a man might enjoy a day's fox-hunting without any danger and comparatively little fatigue. In this the true science of hunting would be obtained; besides which another advantage would be gained, which I wonder has never struck the sportsmen of the present day. No one who has ever been at Brighton can have failed to be struck by the elegant and beautiful accounts of the hunting published every week in the newspapers. For instance, the day after I had been with them I read the following, wherein even a humble individual like myself is considered worthy of notice:—

“*Brighton Harriers.*—On Wednesday the meeting of the subscription harriers at the Devil's Dike was of a gay complexion. Lord Lake, Sir Charles Pratt, Sir Ralph Gore, Mr Jorrocks, Mr and Miss Trotter, Mr Russell, and a field displaying about sixty well caparisoned steeds were there, who, with the pedestrians, in number about 300, occupied the slope and summits of the hills adjoining the Devil's Dike. The weather was auspicious and cheerful faces were universal. Game was presently started at Barncombe, and the pleasant play continued to Seddlescombe, over Sweet Hill, and across the London road towards Pangdean, avoiding the Holt and curving for Clayton, but headed back to Standean, the game was presently *non inventus*. Found again in a piece of fallow, and death put an end to the struggle in something less than fifteen

minutes. A third paid the fatal forfeit to the dogs in a fine contest from Blatchington to Angleton; and thus ended a capital day's diversion with two captures and an escape."

Now this is what I call powerful writing, and I envy not the feelings of that man who can pass it by without comment. "'Tis pleasing, sure, to see one's name in print," said Mr Somebody, and I confess that I enter into his feelings.

Now Brighton is much indebted to the nature of the country for the accuracy of these accounts, the parts where they hunt being commanded by high hills in all directions, on one of which you may see Miss Phillips, the pastry cook, stationed every day, selling tarts to the sportsmen, and reporting the proceedings of the pack into a neat green-backed book with gilt edges for the newspapers, the advantages of which I shall now proceed to explain.

The difficulty of collecting the cap-money, especially on a Saturday, can only be appreciated by those who have experienced it. Dashing young fellows come out in leather breeches, with cigars in their mouths, mounted on fiery and sometimes kicking cattle, and the difficulty of catching them is only equalled by the danger of keeping by them till you draw them for the coin. Again, sometimes they dispute the right, particularly the lawyers; and while you are harguing the point with one, half a dozen others steal

off, under pretence of walking their horses about for fear of taking cold. Now mark the advantage of your newspaper; if a man—for no gentleman would do it—refuses to pay his half-crown to the Brighton Harriers for joining them in the field, they show him up in the next one; and this cuts both ways—those who do not pay are exposed, and those who go out like gentlemen and give their half-crown (or five shillings as I did), have the honour of having their names recorded as determined sportsmen, and we all know that one good thing of that sort is enough to make a man.

Now my hunting observatories would answer all the purposes of the Brighton hills, and I am very certain they would pay their own expenses, from the numbers that would use them as places of sport, and the additional half-crowns the hunt would derive from the influx of sportsmen, who would be tempted to join in hopes of seeing their performances recorded; and they would, also, be popular with the farmers, because they would save their crops, one-half of the gentlemen who hunt with our hounds on a Saturday not knowing the difference between wheat and seeds.

This is a matter that has long been brewing in my brain, and the more I think of it the more I am convinced of its practicability. “Small beginnings make great endings,” saith the proverb, which has been exemplified in my case; for commencing the world with £500 and a share

in a retail oyster shop, I am now worth upwards of half a plumb. I would, therefore, commence by engaging a newspaper in our cause and a brace of portable observatories, and then, when we saw how the cock fought, we could always start one of our own and add to the number. Upon this point I am anxious to take the opinions of yourself and readers; for I do feel persuaded that if they were started in our country the whole of England would follow the example, and in the march of modern intellect what would be finer than a line of portable hunting observatories? My dinner is now ready—lamb, mint sauce, and salad,—but before I take up my knife and fork let me beseech you on “my bended knees,” as Brougham said, to give this subject your most serious and undivided attention, and believe me to remain, for self and partners, with the greatest respect and consideration, your much obliged,

JOHN JORROCKS.

ST BOTOLPH’S-LANE, *May*.

P.S.—I don’t know whether you are coffee drinkers, but Simpkins informs me that we have just received a parcel of uncommon fine.

THOUGHTS ON HUNTING

In a Series of Familiar Letters.

BY MR JORROCKS.

No. II.

I RECKON I am as proud as a horse, Mr Editor, by the werry flattering manner in which you have published my first letter. No man can rise to any great eminence without exciting the envy of some and the ill-nature of others. "What business has a grocer to go a-hunting at all?" says one. And "What a fool a grocer is to write about hunting," says another. "Fine times for grocers," says a third. "I wish Jorrocks was hanging over the moon, with his fingers greased, and I had his business," adds a fourth; "I'd not be such a fool as go tearing about the country after a pack of dogs, yowling and yelping like curs in a tan-yard, leaving the business to take care of itself." Now, what folks say about me I don't care twopence. Care killed the cat, but it shan't kill me. I stuck to the shop for five and

thirty years, and it's high time I should do a little recreation.

Talking of shops, I was werry sorry indeed to hear of the haccident that happened at your's, but hope you was not much damaged. Ill news flies apace, and I heard of it within a few hours after the fire broke out. It so happened that Mrs Jorrocks had gone to choose some stuff for a new bed-hanging, at our friend Treherne's, at the corner of Newman-street, and though she saw a great crowd, and all that sort of thing, in the street, she never thought of looking, but after she had been in the shop some ten minutes or so, turning over first one thing and then another, as women do, you know, when they go a-shopping, in valked a young woman, to ask if the house hopposite was not a printing-hoffice, and vether the things hinside were destroyed.

Says Mr Treherne's shopman, "It is a printing-hoffice, ma'am; they print the 'New Sporting' Magazine there, a werry celebrated perihoddical. I am happy to say they have saved all the stock, except some back numbers that were damaged by the hingines."

"Oh, dear," says the lady, "I'm werry sorry for it! I had hoped they were all burnt together!"

"Aimiable young creatur!" said Mrs Jorrocks, "you seem to have a deal of the milk of human kindness about you!"

Vereupon she flounced out of the shop, and

Mrs Jorrocks for once in her life left without laying out either pounds, shillings, or pence, and came strait to the warehouse ware I was to tell me all how and about it; and when I got home to dinner, I found one of Mr Spiers's boys waiting with a note to say it was "all right"—that the fire was hextinguished; Mrs J. said, in her joking way, that though it was the King's birthday, and you were werry loyal folks, she did not see the wit of illuminating so early in the day. But Mrs J. has a wonderful vein of umour, and so natural with it too.

But they tell me as how that you were not insured, and had a great stock on the premises. I confess I thought you had been more men of business than to have let the thing go on so, especially with a tobacconist's next door, where the idle fellows are always congregating, blowing their clouds, as they call them, and knocking the fire about in all directions. I never could stand smoking; I think it is a nasty unclean habit, and I can always wind a man a mile off that indulges in it. Indeed the smell of tobacco is unpleasant to me, and it was a good deal owing to the dislike I have to it that I left off trading in it. I have a great idea that the swells who smoke out hunting often taint the air and spoil the scent. I have made some hobervations upon scent, but they are on scraps of paper in my desk in the City, but I'll lick them into shape some day

and let you have them. They are practical, and therefore I think will prove interesting.

There is one thing I forgot to mention about the Magazine upon which Mrs Jorrocks and I both agreed, which was, that had you been burnt out the proprietors of the old one would have interpreted the fire into a visitation upon you for commencing an hopposition ; whereas, having escaped, you may fairly turn it the other way, and reckon it as another proof of the certainty of success that attends your undertaking. Indeed, as to the Old Magazine, I reckon it is dead ; for though they stain a certain quantity of paper every month, the shop-keepers find it quite a drug on their hands, and decrease their horders every month. Then the himposition of double numbers is so great, just as if they could not get all their trash into the single ones ; at all events if they choose to choke their friends they ought to do it gratis.

The hot weather I find werry unfavourable to literature. Some people talk of the “ winter of discontent,” for my part I find no season so unbearable as summer. The flies torment one morning, noon, and night. It was only at breakfast this werry day that I fished nineteen out of the milk-jug ; and I dare hardly take a good pull at porter for fear of swallowing half a score. The thought of porter calls to my recollection the subject of this letter, my favourite sport,

hunting; for though I can do a little in every line except Greyhound Coursing (which I think only fit for cripples), that is my first, my darling pursuit. What can be compared to the delights it contains? "Early to bed, and early to rise"; the true sportsman is at Croydon by nine o'clock. Then there is the second breakfast at old Charley Moreton's—the mutual salutations—the inquiries after each other's Missis's, and the relays of hot sausages, while at every third mouthful a natty gig and fast trotter, or dashing swell in fine phæaton, or on a bit of blood, come spanking round the corner, past the windows, and presently the owners, wrapped in upper Benjamin and green ties, come swaggering in, kicking their legs about and stridling, as though ill at ease in their leathers, calling for cigars and pearl, or double XX. Then come the devilled bones and kidneys, hot coffee, all topped up with a go of Hollands or imperial cogniac; after which follows the tour of the stables.

"What sort of a devil's this?"

"Oh, sir, he's a good un! Leap! Lord bless ye, he'll leap anything—a windmill in fact. This is the 'orse wot took the flight of houses down at Beddington, that ere day we had the extraordinary run from Reigate Hill, when Mr Jor-rocks set the field at a water furrow."

"And what's the grey in the far-end stall?"

"Oh, that's Mr Pepper's old horse. Pepper

Castor, as we call him, since he kicked the old gentleman off that morning as we met at the Leg of Mutton at Ashstead. But he's good for nothing. Lord bless ye! his tail shakes for all the world like a pepper-box after a bit of a gallop."

And thus we go on from stall to stall, and stable to stable, till it's time to go, and then our brave steeds come forth, groomed up to the prime point of perfection, and all cheerful and hearty we set off on our travels. Leicestershire!—I don't care a fig for Leicestershire! I maintain that Surrey is the country for hunting in; and I'll prove it in a few words. The best of everything is to be got in London, and as a necessary consequence the best hunting is to be had from it. There's a position, and capsize it who can. But who can describe the transports of joy that heave in our bosoms when Tom Hill begins to cheer the hounds in covert, and first one and then another throw their tongues in armonious melody. I know nothing to compare to it. A tune on the pianny?—No. A barrel-horgan?—No. A kettle-drum?—No. Stop, I have caught a resemblance—

The bells of St Bride's have just burst forth in all the henergy of unrestrained hardour, to ring a merry peal on the occasion of the glorious Reform Bill having become law, and those of St Sepulchre join in chorus. St Pancras, too, takes up the chime, followed by St James's, Clerkenwell, and even the little bell of St James's chapel, throw



"Pepper Castor, as we call him, since he kicked the old gentleman off."

their tongues. The air is filled with armonious sounds, and I feel as if borne along with the cool evening breeze on the wings of an hair-horse. And hark, a clear musical holloa sounds along Judd-street, like the encouraging notes of old Tom Hill. What is the cry? Forrard away, Forrard away—have at him my darlings, have at him there? No, by the powers it is the lobster merchant going his evening round, and now—*Fine lobster! Very fine lobster!* falls full upon the ear. But never mind, many a cur dog has been tallyho'd for a fox, and the mistake of a holloa is not half so bad as that. But what a glorious thing a run is—I don't know nothing to compare to it but an ice cream, which you know always improves as you get on, and becomes warmer, and whose latest mouthfuls are always the finest. At first we begin nibbling at the hedges both of the ice and the fields, gradually we get on better terms, and instead of thinking that the ice burns one's mouth, or that the hedges are impracticable, we swallow the one, and ride over the other like winking.

Talking of leaping, the first is everything—if one gets well over it all the rest go for nothing. In Surrey we don't leap much. The farmers leave hurdled gaps at the corners of most of their fields, which a man with a good heavy-ended whip can lay prostrate. I have leapt one or two of them, though, in my time in the hardour of the chase,

though I never reflect upon my daring temptation of Providence without a shudder. I remember coming to a gate one day, and when busy loosing the tackle about it, a swell rode slap at it, and his



"Talking of Leaping, the First is Everything."

horse not rising a foot, he went bang through like a harlequin through a balloon. I have often heard men boasting of the number of gates they have leapt when we have been discussing the

business of the day at Charley Moreton's; but what I have always said, and still maintain, is, that the merit of leaping a gate consists solely in the style of the gate, for there are as many different sorts of gates as there are different sorts of spices. In leaping a gate, I would much rather hear the distance the bars were from each other, than the number it contained, for it is the strength and distance of the bars that constitutes the danger. If a man says he leapt so many blue gates, or so many green gates, you may conclude that he leapt some stiff uns, for they are not in the habit of painting hurdle gates, though many a man who goes over the latter, reckons them just the same as a pay-gate, which we all know is no joke. If, therefore, men wish to celebrate themselves, they should take a plumb-line in their pockets, and measure the gate after they have cleared it, and the more witnesses they can bring the better.

I must now conclude with many thanks for past favours; and soliciting a continuance of your patronage, I remain, for self and Partners, your very obedient Servant,

JOHN JORROCKS.

CORAM-STREET, *June* [1832].

JORROCKS ON SPRING.

Oh ! lovely Spring !
 How wery, wery beautiful thou hart !
 Thy loveliness quite captiwates my art !
 How beautiful the morning sun does shine,
 How beautiful, how hextra-superfine !
 I got up t'other day to see it rise ;
 'Twas half-past nine, I could scarce believe my
 eyes ;
 'Twas rising over Tommy Simkin's brew'ry,—
 It was uncommon elegant, I assure ye !
 There was old Phaedrus, a-blazin like a new un,
 Methought I saw his cloak—'twas a sky blue
 un—
 Also his steeds, “ three blind uns and a bolter,”
 If 'twarn't so, you may book me for a dolt, or
 A cockney sportsman, which is worse.—But oh !
 What wondrous sights on every side you show !

Oh ! lovely Spring !
 How sweet the flowers in Covent Garden seem !
 What verdant walks in Hyde Park or the Green !

How nice to sail on Thames's tide so blue—
 With a jolly party, down to Greenwich or up to
 Kew ! ¹
 And then there's the Regency Park so round,
 And the Colosseum, and the Diorama, and the New
 Archery Ground,
 And the Logical Gardens—they mustn't be for-
 got—
 Full of ladies and gentlemen, and birds and beasts,
 and what not !
 Then there's Somerset House, for such as fine
 pictures please,
 And the National Gallery of Practical Science, and
 the Industrious Fleas,
 And the Apollonicon, with its tones so soft and
 sweet ;
 And the Scientific Repository, Adelaide Street ;
 And the British Museum, if you're for a gratuitous ²
 stare,
 And the Panorama of Antwerp, at the corner of
 Leicester Square !

¹ Pic-nic parties are respectfully informed that Mr Jorrocks has on hand a peculiarly fine assortment of Teas, *at unprecedented prices*, viz., Capital Bohea, 3s. 6d.—Excellent Twankay, 4s.—Fine Congou, strong and of a Souchong flavour, 4s. 8d.—East India Company's Souchong (very fine flavour), 5s.—Capital Hyson, at 6s.—*Most Capital*, at 6s. 8d. Also J. J. has on hand a few samples of *prime gunpowder*, a large quantity of which has lately *gone off*. N.B. an early application is necessary. Fine Mocha Coffee, ONLY 2s. per lb.

² We suspect that Jorrocks got this word from the Dictionary of Synonyms, a second-hand copy of which *we know* he purchased a few weeks since at a shop in Watling Street.

Oh ! lovely Spring !

In the cool of the evening, the play-houses so
numerous,

Some quite tragical, and some entirely humerous !

First there's the King's, where you can't tell a word
they say,

With the Ballet, that puzzles you worse than the
play !

Then there's Drury Lane, with the *Germanic*
Confederation,

Herr this and Herr that to me it's all bother-
ation !

And the Olympic, where the legitimates have
carried off Knowles's " Wife,"

And the Haymarket, where Mr Hackett takes off
Colonel Nimrod Wildfire to the life,

And Miss Kelly's in the Strand, and the Surrey, and
the Royal Pavilion, and the Queen's,

And the Adelphi, and the City, where I have the
entré behind the scenes,

And Sadlers Wells, where there's real water—wery
refreshing this warm weather—

And Astley's Amphitheatre, which I likes better
than all the rest put together !

And then, you know, there's Wauxhall Gardens to
finish up,

Where you may take a friend, to walk up and down
among the wariegated¹ lamps, and all that
sort of thing, and then sup !

Oh ! lovely Spring !

I don't care what you say, but London's a fine
place "in the season,"

And, except a day with the Surrey the last week in
December, or reading the last new number of
the 'New Sporting Magazine,' there's nothing
in the world so pleasing !

Oh ! lovely Spring !

Per me, JOHN JORROCKS.

GREAT CORAM-STREET, *May* 12, 1833.

¹ *Apropos*, as they say in France ; speaking of lamps, J. J. has on hand a splendid assortment of fine Sperm oils, *remarkably cheap*. Also fine Wax Candles, at *only* 1s. 9d. per lb. !—Palace Wax, *only* only 1s. 9d. !!—Sperm and Composition, *only* 1s. 5d. !!! Also, ~~very~~ *very cheap* ! Honeycomb, Parmesan, and Gruyere Cheese, Italian Maccaroni, Windsor Soap, Salad Oil, Westphalia Hams and Sausages, &c., &c., &c., &c., too numerous to mention in a note in the 'New Sporting Magazine.'

LETTERS FROM THE NORTH.

BY MR JORROCKS.

No. I.

THE SEDGEFIELD COUNTRY, HARDWICKE CLUB,
AND LAMBTON HUNT.

[Such of our readers as take an interest in the movements of Mr Jorrocks will regret to learn that that distinguished sporting citizen has had a renewal of his attack of indigestion, which last winter drove him to Cheltenham, but for which the celebrated waters of Dinsdale, on the banks of the Tees in the North of England, were this year recommended; and we are happy to say that his libations have been attended with the most satisfactory results, the old grocer (as the following letter will show) being again as stout on his legs as ever, and partaking of the pleasures of the chase, apparently with great satisfaction to himself.

His old crony, James Green, already well known to our readers, is the person he selects to inflict his correspondence upon, and Mr Green, with that consideration that so peculiarly characterizes him, has handed the following letter to us, with an intimation that a continuation of the correspondence will be equally at our service. We have therefore only to add, that we give it "verbatim et literatim," and to beg that such of our readers who take no interest in Mr Jorrocks, or his movements, will refrain

from venturing on a perusal of it, forewarned as they are by us, that it is couched in the style of elegance and grammatical purity that distinguishes all that great sportsman's effusions. It will be seen that Mr Jorrocks falls into the common cockney error, of considering every place north of Yorkshire, in Scotland, which led to the disappointment he experienced on finding that Mr Ralph Lambton and his men were not dressed in "kilts and philibegs."—Editor, N. S. M.]

SEDGEFIELD, near RUSHYFORD,
December 1835.

MY DEAR JAMES,—You will be rejoiced to hear that I am nearly rewived, the hair and water of Scotland having worked wonders on my constitution; I feel, as my friend Mr Nimrod said in one of his elegant epistles to the Corinthians, as though I had "laid full fifty years aside, and was again a boy." Indeed I think I may safely say I am as well as ever I was, for I can eat and drink and sleep and ride, and wot more can a man of fifty-six years of age expect to do? Having now told you about myself, I shall give you some information respecting Scotland, at least as much of it as I have seen, which as yet, is not very much. Having only got with me the map of Europe (which is pasted in the top of my port-manteau) and one of "twenty miles round London," I can't exactly tell you where to put your finger on the place where I now am, but it is just across the borders, and from Dinsdale, where I stayed to drink the waters, I could see into England, the river being the only separations

between the two kingdoms. It is now three weeks yesterday since I left Dinsdale and removed to this place, which is farther in the interior, and I have thought of going still farther north yet.

But to tell you about this place. When I first heard of Sedgfield, I thought it would be a werry fine place for duck-shooting, more particularly as they said it was near Rushyford, but a young gentleman who divided the hotel with me at Dinsdale, each man having twenty beds at his own disposal, informed me that there is a grand hunt held there twice a year by the greatest sportsman in all Scotland, and that it was well worth my while going any distance to see it. I told him that I belonged to the best hunt in all England—the Surrey—and couldn't fancy nothing better; whereupon he laughed and said, "That was the hunt Mr Jorrocks belonged to." "You're right, sir," replied I, "and wot's more to the purpose, I'm Mr Jorrocks myself;" whereupon he haltered his tone, and acknowledged it was a werry capital hunt, but advised me by all things to see Mr Lambton's.

This young gentleman (who I think was an Englishman) used to turn out werry often himself, and wot with seeing him every now and then in his pink and leathers, and gaining strength as I was then doing, I began to think a little hunting would do me no harm, on the contrary a great

deal of good, so I cast about in search of an 'orse, and at last hit upon a reglar clipper, for which I gave 150l. (minus the 0), and having got my pink and boots from London, and hired as a groom a young "navigator" (as they call them, because they work on dry land) that I found working at a railway, I started one afternoon for Sedgefield, with the determination of seeing all there was to be seen, and of making a fair and impartial report to the southerners, "nothing extenuating and nothing setting down in malice."

I confess, as I had approached the town with the recollection of old Croydon in its by-gone days of prosperity, its neat brick houses with green window-shutters, and parrots and cock-a-toos outside, that holloa to the hunters as they ride by, and the swinging signs that stretch across the street, and all the bustle and business occasioned by the long and short stages in and out of London, flitting in my memory, I was wondrously disappointed on finding myself in a straggling deserted-looking village, with a large church in the centre, and none but poor, small, brick, or white-washed, red-tiled houses, and here and there a humble public, as different from our London inn as brown Barbadoes differs from best lump sugar, and without even an oyster seller or orange merchant to make the air ring merrily to their holloas. I almost repented me of my errand, and pulled up by the school-

house half determined to return, repeating to myself—

“ Hope for a season bids my breast farewell,”

when just as I uttered the words, I espied the sign of “ The Hope,” swinging like a crow on a gibbet. Thinking I must feed my 'orse and myself at all events before I returned, I rode into the yard, where lo ! I found it full of grooms, helpers, and ostlers, for all the world just as old Charley Moreton's used to be on a Saturday morning. There they were, some beating horse clothes, some scouring leathers, some washing saddles, and some bridles, but all hissing away, according to the old and approved custom of grooms. Finding things better than I expected, I gave my nag to the ostler and walked into the house, where I meet with Mr Smith, the landlord, a werry civil attentive man, who werry soon made me werry comfortable. To make short then of a long story, my dear James, I determined to establish my quarters here for a time, not only because I liked the chaps that I found, but because I knew anything relating to the natives of so remote a region as Scotland must be werry interesting to all our good friends in London, particularly to the members of the Surrey Hunt, and I consider it is the duty of every man to sacrifice his personal ease to the public good, even to living in a public house, if occasion requires

it. I will now tell you my opinion of wot I've seen.

The natives seem werry harmless good sort of people, but their dress is not half so queer as their language. Indeed with the exception of long webs of black and white tartan (of the same material as our snobs make their trousers of), which they twist about their bodies as a show-man does a live boa, I have seen nothing remarkable in their toggery. In this I was much disappointed; particularly in the hunt dresses, for I expected to find all the chiefs in kilts and philibegs, with eagles' feathers in their bonnets, as they come on to the stage at Drury Lane in 'Rob Roy M'Gregor,' instead of which they turned out just as we see them in England, in red coats, leathers, and tops.

Sedgefield is a "deadly lively" sort of place, and on a non-hunting day is the werry grave of fun. All the swells that can, go away, and we poor devils wot remain, are just like boys left at school during the holidays. There is nothing whatever to do, and if we did not kill half the day in bed, some of us would assuredly cut our throats. There is not even a reading-room, and as to a circulating library, the natives never heard of such a thing.

A coach passes through the town twice a day, at ten in the morning, and four in the afternoon, which is the only lively thing we have to look

forward to. Nevertheless there is something warmint and wild in the appearance of the place, which trains the mind to hunting. The boys run about yelping like hounds, and there is a little *boudekite* (as they call children here) holloaing under my window as I write this, "*Get forrard! Get forrard!*" as much as to say, "why don't you make your pen go the pace." I'll take the hint and tell you how we manage matters on a non-hunting day.

About one o'clock we begin to show signs of hanimation, and first one man is seen flattening his nose against his window, and then another. Presently some one opens his door and ventures out, and looking first up street and then down, and seeing both ends equally empty, puts a cigar in his mouth and his hands in his pockets, and saunters along, looking over the blind of the kitchen window at Hallimand's, and into Mrs Eell's, to discover if any one is astir, until he comes to about "*The Hope*," when there is a dead halt, to see whether some one there will hail first.

In the meantime a groom, in fustin and stable cap, passes with a red coat under his arm, or a pair of top-boots in his hands, and two or three "*gentlemen's gentlemen*," whose masters are away, lounge up with their hands under their coat-tails and a wink or a word to all the servant lasses that show at the doors and windows, and turn

into Peggy Thompson's to drink whiskey and talk their "Governors" over. Presently another of the "Governors" is seen looking about for a play-fellow, and the two join and turn into "The Hope," where they find a swell Caledonian or two, and myself breakfasting off Findon haddocks, fried 'am, honey, butter, eggs—a reg'lar Scotch breakfast in fact, consisting of all the delicacies of the season. Having passed a vote in favour of smoking, they throw themselves upon chairs and sofas and disburthen their minds of all they've got to say—and it is werry odd how much fox-hunters' conversation assimilates in one part of the world and another. Indeed were I to shut my eyes, I could often fancy myself sitting in Charley Moreton's sunny parlour that looked towards the barracks at Croydon, instead of being in Scotland. First we talk about the run the day before.—"The very finest thing that *was ever seen* with hounds," says one who had the luck to get away with them; "an hour and fifty minutes, over as fine a country as any man need wish to see—grass nearly the whole way!"—"I don't wish to disparage the run," says another who was not there, "but it strikes me you took a confounded long time to cover the country you name. Why, —— Whin is only two miles from ——, and you make out you took fifty minutes to do that." "Desperate hard day for horses," says a third. "Where did we find?" asks a fourth.

"Breckey Moor," is the answer. "And where did we kill?" "Breckey Moor," is the reply. "And where did we kill?" "Breckey Moor," is the answer again. "What! *Found* at Breckey Moor, and *killed* at Breckey Moor! I thought we had been twelve miles off at least!" "Yes, but we run in a ring." Then we talk over how such a man went, and how such a one shirked—and who was first over the brook, and who broke the rail on the far side,—how well "my 'orse" went, and how slovenly t'other chap's fenced; abuse the men that have come, and wonder why some others don't cast up.

We then turn out to the stables. "There's an 'unter! strip him, Tom, and just pass your hand down his legs, Mr Jorrocks, and tell me if ever you felt an animal with such substance. I wouldn't take a *thousand guineas* of any man's money for him! He goes like a bird. Talk of ——'s grey horse! he's not to be mentioned in the same millennium! This horse can *galvanize* the world!" "Pooh, pooh," exclaims another, "that's all nonsense,—wot do you know about an 'orse? Come to my stable and I'll show you a superior animal if you like." So then we proceed to another stable, where the groom as usual is hard at work doing nothing, and the helper is helping him. "Now then, look at that horse," says his owner, "did you ever see an animal better formed for going than he is? Confound

you, you lazy blockhead (to the groom), why do you let that straw stick in his tail; turn him round—that's not the way to go up to an 'orse, man!" "He'll kick me, sir, if I go bolt up to him." "Confound his kicking,—kick him again,



"This Horse can galvanize the World."

can't you? Now just examine him attentively—there's an eye!—there's a head! set on as it ought to be; he's one of the right sort. Zounds, sir, how often am I to tell you not to singe him so closely? There, turn him back—a beautiful 'orse to be sure. He's by Golumpus, out of a Sir

Peter Teazle mare — Golumpus was by Goliah, dam Everlasting by Mercury, grand-dam Sky-scraper by Moonraker, great grand-dam Wings by Wizzard, great great grand-dam Penelope by Pypator, great, great, great, grand-dam Maid of Orleans by Sorcerer, great, great, great, great, grand-dam Volante by Highflower, Darley Arabian, Flying Childers, Eclipse, dam by the two true Blues; and d—n you, there's his pedigree."

Having thus made the round of the stables we put our hands in our pockets again, and proceed to the lodgings of such men as have not "shown," to inquire after their healths, and see wot sort of maid-servants they keep, and perhaps get a snack from some one, a bit of gingerbread, a biscuit, a glass of sherry, or *cure-a-sore*, for fox-hunters can eat and drink anything, and at any hour on a non-hunting day.

Here we sit talking much the same as before, until it begins to get dusk, and the children turn out from the schoolhouse with a rush, and Mr S——'s green carriage and grey horses is seen progressing homewards to the rectory. We talk *them* over, admit that it is not a bad turn-out for the country, and wonder the coachman does not exercise the horses with hounds. Feeding time approaches, and though we are not at all hungrey, it is too good a way of killing an hour or two to neglect dining, so we begin to talk

about eating, and some such dialogue as this ensues.

“ I say, where you dine to-day, old fellow ? ”
“ Oh, I don’t mean to have any dinner to-day, I had too much wine last night and shall make a tea day of it. It’s hard work dining every day at Hardwicke.” “ Well, I don’t care if I do the same. Suppose we have a mutton chop at ‘ The Hope.’ But let us be quiet to-night and go to bed early.” “ Where do you dine, Mr Jorrocks ? Will you join our party ? That’s a jolly old cock—I knew you would be good for a feed. And now we will just see what Smith can give us—we don’t want one of the great swell dinners they give us at Hardwicke, with their three hours’ swizzle, but just a quiet chop and a glass of sherry after it. Where moderation dwells, you know, Mr Jorrocks ; perhaps you can finish the quotation for I’m sure I can’t.”

Well, then, about six o’clock (half-an-hour before Hardwicke time, so that we may get to bed sooner) we sits down to wot they calls an aleemosinary feed, consisting of odds and ends, and for an hour or two after the cloth is drawn go it werry gingerly, and everything looks well for a quiet night. Just then, Smith opens the door, presents Mr ——’s compliments and Mr So-and-So and one or two other gentlemen are at his lodgings and will be ’appy to see us over. We forget all about the *tea* night, rush over, grope amid clouds

of tobacco smoke for chairs, and sit mixing, claret, brandy, cure-a-sore, port, sherry, caviare, till about two or three in the morning, when we find our way home, and have the rheumatism in our heads all the next day. So much for a *tea* night.

LETTERS FROM THE NORTH.

BY MR JORROCKS.

No. II.

THOUGH some of us live in the village of Sedgefield, as recorded in the last number of the 'New Sporter' (where, by the way, the printer maliciously omitted my name), yet Mr Lambton and many of the swells reside at the club house about a mile off. It is a werry large white house, not unlike Marden Park, only situated in a flat park, instead of one with a heavy ground-swell, and has a fine lake before it, all swarming with wild-fowl, which keep quacking and screaming, as much as to say, "Come, eat me, come, eat me." There are a great many bedrooms in the house, and a werry large drawing-room and two dining-rooms, one for small parties of twelve or fourteen, the other for unlimited lots.

It has also the advantage of having a private *ghost* about the premises, which is generally heard towards midnight, the noise it makes so

closely resembling the laughing and screaming of girls as to make strangers who have slept there ignorantly attribute it to the housemaids. The members of the club are most liberal fellows, for they admit everybody, members of the hunt and strangers, to the advantages of the house, ghost, and all, at the same rate as they pay themselves—but they give no tick. Every Monday during the meeting there is a great muster and we have glorious doings.

I'll try if I can give you an idea of a Monday at Hardwicke.

First we all assemble in the drawing-room, where there is always a blazing North country fire, and all the volumes of the 'New Sporter' on the table, and if they have any candidates the ballot for new members takes place; at half-past six to a minute, the doors are thrown open and the butler announces dinner. Strangers are purlitely invited to walk out first, and all being seated, and the President and Vice-President of the evening having taken their places, it is a pleasant sight I assure you to see so many jolly countenances appearing above white waistcoats with pink silk under ones, and black coats with velvet collars, and gilt buttons, with a fox and L. below. *We start* and a rare clatter and chatter ensues.

"Wine with you, sir!" "Mr Jorrocks, will you allow me to help you to some 'ding-dong'?"

(which they say is Latin for turkey). "Mr President, I'll trouble you again for some more wenison." "Who's upset the dish of curry?" "Oh! it was Mr —— showing his neighbour how Spinster by Shuttle heaved in the heavy." "Fine him 5s. and hand the money up to the President." "Who's for some *wol-a-wong*?" "Hand the champagne to Mr Jorrocks." "Thank you, sir, but I'll take sherry."

And so we go on until every man cries "enough," when the table is cleared, wine and dessert put on, the bell-cable tied to the Wice's chair—and the servants retire.

Again there's a burst! every man is talking to his neighbour, all in the best possible of humours, and making such a Babel-like confusion that the President calls three times to his Wice before he catches his ear. "Mr Wice!" again he cries, with a thump on the table. "We'll drink the *Coal Trade*, if you please." A curious toast you will say for fox-hunters to begin with, but there's no accounting for local habits. In the Surrey hunt we generally drink the "hat trade" first. However, the "coal trade" is very popular down here, and some Presidents whenever they fall short of a toast holloa out, "We'll drink the coal trade *again*, if you please!"

The clamour is resumed, and the President again knocks the table to give "Fox-hunting." Then follow "The health of proprietors of covers

and promoters of fox-hunting," "The illustrious strangers who have honoured the club with their presence," which produces three or four speeches, and I makes them the same one every night, beginning with "unaccustomed as I am to public speaking," proceed to a justly-merited eulogy on their cook and their Hardwicke hospitality, and end with "*this* is the proudest moment of my life." After this they drink absent friends, and werry often they drink the healths of some absent Hussars who were present last season, particularly one called the friendly Cotton, also Sam, Langham, Biggs, Shirley, a Lord Somebody, Doncaster, I think, and others whose names I forget, but whose healths I always drink. Then the President thinks we are about "cheering-pitch," he claims a bumper, and calls on the Wice to see that his friends take care of themselves. The wine passes round, and all the glasses being charged, the President rises and speaks—

"MR VICE AND GENTLEMEN,—You will probably anticipate the toast I am about to propose; it is the health of a gentleman to whom we are so much indebted for the best of all possible sport that hounds can show, for the very brilliant run that we enjoyed this day, and for the very efficient establishment that he provides for our amusement.

"I say without flattery or prejudice, that I have seen no other hounds that I consider equal

to his, no country I like so well as the Sedgefield, and no club that I like better than the Hardwicke. (Cheers.) I have always said and still maintain that there are but three towns in all the world worth living in, and those are London town, Paris town, and Sedgewick town. (Cheers, and laughter.) But, gentlemen, I will not detain you longer, anxious and eager as I see you are to do justice to a toast which you must all have anticipated, so without more palaver, I will conclude by proposing the health of Ralph Lambton, with three times three, and as long as I have a foundation to put upon pigskin may I be here to witness his doings."

This toast is always drank with immense cheers, and sometimes the members stand on their chairs, and sometimes they *try* to. When the clatter subsides, and men get balanced in their seats again, Mr Lambton gives his head a shake, and rises, glass in hand, looking first to the President then down the table, and says:—

"GENTLEMEN,—I am extremely obliged to you for the honour you have done me in drinking my health in so flattering a manner. I can only say that I enjoy very good health at present, which I attribute not a little to the frequency with which I have it drunk by my friends. Our worthy President, in proposing it on the present

occasion, spoke in very handsome terms of the excellence of my hounds—perhaps in terms rather too eulogistic. ('No, no!' from all quarters, and cheers.) I hope to be able to show you many good runs yet, and beg to return you all my best thanks, and wish that you may all live as long as I have done, enjoy as good health, and see as much sport." (Cheers.)

Then there's a call for "the man wot writes songs and sings them," and Mr Sutton, the Bard of Elton and Poet-Laureate of the hunt, chaunts forth the following, which I select as one of the best of their northern "national melodies."

"Descend ye chaste Nine! strike the chord you love best,
I've a theme that will put your high notes to the test;
I've a chase to describe, that assuredly will
Rouse the dead from their graves, with Huzza! for Fox
Hill.¹

Ballanamona ora
The hounds of Ralph Lambton for me!

"We shall ever remember that glorious day,
When to Long Newton village we rattled away,
Every hound seem'd that morning by instinct to know,
That the Long Newton² country would give us a go.
Ballanamona ora, etc.

"Burn Wood was drawn blank, but we cared not a rap,
Though we all thought it smelt h—h strong of a trap,
For we knew that a rallying point we could make,
Where a thoroughbred son of old Caesar would break.
Ballanamona ora, etc.

¹ Foxhill, a celebrated fox-cover.

² Long Newton. The southern district of the Sedgefield country.



"Died Vermin in Wynyards Park."

" Scarce the hounds were in cover, when off reynard stole !
 How high beat each heart ; how transported each soul !
 Every hound in his place and to give them their due
 Over Newbiggen bottoms like pigeons they flew.

Ballanamona ora, etc.

" By Sadberge and Stainton he now bent his way,
 For Elstob¹ afforded no shelter this day ;
 Little Stainton then gained, but he durst not look back,
 So close at his brush lay this brilliant pack.

Ballanamona ora, etc.

" Next pointing for Whitton by Hillington Hill,
 One or two boasted clippers were fain to stand still ;
 But remember, my boys, with a Long Newton fox,
 It won't do to lark, when they're up to the hocks.

Ballanamona ora, etc.

" O'er the fam'd Seaton hills with what vigour he flew,
 Determined to prove himself *thorough true blue* ;
 Sterns down ! bristles up ! 'twould have done your hearts
 good,

To have seen this staunch pack running frantic for blood.

Ballanamona ora, etc.

" By Thorpe, Thewls, and Grindon, we rattled like smoke,
 And the hounds gaining on him at every stroke ;
 He, disdaining Thorp Wood should his destiny mark,
 Dropp'd his brush, and died vermin in Wynyards park.

Ballanamona, etc.

" Fill ! fill ! ye brave fellows that rode in the run !
 May the pack add new laurels to those they have won !
 At my toast how each bosom with ecstasy bounds ;
 Long life to Ralph Lambton, success to his hounds !

Ballanamona ora,

The hounds of Ralph Lambton for me ! "

This song set us all a-going, and we drink the
 " dog-pack," and then the " bitch-pack," and then

¹ A fox-cover burnt down.

have another chaunt, and so we go on singing, laughing, talking, toasting, and making merry, until the butler casts a damper over the evening by making his appearance, with two plates and the bill, instead of two bottles and a biscuit, and the footman announces that Arrowsmith's car with clean straw in the bottom is waiting to carry the strangers home. We then call for "a bumper at parting," and if any man can sing a song so much the better, for then, of course, we must have another bumper to drink his health and "thanks for his song"; and sometimes the President sends the bill out to be amended, by adding more drink to it. So much for a Hardwicke night, which I assure you are werry jolly ones.

Hunting down here is of a werry different quality to what it is in Surrey. There are no hills; indeed with the exception of the range of mountains that run across the North of Yorkshire, and I believe divide England from Scotland, and which are visible from Sedgefield in a blue indistinct outline, I have seen nothing from which a man can get a view of a chase unless it be from Grindon Chapel, or the church steeple when the hounds are near Sedgefield. The consequence of this is, that we are obliged to follow them wherever they go, and as soon as ever the fox breaks cover, it is "hey away! hey away! ding dong" with us all.



RAIPH JOHN LAMBION, Esq., on "Undertaker"

By JAMES WARD, R.A.

Reproduced by permission of the F.R. of Durham from the painting in its possession.

The foxes too are werry wild warmints, all regular country-bred uns, none of your tailless beggars brought down in baskets by Brighton coaches, and turned down without brushes in order that if the hounds lose them, the loss may be the less. You know, my dear James, how stoutly I have stood up for the superiority of the Surrey Hunt, and the fame that establishment has gained by my patronage, but as an honest independent sportsman I must confess that I feel inclined to recanter over some of my opinions, and admit that our system is not *quite perfection*. It is doubtless werry pleasant to sit on a hill-top on a fine spring morning, chatting and making bargains with one's friends, watching the pack swinging up and down, like the pendulum of a clock, and knowing to a nicety where the fox will come up, if he gets up at all, but there is something finer and more hanimating far, in going "slick right away," across a fine open country, where the leaps are not too large, and the fox is a warmint that mortal man never handled. Still we have some advantages that these Scotchmen are without, for as there is no subscription to these hounds, there is no holloaing, no hamateur huntsmen allowed, which it must be confessed is rather a drawback, for wot can be finer than to feel at the end of a run, that you have been instrumental in killing the fox? Here indeed they don't even cap for the hunts-

man on killing, a custom, you know, that we never omit.

I must not forget to mention a most gratifying circumstance to me, as a southern, and one which all Englishmen may justly be proud of, which is, that one of the werry best performers across country in these parts, comes from the county of Kent, and from that part, too, hunted by our pack. He comes out anonymously, just as though he came to see them throw off, but when they find it requires a good man to live with him, all of which I am ready to substantiate before Hobler and the Lord Mayor whenever I cast anchor in London. Some of the Scotchmen too, particularly those called the "swell Caledonians," are bad uns to beat. The sport I may say has been of the most brilliantissimost description; indeed, "pure joko" (which is werry good Latin for "without any nonsense"), I question whether any hounds in Europe, Asia, Africa, or America have shown more sport. Of course I won't pretend to say that I have seen all the runs, for men at my time of life are generally better hounds over the mahogany than across country, but all here admit that the sport has been most unexceptionable. Still I confess my heart yearns for the "Old Surrey," and I now and then wish myself seated on the top of Shooters Hill with my telescope.

The turn-out with Mr Lambton's hounds is werry capital, a huntsman and two whips in scarlet and caps, with a groom in livery. The "Old Squire," as they call him, is getting on for seventy, but is uncommonly fresh, and if he had a wig would not look older than me. He has had the hounds for over forty years, and they say he is good for twenty more. He's a regular hard one, rides light, and is rather a heavy swearer. He has a werry fine voice for it.

The land about here is poor, poorer even than the flintiest parts of Surrey, and we might hunt over it all the year without hurting it. The hedges are small, and the awkward things are the brooks, the banks of which are often werry undermined. In parts it is a good deal cut up by railroads, and sometimes the waggons on them cut up a hound or two, if they are not sharp in getting out of the way, which is not always the case, for take a hound out of his own business and he is a sad stupid dog. I think I have now told you all the news except that the hunt finishes here on the 12th, the hounds go farther north, and the sportsmen to the places from whence they came. Adieu, my dear James, and believe me where'er I roam, whatever climes I see,

Yours to the far end,

JOHN JORROCKS.

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P.S.—Please to call in Great Coram-street and tell Mrs J. where I am, and if you see Nodding Homer, the *Sorry* Sportsman as they call him at Melton, or any other members of our hunt, acquaint them with my movements.

January 1836.

THE SURREY HUNT.

JORROCKS IN REPLY TO "RASPER."

To the Editor, 'New Sporting Magazine.'

SIR,—It is with feelings of the werry greatest reluctance that I take up my pen to notice a most contemptible entry in that wretched old book called in derision the 'Sporting Magazine!' but knowing by experience there is no entry, however h'awdaciously foolish, that some people will not believe when they see it in print, though they would fling the werry same story to the dogs if presented in manuscript, I am induced to do violence to my feelings by condescending to notice it.

The entry I allude to, is one called the "Surrey Hunt," by a chap wot signs himself "Rasper," and how any individual could be wicked enough to write—or any editor ass enough to publish—such a thing, I cannot for the life of me conceive. It is, without any exception, the meanest—the most contemptible, untradesmanlike attempt to

degrade our most justly celebrated hunt and country to a level with those flat, grass, galloping ones that we read of sometimes, that I ever encountered.

The impudence of the fellow exceeds all comprehension, and the man wot would write such a letter as that would do anything. It is too bad after all the toil and talent that has been employed in placing our hunt, as it ought to be, at the werry head of all hunts, to have a malicious, ignorant, envious cox-comb deavouring to lower us in the estimation of the sporting world, by saying, that many of our members would be "first flight men if transplanted into the fashionable shires!" Blood and 'ounds, isn't it better to be a first flight man in the first rate county than in a *fashionable shire*? Whatever the fellow means by it I'm sure I don't know, unless he's alluding to Shire-lane—a place that I make no doubt he's werry well acquainted with.

It is not that our hunt cannot take care of itself, Mr Editor, for, thanks to myself and your co-operation, it has reached a pinnacle of renown higher than the grasshopper on the Royal Change, nor would I complain of any chap coming into the field and making his obserwations upon us, whether favourable or not, even though he were afterwards to sell them to that rottenest of all rotten publications, the old wash-tub, as I call it; but to have a fellow coming among us, and

attempting, under the cloak of friendship, to inflict so deadly a wound upon our sporting reputation as this "Rasper" has tried to do, is more than I can endure, and I can only tell him, that the Surrey hunt wants none of his pretended championship—that we are quite able to take care of ourselves—that had we no better champion than him, we should be devilish badly off,—and as to his not being a citizen—which he seems to pride himself upon—I'll not only bet him a hat that he's nothing half so respectable, but what's more, I'll *give him his name and address in print if he lets us have any more of his impudence.*¹

Yours to serve,

JOHN JORROCKS.

GREAT CORAM-STREET, *March 1.*
[*April 1834.*]

¹ Bravo, J.—[Ed.]

JORROCKS'S ADDRESS TO THE MEMBERS OF
THE SURREY HUNT.

[Why should there not be formed a *controlling* Sporting Club, or Parliament, to which every Hunt in the kingdom should send its member or members, and to which full power should be delegated to decide imperatively, and without appeal, on all fox-hunting questions that might be referred to its adjudication?—*Donkey Dashwood*, 'Old Sporting Magazine,' Feb. 1834, p. 288.]

*To the worthy and independent members of
the Surrey Hunt.*

GENTS,—As the great measure of fox-hunting representation (if carried) will doubtless bring many candidates into the field for the honour of being returned to the Sporting Parliament for the Surrey Hunt, and knowing that an egg to-day may be worth a hen to-morrow, and that one cannot be too quick in catching a flea, I am induced to take time by the forelock, and declare my intention of claiming that high and distinguished honour at your hands.

Personally known to the whole of the members of your sporting establishment, I may confidently refer to my past conduct as the best guarantee of my future services; and I can assure you, my brother members of the Surrey Hunt, that if I should be fortunate enough to become the object of your choice, I will institute the most wiggorous inquiry into every department of the

expenditure, whether in the kennel or the field, reduce all unnecessary expences, whether earth-stopping, horse-shoeing, or men's wages, and endeavour to lay before you a most satisfactory balance-sheet at the end of each year.

I am averse to pledges, thinking that the man wot indulges in them reduces himself to the level of a pawnbroker; but upon the momentous corn question, I have no hesitation in declaring it my firm conviction, that any man wot rides wantonly over young wheat, deserves the marked hopprobrium of the field, and that the only time when it is at all justifiable is when the pace is werry good, and even then that a good sportsman should ride up a furrow if possible.

As to "the Union" I shall say werry little at present. They think themselves werry fine chaps, but wot are they when compared to the Surrey?

I am decidedly of opinion that it is disgraceful to humanity that any fox should die otherwise than before hounds, and my best henergies shall at all times be directed towards procuring a plentiful supply for our hunt. All such paltry offences as burglariously entering the hen-roost, the forcible abduction of green geese, or beheading turkeys, ought to be overlooked, or the blame laid on the Union foxes when possible.

The subject of capping, has occupied much of

my time and attention, and the more I think of it the more fully persuaded am I that the staggers are right in collecting before they "turn out," for many wot see the "turn out" may not see the "take in," and with us many do not wish to see more than "the find," whereby we are deprived of many werry great gains and advantages in the way of half-crowns. This, if elected, gentlemen, I shall lose no time in bringing before the consideration of the Sporting Parliament.

Reporting has ever been a favourite idea of mine, and I am sure I need not recall to the minds of the men of Surrey, the very able article I wrote on that subject in the third volume of the 'New Sporting Magazine'—a work that must ever stand "A one" with every man of taste, enterprise, and spirit, and which has done so much towards establishing and spreading the fame of our justly celebrated pack. The services of that periodical, I am proud to say, are at my command.

With respect to an extension of country, I believe I may say, we have got as much as we can hunt, at least I am of opinion that it would not be advisable to take more unless there was a good range of hills through the centre. I should therefore oppose any further grant.

These, gentlemen, I think are the wholesale matters upon which there can be any occasion to trouble you, and I shall be werry happy to give

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a retail explanation of all minor points, on any night that the free and easy club meets at the Magpie and Stump, after the writs for the Sporting Parliament are issued; and in the meantime—though I trust it will not be considered as tampering with your wotes—I beg to say that cold flesh and stout at discretion will be sarved out every evening after to-morrow at all my Committee rooms in town and country, and at Mr Ackermann's Eclipse Sporting Gallery, 191 Regent-street. I have the honour to remain, gentlemen, with every sense of gratitude and regard, yours, as you serve me,

JOHN JORROCKS.

GREAT CORAM-STREET,
April Fool's Day, 1834.

MR JORROCKS ON THE SUBJECT OF
HIS NEW MAGAZINE.

GENTS,—Some months ago I paid you the compliment of forwarding some hobservations upon “Scent and Summering the ’Unter”—the result of great practical experience—which you promised werry faithfully should appear in the September number, and yet I have now cut through the pages of the November one, and devil a line of mine do I find in it. It is werry repungent to my feelings to make henemies of men with whom I have been on terms of friendly familiarity, but I must say that I think there are better dogs bred in the kennel than the parlour, and your late behaviour to me has not been what I consider myself entitled to. I called the other day in Paternoster Row, and instead of being invited to walk up-stairs as usual, I was told that the Editors were particularly engaged, and desired they might not be interrupted! Pretty treatment, indeed, for a gentleman, who I may without vanity assert was the making of you; for if my friend the Yorkshireman and I had not taken

you in tow when we did, you would never have seen a second May. But all this I feel is beneath the dignity of an author to complain of, though I can only tell you, gentlemen, that if you do not know my value that I do myself, and you will find it out to your cost, if you don't mind your P's and Q's. The simple fact is that you are jealous of me; for there is not a sporting writer in the world except myself who really knows anything of the matter. Look at both sporting magazines and see what a bundle of cripples you are! There's Mr Nimrod (the mighty hunter as you call him in derision), who writes as if he were ignorant of the rules of grammar, and introduces scraps of Latin to cover his ignorance; and Nim South, who knows no more of hunting than an old hogshead. As to Mr Sylvanus Swanquill, even my friend the "Devonian" covered him all over with shame; and your Albert Engel-horns, and such like animals, are unworthy powder and shot. Your own papers, too, are as bad as bad can be, and the only readable part of your numbers is the wrappers.

But the sporting world have had too much of this sort of gammon, Mr Editor, and wont stand it not no longer. I hoped at one time to have made your magazine what it ought to be, but since you have chosen to treat me with disrespect, I tell you fairly and openly that I will stand forward as the champion of the sporting world,

and instead of producing a work distinguished for false taste, an affectation of semi-slang and interested motives, which cannot fail to disgust cultivated minds, I will have one pre-eminently distinguished for elegance of diction, sound reason, and philosophy. It shall contain a characteristic and philosophical originality in every department, and under the superintendence of a thorough practical sportsman like myself, will avoid that display of hignorance and cupidity which has so indelibly marked the character of your publication and excited the contempt of the sportsman; and, moreover, it shall afford instruction and amusement, by conveying hinformation in a philosophical, correct, and characteristic manner. [!!!—Ed.]

You may grin as you will, but I am in herneſt; and, moreover, I can inform you that I have already borrowed the ſign of the “ Fox and Hedgehog ” ale-house, which I have placed in the hands of a firſt-rate engraver, which, with woodcuts of hounds taken from two brown jugs in my poſſeſſion, will form my firſt embellishments, and the wrapper ſhall be cream colour, and contain a greyhound with a fox’s brush; the whole (to avoid cupidity) for the ſmall ſum of two ſhillings.

Yours, &c.,

JOHN JORROCKS.

GREAT CORAM-STREET,
LONDON [1832].

ODE TO JOHN GILPIN.

BY JOHN JORROCKS.

JOHN GILPIN was a citizen of credit and renown,
 And I myself another one of famous London
 town,
 And if I sing my praises too, I beg you will not
 frown,
 For there's not another like me, unless it be John
 Brown,
 Who's a fine old London citizen, one of
 the olden time.

You knows I am a married man, and have been so
 for years,
 And therefore when I rides an 'oss, I always have
 some fears ;
 For if I broke my neck, my wife would shed a
 pint of tears,
 Or should I chance to tear my coat—vy then she'd
 pull my ears,
 Like a fine old English landlady, one of
 the olden time.

John Brown, the man wot rides so well, does not
possess a wife,

He lives a quiet bachelor, and free from any strife,
His bread and cheese he eats alone, with a large
clasp pocket-knife,

And when he's hunting with the hounds, he don't
regard his life,

Like a fine old sporting gentleman of
famous London town.

He goes it at a splitting pace, and seldom looks
behind ;

His old grey mare is werry fast—she's faster than
the wind,

And never looks before she leaps, for both her eyes
are blind—

There's not a brook, nor gate, nor fence, this old
grey mare would mind,

Like a fine old cocktail 'unting 'oss, one
of the reg'lar kind.

Now as for Johnny Gilpin he once rode werry
quick,

Like wax upon his saddle he did contrive to stick ;
You know he couldn't hold his 'oss, which play'd a
pretty trick,

And would have thrown him if he could, but
Gilpin sat his kick,

Like a fine old London citizen, one of the
sporting kind.

I've often been to Epping Hunt, where folks ride
wondrous fast
(Of course you've read my "Epping Ode," I wrote
a long time past),
But taking all the cockneys there, from first man
to the last,
Except John Brown, I never saw John Gilpin
there surpassed,
That fine old London citizen, all of the
olden time.

Then here's a health to Gilpin, to Jorrocks, and to
Brown,
The only sporting characters from the east end of
the town ;
A bumper then for Gilpin fill of such immense
renown,
Hurrah ! for Johnny Gilpin, for Jorrocks, and for
Brown,
These fine old sporting citizens of famous
London town.

[1837.]

MR JORROCKS'S JOURNAL.

[As "Journals" of every description are at present the rage, both here and amongst our transatlantic brethren, extracts from the unpublished Journal of John Jorrocks may not be unacceptable to our readers.]

June 28, Sunday.—Awoke at eight thinking it was a week-day, and nearly got up. Morning fine, and cocks all crowing like nightingales. Mrs J. getting hargumentative, cut her company and toddled downstairs, when wot did I see! Binjimin, that unhangd rapscallion, Binjimin sitting with his legs dangling over the side of my red moracco 'unting chair at the breakfast table, reading Bell's Life in London, and scouping the marmylad out o' the pot with his thumb! Said not a word, but snatching my 'unting whip from behind the door, caught hold of him by one of his hearers and flabbergasted him soundly, calling out at every whack, Binjimin you rascal! *ware* marmylad! *ware* marmylad! you rascal, *ware* marmylad. These boys will certainly be the death of me. There's no guiding them. Men are bad enough, but boys are the werry devil!

Off my food rather, could only manage four



" Binjamin you rascal ! *Ware* marmylad ! "

cups, three rounds of buttered toast, two eggs, and three brace o' devil kidneys. Batsay does make those kidneys, so devilish devil, they quite burn my mouth. Read the Life. Curious account of a chap, wot wears the crown on his button, and says he belongs to the Queen's house'old, advertising for an "accomplished governess," answers to be addressed to Dawe's post office, Maddox Street. "Jack Daw" as we calls him, is in the grocery line, and was werry indignant and writes long letters to the papers full of fine words—many of them four syllables, calling him a "monkeyfied opology for a man," in short everything but a gemman. What dewices the chaps have recourse to nowaways for coming over girls! Dined at three—boiled beef and cherry-pye—pulled on best hessians, and with nankeen tights, best blue-saxony myrtle-sprigged waistcoat, and white castor, set off on Snap Dragon for Hyde Park.

Mrs J. wanted to go in the pheaton, but swore that Snap Dragon had turned wicious and would not stand the shafts, considered them degrading to the 'unter. Wish I could stick the Dragon into some fool. He's habsolutely useless: if he goes above five miles an hour, he blows like a hengine, and I'm sick o' seeing his great pecker in the manger. Has never done half a day's work since I got him. Keep no cats that don't catch mice.

Park crammed. My Lady Glengall's fine light low pheaton, with grey horses and postillion and two outriders on greys, just turning in at Cumberland gate as I got there. My Lord Harrington's snuff-coloured cab, with his snuff-coloured



Mr Jorrocks rides Snap Dragon in the Park.

high stepper and his snuff-coloured tiger behind, almost ran against me, but his lordship begged pardon, which was werry purlite, and set all matters right. Saw young James Tomkins, the hosier's son, capering about on a broken-kneed

thoroughbred. Suppose it's not his own or he would have removed the blemish with Holden's lotion.

Young Simkins bellowed out across the ride, "How are you, Jorrocks?" Wanted to show off a bit I suppose, but pretended not to hear him. Too much familiarity, &c. Saw Wilson—proud fool—nodded and said, "Well, figs, how goes it?" Took no notice. There's nothing so vulgar as calling of names. Home at seven to tea, Mrs J. had put on her swansdown muff and tippet, and hat with a feather in it, and had gone to tea with Mrs Jackson at Pentonville. Felt poetical, but muse would not rise. Read the Life, wrote Journal, and to bed at ten.

Monday, 29th.—Bussed into city—shop at nine. Lots o' letters—Lucas o' Spooner Pope-street, Liverpool, complaining of our prices. Jones of Quiet Street, Bath, sending a large horder. Letter from Scattergood at Melton. Finished my business and off to Tatt.'s at two. Going along the Strand, saw there was another cheap tea shop opened. O, how I does habominate, detest, despise, and look down upon these adwertising underselling grocers! I spits upon 'em from the werry bottom of my stomach. Small muster at the Corner. Some of the King's srews there. Lord Albermarle, with his funny castor and coat, just as he is in the 'Mag.,' looking arter them. Tatt. hailed me werry kindly from his pulpit, calling out, "Well Jorrocks, how are ye? Here's a nag will suit

you, I know you like them cheap, good, and handsome, and twenty guineas is only bid for him!" "Thank'e," said I, "but that's five more than ever I gives, even after a trial—never gives *fancy* prices for 'osses."

Have a good mind to send the Dragon to Tatt.'s, some fool might buy him for his shape. Saw Sir John B——d buy a broken-winded chestnut from choice. Saw Jem Bland, dressed just as he is in the 'Mag.,' capital likeness that. Dined at five, cold beef, salad, cold cherry-pye, and brandy and water after. Mrs J. in the dumps, cause I wouldn't go to White Conduit-house. The muse at work again. Shall certainly produce some poetry. Went down to Blackfriars-bridge to coax it, but it wouldn't come. Always feel inspired on that bridge, and have written many fine pieces on it.

Tuesday, 30th.—Coach-top'd it into the city. Shop at nine. Remittance of dividend of one and three farthings in the pound on Shirk, Bilk, and Co's. estate. So much out o' the fire—never expected a dump of it. Will do for a blowout at Blackwall. A twopenny from James Green's cousin Joseph, inquiring the price and partikilars of the "Dragon." These Greens are as numerous as the 'airs in my wig. In this family alone, there are three generations grown up. First there's "Old Green," then there's his son, "Young Old Green," as we calls him, and his son, Joseph,

"Young Old Green, Jun.," and I know not how many brothers and sisters. Wrote "Young Old Green, Jun." as follows:—

"MY DEAR JOSEPH,—Though I says it who shouldn't, I does assure you that in my mind Snap Dragon is the werry horse for ye. He's a perfect model to look at! I've taken the 'New Sporter' in from its commencement and I've seen no picture of any of the highbred running 'osses at all to be compared to him. He is, as you know, a bright chesnut, or as your cousin, James, calls it, a flaming red; he's of discreet years, a great reccommendation in our riotous Buss's-crowded streets, is fresh on his pins, and werry fond of his food. For tooling your old governor about, he'd be the werry thing, being as quiet to drive as he is to ride. I know you don't hunt, otherwise I might add that he jumps like a flea, and can go from anywhere to everywhere, in forty minutes and back again. He's standing at the Eclipse Livery and Bait Stables, Lancaster-street, Burton-crescent, where you may see him any day or any hour. Lowest price sixteen pounds. You knows I make it a rule never to warrant an 'oss, therefore in course can't do so by him. Indeed as Tatt. says, 'I wouldn't warrant that he is an 'oss, let alone that he's sound!'

"Yours to serve,

J. J."

Cuss him, it goes against the grain to give so bad an 'oss so good a karacter, but these Greens, none of them ever go out of a walk. No use humbugging oneself, however, and the Dragon certainly is the werry worst 'oss that ever looked through a bridle. Think it will puzzle Joseph to make out my meaning, but doubtless he'll think me werry knowing.

Lunched at the European Coffee-house—Sweeting's Rents. A brace of fine chops, bread, and beer for a shilling. Spied Nodding Homer sitting in a dark corner doing ditto. Didn't want to be seen, so holloed out before all the people, "Wot, Nodder, old boy! you are there are you? Don't go back to your den and tell them that you've been having a bason of turtle at the City o' London." The Nodder looked knives and forks at me and blushed. Chaps all laughed. Went on Change—Spanish deuced bad. Shall have to reduce my subscription to the Surrey if they don't look up. Never was so bit before. Walked home by Ludgate-hill, Strand, and Regent Street. My eyes! wot a sight of fine ladies I saw! Howall and James's crowded. A wast o' bad debts on their books I reckon. Met Count D'Orsay. He's a fine fellow. Would rather have him than all the Stockwell Stud. Sports a leg like myself. A fine crumby woman at the cigar shop under Quadrant. Had a look at Miss Isaacs the Jew-aster through the curiosity shop window—fine

slapping lass. Turned into Arcade. Harbottle got his glass all curtained. Should put a notice in window, "No stay-laces sold here." Felt poetical again, and started for the Bridge directly after my brandy and water. Stood for some time



"The Muse began to nibble."

wrapt in thought and my cloak, but the muse was shy. Kept repeating—

"If thou indeed derive thy light from heaven,
Shine poet, in thy place and be content."

A policeman came up and looked me werry hard in the face—thought I was going to do a suicide. A fine lady in a silk gown joined me and asked me to give her threepence to buy a bottle of ginger pop. Gave her sixpence to get rid of her, which having done, my thoughts began to wander on the fair sex.

Went home. The muse began to nibble, and by twelve o'clock had accomplished the following hode to the soft sex, founded on the story of the Captain wot adwertised for a Governess:—

ODE TO THE SOFT SEX.

Take heed, bright hangels, when ye read,
Adwertisements in papers ;
For men of Wictims when in need
Will cut all sorts of capers !

A captain bold the other day
(Malitiaman or yeoman)
Would, if he could, have led astray
Some simple little 'oman.

Now how d'ye think he went to work
To catch his silly Sally O !
The trick was worthy of a Turk
A-filling his serallio.

"A lady wanted," thus he writes,
"Who's used to hedication,
Governesses at Mrs Knight's
May make their application."

Now Mrs Knight was all my eye
(But this is *onter new*¹),
The Captain thought by this wite lie
He'd get some interview.

A little bird his secret told,
As little birds will do,
And thus was balked the Captain bold
(But this is *onter new*).

¹ We presume Mr Jorrocks means *entre nous*, but regret to say that he neglected his French.

The little bird wot ope'd his jaw,
Deserves the praise wots due,
So maidens bless your sweet Jack Daw,
So kiss him (*enter new*).

July 1.—Buss'd it into city. Warmish work, eighteen inside this weather. Stopped at Joe's Steakhouse in the Rents, and stuck a skewer into what I thought would be a prime cut—told him to send for me when he got near it. Business very slack—no horders and no remittances. Joe's boy came at one and said two more steaks would bring him to my skewer. Started off and got there just in time. Peppered and salted him myself, and stood over fire while he fried. Tablecloth mustardy and dirty. Bid Joe turn it. "Has been turned," he said. "Then turn it again," said I, "one good turn deserves another!" Chaps all laughed. Steak werry good. Got off for a shilling. Back to shop. Letter from Young Old Green, Jun., offering £15 for the Dragon. Suppose he must have him. Wrote to say he was his and bid him send for him in the morning.

Went home, and after dinner had him saddled for a last ride. Went into Regent's Park. The beast really went beautiful! One would think he did it to spite me. Never wheezed or stumbled, but went round and round the inner circle as lively as a lark. Curious things 'osses! Half repent having sold him. Shall be long before I get such an 'andsome one. Gave him an extra feed, and

told the ostler a gentleman would send for him in the morning. Felt quite melancholy, so went home and had a brace of stiff glasses of brandy and water. Mrs Jorrocks hoped, now he was sold, I would buy her a pair of ponies. Wish she may get 'em !

July 2.—Did the expensive. Dined off broiled salmon, hashed wenison (saucy meat that !), French beans, and marrow-bones, at the Cafe of Europe, Haymarket, and went to the Hopera. Always goes once in two years. Talliho-neys¹ benefit. "The Chasse" of something, the ballet. Never saw such a sight of swells ! Thought I was very smart, nankeen shorts, transparent gauze silks, patent leather pumps, blue coat, white waistcoat, and a frill as big as a hand-saw, but they cut me out altogether. There were chaps with whole jeweller's trays on their shirts and waistcoats, footmen's canes with bell pulls in their hands, all stinking of perfumes like so many musk rats. Wot an 'orrid smell there nattural one must be, if it requires such a power of stuff to kill it !

Came in for the fag end of the Hopera, but not in my line at all. Like Astley's better. Understand what they are after there. Here it's all jabber, jabber, squeak, howl, gammon, and spin-nage ! Mally Brown and Greasy² sang, but

¹ Mr Jorrocks thus renders Taglioni.

² Malibran and Grisi ?

don't like Greasy's face so well as our Batsey's. Batsey is greasy enough at times. At the end of the ballet folks cried Talli-ho, Talli-ho! I joined, and presently on came the dancing girl with one of the mouncheers, and curtisied, and they threw her some wreathes of flowers. Some swag, I thought, would be more serviceable.

July 3.—Most purlite letter from Young Old Green, Jun., inclosing a cheque for the Dragon, and 'oping I would dine with his father and him to-day to celebrate the bargain. Agreed. Cabbed it into city. Most dangerous things these cabs! Nothing but a belly-band between the rider and eternity. If that was to go it would be all dickey, for it is what keeps the old tumbledown beggars up. Then the ruffians drive in such a hawdacious manner. Mem.: never get into one again. Was nearly capsized in Cheapside. Tried several boxes of teas. Some cursed bad stuff sold under that name—regular puzzon. Had no lunch, not dining at own expense. At four, started for Tooley Street. Wot improvements they have made in this region! Beautiful bridges, fine approaches, splendid river, I declare Old Tooley Street looks quite contemptible. Went down the new steps to it. Knocked at door. Opened by a hired John in shorts and a white waistcoat. Large party. Cock and Hen Club too. Did not calculate upon this and went in hessians. James Green there, also his old dad, *verdantique* as I calls him—nearly

ninety—ought to be ashamed to be seen out of his grave. Sad old screw—only allows James £50 a year to find himself clothes, soaps, lozenges, the drama, all sorts o' things in fact. John Vogan, Straw and Paradise, Tom Edgington, the tentman, Mr, Mrs, and the four Miss Simmers of Balham-hill there. Call themselves "a country family"! Asked Simmers 'ow he got his hay in. That's the way to come over a cockney squire. Pleased as Punch at the question, and told no end of lies about it (lives in a rented house and hasn't a hacre!)

Room werry hot. Dinner tollol—no abundance—just enough and no more. Thought I detected some o' Bowser's British wines travelling under foreign names. After cloth was drawn, Young Old Green, in a neat and appropriate speech, proposed the health of the Dragon, and long life to its late owner. All drank my health, and found it incumbent upon me to rise. Spoke as follows:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen, I thank you werry much for the flattering compliment you have paid me in coupling me with the Dragon; to say anything in commendation of that noble hanimal, the 'orse, in a company so knowing in 'orse flesh as the present would be werry impertinent, but this I may say, that if there is one thing better calculated than another to helewate a man in his own opinion, and in the hestimation of all beholders, it is being on the outside of a good

un. Was werry much obliged to Young Old Green and the company for drinking my health, begged in return to drink all theirs, and being on my legs, would propose the health of Young Old Green, Jun."

Got out of that pretty well, I think. Had a solemn drink after the women mizzled. All the Greens fell asleep as usual and Paradise passed the bottle. After we had got as much wine as we could swill, awoke the Greens and went upstairs. James kicked up a kadrille, a dust carpet in fact. I footed it in turns with the four Miss Simmers. All so like each other, that if I left my partner for an instant, was sure to get hold of the wrong one. They should be numbered. Danced till daylight, when the women's gowns changed colour, and their complexions did ditto. Mem.: never to choose a wife by candlelight.

MR JORROCKS'S JOURNAL—*continued.*

Saturday, 4th.—Awoke at ten. *Desperate* headache. Werry bad indeed. Young Old Green's wine can't be good. Bundled on old clothes, and ran up street to Newberry's baths, and had a shilling's worth of cold. Mrs Newberry surprised to see me in Coram Street so late on a week-day. After bathing was as near as possible walking off to the Eclipse livery and bait stables. Declare I feels quite lonely without the old Dragon. Wonder 'ow he likes his new quarters. Called at Chennel's and got a couple of lamb kidneys, and bid Edward Dale, Marquis Cornwallis, send me in a pint of stout. Wrapt a damp towel round my head, and sat down to enjoy my breakfast, just as though it were Sunday. Sent for the 'Herald.' Funny account of a chap wot pretended to tumble down by accident in Fleet Street, and run his elbow through a large three guinea square of glass in a shop window. The genteel young yard-wand came out and collared him, insisting on payment, and after much jaw, the chap agreed to pay a sovereign, and handed out a £10. The shopman

on getting hold of it, said, "Now I'll take the £3," and handed him £7 in change. After much abuse the chap took the change and walked off, and the shopman on examining the note found he'd got a bad un. Diamond cut Diamond I think!

Reminds me of a chap wot went late to the Hummin's one night in a werry long great-coat, without any breeches, and ordered a bed. In the morning he rang his bell, kicked up a shindy about his breeches and summoned the landlord, who said he was werry sorry such a thing should have happened in his house, but 'oped the gentleman would say nothing about it, and would send directly and get a new pair. "New pair," said he, "confound you, sir, there was a £20 note in the pocket!"

City by one. A second letter dated from Tewkesbury from big Ben Blatherhead, saying he will be in town on the 20th and proposing a set-to with the gloves at the Eagle Tavern, City Road, for a dinner for six. Shalln't consent. Not that I'm afraid of the beggar, no, not even if he was as big again as he is, but as cracked Craven would say, it is a "pugilistic postulate" of mine that a strong big man will always beat a strong little man. Now Ben is four inches taller than me, broad shouldered, bull necked, and a stone and a half heavier. Besides why should I put myself out of the way, for the sake of winning a dinner for other people to eat? Pretty go, indeed!

Ben would make mashed potatoes of me I reckon. Dined at William's boiled beef shop, Old Bailey. Pretty girl with auburn ringlets waits in inner room—gave her twopence and squeezed her hand—fine boiled beef smell about her.

Heard Tom Trodgers lamenting that his wheat was injured. Tom has a hacre and a half of land, and is always talking about his hay, or his wheat, or some such stuff. He lost three thousand t'other day by the Spanish, but that was nothing compared to the damage to his wheat!

Head still werry sore, so went home,—delicious evening. Mrs Jorrocks making jam. Sat in the weranda eating cherries and reading the 'N.S.M.' Great Coram Street certainly one of the pleasantest in London. Things flourish so in it. The trees at the Brunswick-square end and the vine on No. 39 in full leaf—so beautiful, so luxorious, and so healthy. But oh! it makes me melancholic to look upon them, and think their beauties are so fleeting, so effervescing! To reflect that in a few short weeks they will begin to change colour and at last become as brown as my wig—that there will soon be no more cherries, no, nor no more red currants for pyes either! But then, oh glorious thought, it recalls to mind that the hunting season will be nearer at hand, and I shall again turn out for the Joliffe Arms at Merstham, or the Rose and Crown, or the Leg of Mutton at

Ashstead, or the White Lion, Locks' Bottom, caparisoned in all the toggery of the chase. Mem.: this is the year for a new red. Wrote journal and full of half-melancholic, half-merry thoughts, turned into bed. Mrs J. snored terribly—Awoke her and told her the 'ouse was on fire—Cured her.

Sunday, July 5.—Violent storm in the night—awoke by the rain. Cloudy all the morning. Capital breakfast. Read the Life. Pictor of Plenipo with his lame fin. Began to rain about two. Read the 'New Sporter.' How I pities unlearned gentlemen on a rainy day! Dined at four. Rain cleared off about six. Did the sublime and beautiful with Mrs J. in Regent's Park till nine. Wrote journal and to bed at ten.

Monday, 6th.—Morning fine. Shop at nine. *Semper eadem*, business worse and worse. Think tea must be going out of fashion, and yet we do less in the coffee line. Saw Dr Pillgarlic in Fenchurch Street. Have known the Doctor these sixteen years, during which time he has always been wanting an 'orse, and never got one. Asks every man he meets if he "knows one that will suit him"—Have told him of fifty myself. Saw him coming so quickened my pace, crying out as I passed, "Ow are ye, Doctor? Don't know anything to suit ye!" A gammonacious chap, he's always riding 'osses on trial! The Nodder on change. Talking loud and big to Crane and two or three others. Saw me coming and turned

his back. Sulky I guess at wot I said in the chop house. "Sugar'd his milk"—went up and asked him how his wheat was looking; brighten'd beautifully—"Never had finer crops," he said. Werry true, for he never had one before. Sims asked if I would toddle down to the Isle of Dogs with him, and see the chaps wot were going out to raise the price of Spanish, and dine at Black-wall after. Agreed.

Set off about three, and walked to the Dogs, expecting to see a fine army of soldiers, with Evans in a cocked hat and feather, strutting about like a turkey cock, at their head, instead of which found nothing but three or four hundred regular lousy 'ouse-breaking, pickpocket-looking fellows, some in ragged coats and hats like extinguishers, and many without either hats or coats, lounging about the old steam-washing company's premises opposite Greenwich. Was amazed! It will be "look to your pockets" when they land. One chap had chalked on a wooded wall at the back, "Citizen of the City of Lushington is going to Spain."¹

Was very glad to get away from among them without being hustled and robbed. Walked on

¹ These would have been volunteers for the "British Legion" we permitted the Spanish government to raise in the United Kingdom for service against the Carlists. There were bad characters among them, as contemporary records prove; and Mr Jorrocks's description of those seen by him has some justification; but on the whole the force rendered a good account of itself under General Evans.—E. D. C.

to the "Plough" at Blackwall. Have never missed dining there for the last twenty years. Capital 'ouse, and much improved of late. Have made a new coffee-room below. Give fine dishes o' fish, cels, whitebait, flounders, with weal cutlets, and all sorts of wegatables for 3s. a head. Port and punch after. Both superb. Lord Nelson, as I calls the old Water Bailiff, and a lot o' chaps dining next door, at the Heartiechoke—werry merry. Had the barge down all red and gold, with sixteen men in red breeches to row them. Blackwall's a beautiful place, the sun always shines there, and the Kentish shore all verdant with trees, and Greenwich 'ospital opposite, and the steamers passing every five minutes, and the green sedgey banks with the white posts opposite, and the large ships sailing majestically down, like the swans in St James's-park, all make it werry, werry lovely. Think they have perhaps destroyed the romance of the place by taking away the pirates wot used to hang in chains on the gibbets at the sweep of the river.

Tuesday, 7th.—City early. Bought History of England in two volumes at a bookstall in the New Road as I was waiting for Buss, and bid 'em send it home and get pay, seven shillings. In Threadneedle Street spyed Giles Overweight, of Underdown, Sussex, in the distance, standing chatting with Billy O'Leary—Giles saw me coming, and looked black as thunder. Not forgot my

taking away my birds last September twelve-month, nor perhaps forgiven me for knocking so many of 'em over. However, shooting season coming round, thought I might as well try it on, so cast about for something to say. Wouldn't do to ax him about his hay or his wheat or his hoats, or any agricultural stuff, for the chap's quite a clown, a regular bore, so began by saying it did my 'art good to so fashionable a man patronizing of the City! 'oped Mrs O. was well, axed if she was in town, and if she had a hopera box this season (never had one any season, but one night about five years back they hired one and as I appened to see 'em, I always asks Giles if he has one). Hit the right nail, and Giles' countenance cleared off. Likes to be called a fashionable man. A bonny one he is too! Should like D'Orsay to see him.

A great clodhopper! Talked about the state of the weather, the gardens, pigs, parsnips, poultry, and pole cats. That brought us round to the pheasants—from them we got to the partridges. Giles said it had been a shocking bad breeding season with him. Said I was sorry to hear it—not that it would make much difference to me, for I had almost given up shooting—questioned if I ever fired a gun again—my nerves were so shattered that I wouldn't back myself to hit a flying haystack, but I always liked to hear of my friends having sport. Giles rummaged his nob

for the remnant of an idea wot floats about it, and said he hadn't heard of my being ill or he would have sent me some grapes. Thanked him but said I wouldn't give a fig for grapes unless I cut 'em from the tree myself. As to being ill, I said, I hadn't had no regler attack only wot all men nearer sixty than fifty must expect—from his youthful healthy appearance, however, it would be long before he would feel anything of the sort. That did him! Wain fool. After 'umming and 'awing a bit, he said his second winery would be opened on the 1st September. If I'd a mind to patronize Jack William on the Monday he'd put me up for a couple of days, and give me some shooting. Booked him accordingly. I'll stir his stubbles for him! Great calf. Went home early, intending to study History of England, and found it was a backgammon-board letter'd I'd bought!

Thursday, 9th.—Letter from Young Old Green, Jun., saying the Dragon had been at his prayers, and broken both his knees, and that he should return him forthwith to the Eclipse livery and bait stables, and would trouble me to send back his cheque, adding that the money was too much. Wrote him as follows:—

“DEAR G.,—You must take me for a most egreggorous John Ass to fancy for one moment, or the moiety of a moment, that I will take

back the chesnut 'orse, Snap Dragon, after you have clattered him about in the saddle, double and single harness, by night and by day, to say nothing of having thrown him down and broken his knees. Zounds, sir, nothing but an iron horse will stand such work! Wot with one and another of you he never knows a moment's rest,—I'd sooner be a butcher's daughter's pet lamb than your 'orse. As to the money being too much, that's mere matter of opinion, you have yours, and I have mine.

“In course the Eclipse livery and bait stables are open to you as well as to me, but never shall the Dragon eat another feed there at *my expense*. Am not surprised that you don't like your bargain. Few young dealers are satisfied with their first specs.; they all expect too much. When you have been at it as long as I have, you'll be less sanguinary to your expectations.

“Yours to serve,

J. J.”

“*P.S.*—I warranted none of him. For broken knees read my Hode to Wolden.”

Saturday, 11th—and a fine day. Shop at nine. Wot a many shops and warehouses are vacant in St Botolph's—never saw the like before. Must be all owing to the changes (improvements as they call them) they are making all around.

Business dull—wish they'd improve that. At one cut it, and met Job Cox by appointment at the end of the Arcade, got into a Brentford Buss and rode to Kew Bridge for a shilling. Walked along the river-side to Richmond, talking of hunting and the properties of scent. Trailed up Richmond Hill and into the Park. The King called at the cottage with three or four open carriages full of swells, having a snack I suppose—waited till they came out, and took off my caster. The King touched his tile in return. Werry purlite. After roaming about Park, began to wax hungry, so went down town and eat four and twenty nice fresh maids of honour.¹ Cox wouldn't have any, saying they were bad for digestion—Poor Cox!

Monday.—Shop at nine. A twopenny from that confounded blockhead Young Old Green, Jun., as follows:—

“DEAR SIR,—It is not on account of his broken knees alone, that I mean to return the horse, it is more on account of a difficulty in his respiration which leads both me and our foreman to think that he is asthmatical. It's true that you didn't warrant him, but my half-cousin, Simon Green, who was articed to

¹ For the benefit of our country readers, we must observe that this apparently appalling feast consisted of four and twenty little cheescakes, for which Richmond is famous, and which pass by the name of “Maids of Honour.”—Editor.

Mr Sharpe of the Temple, last month, says that a man who gives a sound price, as he calls it, is entitled to have a sound horse, but I make no doubt you are up to all that sort of thing, and will return the cheque forthwith.

“Yours, etc,

J. GREEN, Jun.”

“*P.S.*—I have also observed that his legs swell in the stable, which makes our foreman think he is gouty,—at all events inclining that way, and you know a horse on crutches would look queer. Besides he’s always tripping and stumbling.”

Answered him as follows :—

“DEAR GREEN,—It’s not never of no manner of use, you sending me your nonsensical letters this ’ot weather. I didn’t make the horse, neither did I warrant him. You took him for better or for worser just as I took Mrs J., your half-cousin. Simon’s a fool, and you’re a flat for listening to him. Take my word for it, you’ll get no stumpey back from me, so just turn your attention to your shops, and earn as much as will buy you a better nag. Who ever heard of any horse having the gout? *Absurd!* As to his stumbling, *hold up his head*, I’ll warrant he’ll carry his tail high enough!

Where, let me ask, is the man with the 'orse which he will swear will never tumble down? Let's have no more nonsense.

"Yours to serve, J. J."

Sealed it and sent it over by Binjamin. The rascal was away three hours, having been fool enough to wait for an answer.

"SIR,—I should have thought the injury you inflicted on me and my family would have been sufficient to gratify the worst passions of your nature, without adding the additional pang of insult thereto. Your letter just received compels me most unwillingly to tell you that you are no gentleman, and I am sorry that my cousin James should ever have demeaned himself by associating with such a person. You are nothing but a downright horse-dealer.

"I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,
J. GREEN, Jun."

Answered him by the twopenny—

"DEAR GREEN,—All men are 'orse-dealers when they buy and sell 'osses. You say 'I'm no gentleman,' in reply to that I say you are no judge. *Let's have no more nonsense.*

"Yours to serve, J. J."

The devil be with the fellow ! Neither Kings, Lords, Commons, nor all the Greens in creation, shall make me take the 'orse back. Blastation ! Is a man never to be done ? Is a bad 'orse to stick to one to eternity ? Young Old Green, Jun., was no friend of mine or I wouldn't have sold him to him, and his cousin James knew all about the Dragon and his infirmities ! Why, James's own 'orse is broken-winded, and he says he likes him all the better for the noise acts as a warning to the old applewomen. 'Ow was I to know but Young Old Green, Jun., wanted a nag with broken bellows too ? *I will not take him back.* I'll be damaged if I do !

THOUGHTS ON INNS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'HILLINGDON HALL,' ETC.

CHAPTER I.

"Shall I take mine ease at mine inn?"

No doubt our recollections are very materially tinged with the character of the entertainment we receive, therefore it behoves all mayors, sheriffs, aldermen, common-councillors, etc., to pay attention to the hostelries in their various jurisdictions. I would particularly draw their attention to the *measures*, it being a notorious fact, that a private quart decanter holds three inn pints. It is surely quite as important that the wayfarer should be ensured his allowance, as that butter and flour should be the right weight. If, in addition to this, the authorities would attend to the quality, the boon would be very considerably increased. To suppose that an inn-cellar boasts a large stock of old wine is only for Oxonians and ensigns to believe—the very assertion of it on the part of a landlord would be almost tantamount to a declara-

tion of want of trade. Nevertheless, I think some closer imitations of the wines they profess to have is desirable, and I really believe would be remunerative to themselves, it being scarcely possible to get any quantity of the spurious stuff they now foist off under French names down one's throat. Ports and sherries must be expected to be sweet, hot, and new; for notwithstanding all their professions, one never sees an inn stock of wine, etc., "walked into" by the sheriff without being struck by the smallness of the quantity.

In London and large towns this is different, hotel-keepers often being wine merchants as well; and precious nuisances, I may add, they sometimes are, persecuting an unfortunate inmate at every meal, until they succeed in sticking a bargain into him. These vintner inn-keepers are as bad as hairdressers' apprentices, with their coloured and perfumed candle ends and hogs' lard.

The head waiter at an inn generally takes all the fees, and pays the people under him. I have known more than one head waiter with a share in the concern. I have one in my mind's eye now, who twenty years ago, when gentlemen used to get fastidious, would put on an imposing face, and recommend a bottle of the "*green seal*," and I was in the same house not long ago, and heard his successor doing precisely the same thing. "Very curious old Port, sir—what we

call the green seal," said he, setting the bottle pompously on the table, having first held it up to the light.

"Green seal" promises to last as long as green-horns—most probably to the end of time. One of the best jokes of the Reform times was with a waiter.



*"Very curious Old Port, sir
—what we call the Green
Seal."*

"All reformers here, waiter, I suppose," said a Tory, paying his bill.

"Oh, yes! all reformers, sir—master, mistress, self, and all."

"Then there's the bill, the whole bill, and nothing but the bill," said the gentleman, laying down his money.

It is odd what different views different people have respecting the same thing. What one thinks perfection another thinks purgatory. This applies particularly to inns. "Capital inn!" "Worst inn in England!" On the continent hotel-keepers invite the expression of opinion on their establishments. Of course, they expect favourable ones on their own; but still keeping the sort of books they do, enable travellers to record

their opinions on the entertainment at the stage on either side.

Some of the observations are very quaint, and D'Israeli might do worse than collect them for his next 'Curiosities of Literature.'

In England the freedom of the press, facetiously described at after dinner carouses "as like the air we breathe," etc., is not encouraged to hoist the lantern, "Beware of a bad house," about inns; and judges and juries really are such queer things, that "the less a man has to do with them the better," as the highwayman justly observed when he was going to be hung.

To show, however, how differently people view the same establishment, I will relate what happened to me the other night.

I was introduced to Mr Peter Parkinson, who, my host on presenting, accompanied with this specification: "The gentleman who lived a week at the 'Bull and Mouth'"—just as he might have introduced Mr Van Amburgh as the gentleman who confides his head to the lion's mouth; or Mr Michael Angelo Titmarsh, who stuck 'Punch's' poster on the pyramids of Egypt. There are various ways of becoming famous, as Lord Byron said. I knew a man who gained a name by upsetting the "Quicksilver" mail, and I looked at Mr Parkinson just as I should have regarded Captain Back after he had obeyed

the Admiralty laconic — Ross is come — *come Back!*¹

Let me premise that the “Bull and Mouth,” when my hero spent his week there, was not what the “Bull and Mouth” now is, standing in stately grandeur, noble, clean, and well proportioned, but the old original “Bull and Mouth,” swarming, as it used to swarm, with coaches (if with nothing else), with its dark coffee-room, imbibing the rich odour of the proximate stable, and galleried dormitories opening to the air.

Nay, reader, turn not up your lip with the curl of contempt. Despise not the man who has performed such a feat. Canvass your acquaintance, and see if in its whole range you can produce one who can say, “I, too, have lived a week at the ‘Bull and Mouth.’”

I met this celebrity at the rooms of one Mr Alphonso Jenkins, who lives in a style of almost Eastern splendour in a first floor (furnished) in Bidborough-street, Burton Crescent. Alphonso is a traveller, a critic, a connoisseur, a virtuoso, a sort of poet, a collector of China, a sort of wit, a guitarist, a sentimentalist, and a soap-boiler. Luckless pen that mine is! In reading over the last sentence, I see I have strung Alphonso's

¹ Captain, afterwards Admiral, Sir George Back in 1833 undertook an expedition in search of Captain Ross who was believed to have been lost in the Arctic. Captain Ross returned two months after Captain Back set out.—E. D. C.

qualification together in such a way as might lead the "ever-anxious-to-catch" critic to exclaim, "Why, he's a bagsman to a soap-boiler!" No such thing, reader—no such thing. He's a genuine traveller. Boulogne-sur-Mer is proud of his visits; Calais has contained him. He has been at Abbéville, Amiens, Beauvais, Saint Denis—all those magnificent towns through which Paris-bound *voyageurs* ramble. Brussels, too, can boast of his patronage; and I have heard that he knows the ins and outs of Rotterdam. If he had his own way, he would sink the soap-boiler, and shine forth as the virtuoso only. From the serene retirement of Bidborough-street he issues his edicts on taste, literature, fashion, and the fine arts. He can make or mar an author. He is supposed to "do" the light literature criticisms for "Grandmama." Painters acknowledge his power—poets, "ditto"—old china men tremble at his coming. A spurious saucer is not safe before him—nor a sham Rembrandt.

I became acquainted with Alphonso aboard one of those drowsy packet-boats on the canals somewhere about Bruges or Ghent, and running foul of him one day in Fleet Street, after mutual salutations and wonderment at the difference in his appearance without his moustache and imperial, he presented me with his card, which in due course of "exchange" produced an invitation to a "conversazione." At it, Alphonso assured

me, I should meet men renowned in arts, sciences, research, and intellect, travellers, musicians, statesmen (half insinuating that Peel was coming), singers, dancers, philosophers, historians, sheriffs' officers, trumpeters, "heavenly grenadiers and little drum-beaters," as the song says; in short, that the world and his wife were coming. The 'Book of Etiquette,' 'Punch's' "Portraits," and Alphonso's reviews had inoculated me with young Norval's complaint, and I longed for a peep into high life. Above all, I wished to see that broth of a boy, little James Graham, who, as Dame Peel says, is "*always* in a mess."

True to my hour, I bowled in a "patent safety" up the sweet retirement of Bidborough-street, and presently found myself on the landing of the first floor, at the drawing-room whereof stood Alphonso, with Byronically or Carter Hallically arranged collar and turn-up cuffs, surrounded by some murky-looking foreigners, while a dozen or two of devil-may-care-looking Englishmen, in every variety of costume, from a dress-coat down to a blouse, lolled against the walls, or lounged or rolled about the chairs and horsehair sofa.

Alphonso presented me. First, a count of the Holy Roman Empire; then an out-of-luck duke from Bohemia; next an ex-master of the horse to the Emperor of Morocco; then the author of 'Ten Minutes' Advice on the Care of your Teeth'; then the author of the 'Universal

Jester or Post-chaise Companion'; Mr Somebody, described as the celebrated owner of the "Happy United Family"—a miscellaneous collection of cats, mice, rats, and birds, all living in perfect harmony in one cage; Baron Nathan and the proprietor of Gowland's Lotion; Mr Bradbury, the patent spectacle merchant; and Van der Hattan, the importer of piping bullfinches, etc. At length it came to the turn of a very pallid-looking individual, whose tight-buttoned coat and exclusive saterfall satin tie concealed the deficiency of a waistcoat; Alphonso introduced him as Mr Peter Parkinson, the gentleman who lived a week at the "Bull and Mouth."

This adventurous youth had deposited his body, face backwards, on a mock rosewood chair, against the upper rail of which he was now whetting his chin, as though he were going to shave somebody with his face. The light from a couple of Mr Baker's "patent composites," placed in a bracket against the wall, enabled me to scan the youth's sallow countenance, in which, so strong is the force of imagination, I fancied I traced the lineaments of intense thought and study.

Having whetted his face and chin much in the manner of a horse scratching its head on a gate, he next began to lick the rail with such evident enjoyment that some seconds elapsed ere I could catch his eye and hazard an observation. At length he looked at me. I confess I was rather

disappointed with that index of his mind—the eye. It was full and clear; but after the first glance the effects gradually subsided, until it receded almost into vacuity. Like Hamlet junior, however, with old Hamlet's ghost, I determined to have a word with him, and forthwith observed that it was a fine night.

"Glad to hear it," he said, "for I've got to go to the 'Cider Cellar' after this."

That was a step in the direction I wanted him to go—viz., towards the "Bull and Mouth." I wanted to get the "Bull and Mouth" story out of him, and touching on another place of public entertainment helped.

"We have a pleasant party here," said I, looking round on the heterogeneous group.

"Middling," he said—"no drink."

"I think our host mentioned that you once lived a week at the 'Bull and Mouth,'" I observed after a pause.

"I believe you there," he said, a flash of fire at the same time shooting across his vacant eyes.

"Was it comfortable?" I inquired.

"Best beef-steaks in the world," he exclaimed, giving the top of his chair a thump with his fist.

"What was the cause of your going there?" I asked. "What were you about? Tell me the story—tell me all about it."

"*Story*," he exclaimed, like Canning's needy knifegrinder to the friend of humanity—"Story!

I've none to tell, sir! I only wish the 'Bull and Mouth' is as it was, and I had nothing to do but to live there."

CHAPTER II.

When I got settled into my slippers and arm-chair at home, I thought over the case of Peter Parkinson and Alphonso Jenkins; Peter Parkinson evidently considering the summit of human happiness what Alphonso Jenkins thought an extraordinary proof of endurance. Then I found myself involved in an inquiry, how it happens that an inn in England and an inn abroad should be two such different things. What a "change has come over the spirit of the dreams" of these old coaching menageries—these Bulls and Mouths—these Saracen's Heads—these Swans with two Necks—and other zoological curiosities. I wonder what will become of all these old coaching houses! One feels the same sort of interest about them that the debtor would feel for the Fleet, or any of the ex-prisons in which he had had the pleasure of being confined. I looked in at one or two of these inns the other day, and was shocked at what I saw. The yards were deserted, no bustling of bipeds—no trampling of quadrupeds—no rolling of wheels—no tinkling of bells. A little twelve-

year-old urchin, who could scarcely see over the counter, occupied the place of the row of saucy clerks, who formerly could hardly deign an answer. These have, doubtless, found refuge at the different railway stations, where, in city parlance, "impudence is still at a premium." With the testimony of Peter Parkinson before me, it would be going too far to say, that "nobody" could call these old places comfortable. On the score of comfort, however, the world has taken enormous strides within the last fifty years—grown very fastidious. Look at the country houses of the last century, and contrast them with the country houses of the present day. Why, the squires are now living in as good ones as served the nobility before.

The same with inns. No one used to expect to have a coffee-room carpeted. The old customer liked the old corner; Johnson would not have been himself at the "Mitre" if he had not had his own place. The very nastiness is a recommendation to some people. The nastiness of the majority of coaching inns was not, however, their only peculiarity. The "ungrateful hurry," as Gay calls it, of everybody was quite as remarkable. Fancy, at the end of a long journey, say, from Edinburgh to London—two days and two nights—being at length turned out of the damp, cabined, confined coach into one of these inn yards. Lord bless us! But a journey was a journey in those days! We used to crow over our grand-

fathers when we got coaches to clear eight miles an hour ; but what will "atmospheric" posterity think of us for being satisfied with such crawling. Nothing short of "Edinburgh to London in one day" will go down with them, and then they will think they ought to go quicker.

The Board of Trade, I see, think thirty-three miles an hour, including stoppages, the equitable rate of propulsion. Pace is quite a disease ; it grows with what it is fed upon. So with postage ; people will soon want their letters every half-hour. But my business is with inns. Fancy being at length released from bondage and turned into one of the old inn yards in London, for the first time, without a place to go to, or a person to speak to. There is something appalling in finding oneself for the first time in London, without kinsman, friend, or acquaintance, "alone, but in a crowd !"

Doubly dreadful if the transition is from the merry family circle of home to the life-like death (death-like life ?) of crowded cities.

The traveller's coach companions bustled and hurried away, and before he knew where he was he stood alone among strangers. Such strangers, too—horsekeepers and helpers, coachmen and cads, gentlemen with sponges and dog-collars, Cachmere shawls made at Norwich, or piping bullfinches which they'd give for an old coat. Turn into the coffee-room, that last refuge of the desti-



"Turned out into one of the old inn yards of London."

tute, as Dickens well calls it—sandy floor, frouzy, faded, red-curtained boxes, greasy newspapers, and Pigot's still greasier Directory. If the man who has "travelled life's dull round" sighs to think his "warmest welcome's in an inn," what must the youngster feel at first experiencing its friendly greeting?

But who shall describe a night at one of these abominations—we should have Washington Irving here—the blowing of horns, the rumbling of coaches, the clambering of horses, the oaths of stablemen, the rattling of cabs, the jingling of coaches, the wheeling of barrows, the tinkling of bells, and though last not least, the thumps and provoking interrogations of boots as to whether we are "the gent booked for the Falmouth" or "the lady goin' to Dewizes?"

Then the waiters: there is as much difference between a London waiter and a country waiter as there is between a London "pikeman" and a country "pikeman." The country waiter and the country "pikeman" know everybody; the Londoners know nobody—that is to say, they don't know who or what you are. To say that London waiters forget people's faces is to contradict much minute and interesting information frequently supplied by these worthies on trial; but then it is generally to the effect that a gent came with a lady on such a day, and had all the delicacies of the season at the Globe. They

don't say Mrs and Mrs Tomkinson came on such a day, and had all the delicacies, etc.

Grateful contrast to turn from the misery and discomfort of the old coaching inns to the Victoria and Euston of the railway station. I really think the Euston cookery will bring the late unknown untraversed desert of St Pancras into repute, and compel the once vaunted Clarendon to hide its gastronomic head. But look first at the dimensions of the Euston—why, it's a town of itself! Take its opposite neighbour and twin brother, the Victoria, with it, and they are a city of themselves; in olden times they would have returned a member to Parliament between them. Lord Euston's title has risen seventy-five and a quarter per cent since the monster hotel was built—he should be called Lord Euston Hotel.

What dribbling measures ministers promulgate for preserving the peace of the country, calling out yeomanry and enrolling crippled pensioners! Why don't they enlist the porters, waiters, boots, and runners of these great national Hotels? If they were well drilled and drawn up, rank and file, with their bootjacks and other implements of war in their hands, they would strike terror into the hearts of Dan ¹ himself and the "finist pisantry" under the sun. But to the Euston and Victoria: these houses are conducted on the continental

¹ Daniel O'Connell.

principle of charging servants in the bill, and letting people know what they have to pay beforehand, so that no one has a right to live like a fighting-cock and then grumble at the bill. In every bedroom is a list of charges, and people may occupy the vacant time consumed in drying their hands by reading the announcement in the frame. The prices are highly remunerative, but at the same time not extravagant. I don't, however, find that Peel's vaunted tariff, which was to enable every man to pay the income tax without feeling it, has had the effect of reducing inn bills anywhere.

Here is one from an hotel in Edinburgh: "Breakfast, half a crown; dinner, with game, five shillings." Another from an inn at Brighton, wherein breakfast is charged two shillings a day, with the addition of one day "ham and eggs" being charged a shilling, and the next "eggs and ham" one and sixpence; so that at Brighton ham and eggs is evidently the dish to order. I have a Leamington bill, too, before me, where breakfast and eggs are charged two and twopence, so that a breakfast, in an innkeeper's mind, evidently consists of toast, table-cloth, and teapot—all else is extra.

The Leamington people have a pretty good idea of charging. I have a card before me of one of the large houses there where "ladys'-maids, and servants out of livery," are offered board and

lodging at 28s. a week, and in the servants' hall at 26s.; taking the lowest figure, nearly seventy pounds a year—to say nothing of wages—and that, too, for people whose parents are very likely living and bringing up families on forty. However, if people like to pay it, it is “no business of mine,” as Paul Pry used to say.

The worst feature in an inn bill is the word “soda.” It is a sure sign the wine is bad; the very reading of the word conjures up a headache or the heartburn, or both. There is no end of “soda” in the bills I’ve been looking over—so much indeed that I’ll have no more of it, and stop the discussion by putting all the Green Dragons, and Georges, and White Swans, and Black Boys, and Bells, and King’s Arms, and Lord Granbys, and Cross Keys, and Wellingtons, and Bluchers into the fire. There, how they blaze! I verily believe I have spent as much money in town inns as would have built a first-rate alms-house—clock, vane, and all complete—to comfort and shelter me in the decline of life. And *cui bono*, I may ask, what good has it done me? Am I ever spoken of with affection or remembered with regret? Oh, no! If I am ever spoken of at all, it is as of “Number Forty-two,” or as “the lushy cove in Ninety-four wot lost the Magnet three times by oversleeping of himself.” Shocking reflection! No act stings a man half so severely as the pecuniary indiscretions of his

youth; time softens all other sorrows, but these recollections rankle and canker the more the older we get. Away with them, say I!

Clubs have put a sad spoke in the wheels of London hotel-keepers—at least as far as coffee-rooms are concerned. Every man belongs to a club, where as much or as little wine can be taken as he chooses. The old custom of drinking—rather poisoning oneself—for what was called the “good of the house,” is almost exploded. Vinegar cruets supply the place of magnums. Degenerate days! Could any of our hardy three-bottle ancestors see the libations of their sons, how they would blush for their degeneracy! But for the increase of population, the wine trade would be ruined—the port wine trade at least. It is only poor old staggers who stick to the “strap”—young ones, and people climbing up the hill of gentility, drink claret—young ones because they are half drunk with champagne before the cloth is drawn, and “aspirants” because they consider it is genteel. Well, well, “it’s very harmless,” as the lady said when she gave five-and-twenty guineas for a pocket-handkerchief.

An inn—hotel, I should call it—abroad is a traveller’s home—his haven; in England it is little better than a harbour of refuge. It may be laid down as a rule that no one goes to an inn than can possibly avoid it. Two causes combine in affecting this. First, the want of com-

fort, which characterises the generality of English inns; and secondly, the exorbitance of the charges. Abroad the hotels are the liveliest, the gayest, the pleasantest, the cheapest places going; while in England they are generally noisy, dingy, frouzy, comfortless affairs that we go into reluctantly, and are never happy until we are out again. It is hardly possible to conceive a greater difference in one and the same thing than between the light airiness of a Calais or Boulogne hotel and the heavy, sombre, cheese-and-porter air of a Dover tavern. The French hotel wears the holiday garb of a perpetual *fête*; the English one only wants the sign taken down and bars put up to look like a prison. Abroad, the colour of the building, the air of the draperies, the taste of the flowers, the neatness of the attendants, all invite you to enter, and generally to make a lengthened sojourn. In England, if anything is attempted in the way of decoration, anything smart or cheerful in the way of carpet or curtain, or any little bit of nature introduced in the way of shrub or flower, they seem to put to shame the rest of the furniture, or to demonstrate the sad difference between town and country plants. I write this in view of three stunted soot-catching spruces in red pots gracing an iron balcony, the yellowing stem of the middle tree (bush, rather) giving notice of premature departure. Luckless plant to be thus cut off!

Spruces, indeed ! There is little spruceness about them.

The hotels at Greenwich, Blackwall, and Richmond, and a few of the suburb holiday resorts, are exceptions ; but then they are merely summer flowers, and store their finery in winter. Nothing can be more beautiful than the Castle garden at Richmond on a fine summer afternoon, when the Thames is alive with steamers, full of smart bonnets and bodices.

What a long way a little money will go with a single man abroad —the enjoyment he may have for it, and what an insight he may get into life and the world at large ! The great fault of Englishmen is that they always travel in shoals ; one would think they expected to be eaten up by the natives, and go together for mutual protection. It is a great drawback upon observation and adventure.

Dr Johnson said that a post-chaise had jolted many an intimacy to death, and foreign travel has had the same effect upon thousands of friendships that might have stood the ordinary jars and concussions of life. The true way to travel is to set off alone, with two shirts and a dickey, picking up acquaintances and leaving them, just as chance or inclination directs. I have known two of the best friends in the world squabble before they reached the French coast, and “ cut ” before they got to the capital.

Railroads have done by country inns what clubs have done by London ones—"knocked the wind out of them." Nay, I think railroads have dealt a severer blow to country inns than clubs have to London inns, for the railroads have closed some of the "daylights" for them altogether. What a melancholy sight is a great, rambling, deserted, roadside hotel, house and stables alike empty, and the once attractive sign creaking and rattling on its gibbet! I saw such a one the other day. I had not seen it for five years—it was then in its glory—a nice, pretty, rough-cast, old house, with woodbine and black cluster vines creeping up its blue tile roof—all was in keeping. The large trim landlady rustling in black silk and well-oiled front; the shy little hazel-eyed niece continually popping her head out of the best parlour window; two fine, straight, full-grown, buxom lasses acting the alternate parts of chambermaid and dairymaid; one old waiter in a clean pink-striped jacket, as though he were about to ride a race; and a still older boots with large silver buckles in his shoes. All was changed. The large landlady was dead; ditto the waiter, ditto the boots. The buxom chambermaids and the pretty niece were all married—the former to farmers' servants, the latter to the "union" doctor. A travelling donkey had broken through the white railing and browsed upon the vine,

pulling it nearly down, exhibiting the green damp upon the walls, and knocking the "To Let" board crooked. The last wheelmark had died out before the door.

I peeped in, but seeing the glass case that used to hold the interesting museum of pigeon pies, sticks of celery, and jaded joints gone, I beat a hasty retreat.

[1845.]

A LINE FROM JORROCKS.

To the Editors of the New Sporting Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,—In the last number of your book (Vol. ii. No. xi. folio 356) I find an entry by my friend the “Yorkshireman,” which, unless explained, may prove injurious to my mercantile character, as well as my domestic peace; and I hope you will allow me room to do so in your next number. The object of the “Yorkshireman” is evidently to make people believe that I had what is called an assignation in the Omnibus, whereas I am ready to swear that I had no such thing, and that I never saw the lady either before or since; and the reason that he “cannot tell what happened afterwards” is very obvious. These are insinuations that are very well for young men to indulge in among themselves, but they are bad when applied to married people, and I regret that after all the kindness I have received at your and his hands in the book he should do anything to reduce the weight of my

obligations. Being upon the subject of books, I may refer to an entry in the 'Old Magazine,' where I find what I consider an unwarrantable liberty taken with my name by a writer who calls himself "Devonian," at folio 390. He talks of leaving "an interesting topic to *Mr Jorrocks*, or some other *fox-hunting grocer*," as if there was anything wonderful in a grocer being a fox-hunter. I know nothing of Devonshire, except having tasted some clouted cream once; but of this I am very certain, that there are more real sportsmen in "The Surrey" hunt than in all the hunts in that county put together; and if you will "analyse" us, as my friend Savory would say, you will find that one-third of our hunt is composed of grocers. It is not often that I intrude myself upon the notice of the public—except upon 'Change—nor do I pretend to be much of a scholar; but knowing that the wise men do not come from the West, I think I may reckon myself a match for this "Devonian"; and if he has a mind to take up the cudgels, I'm his man for a tussle; and as Macready says in *Macbeth*, "D——d be he who first cries hold! enough!" As to his being "*one who is only governed by the dictates of caprice, and who follows no profession but the joyous one of pleasure*"—I have only got to say that the caprices of Mrs J. are the only ones I submit to; and as in my mind it is diffi-

cult to appreciate the difference 'twixt a flea and a louse, I do not see why the profits of a grocer's warehouse should not afford as many pleasures as those derived from a *banking shop*.

Talking of hunting, we have really had a brilliant season in Surrey. I have only missed three Saturdays during the whole of it, and should think the sport has been superior to that in any other country; and so it ought, for I should say it is the finest scenting country in the world; and what will not a brilliant pack of dogs like ours effect? Upon this subject, and also upon the "condition of hunters," I have long had thoughts of sending you some observations, and assuredly after the next sale at the India-house is over, I will take up my pen in good earnest, for, believe me, the many acts of kindness I have received from you have warmed the cockles of my heart, and if I can only get my ideas into a small compass, like concentrated essence of cocoa, I flatter myself I could produce something worthy the attention of your readers, of whom, let me assure you, you have a plentiful supply in the Surrey hunt—indeed, I might say, in the whole county, for, with the exception of my friend Tom Meager's house, I see the *green cover* everywhere, and the first toast at every dinner I sit down to is "The King and the Queen, and the

‘New Sporting Magazine.’ ” Hoping that you will insert this in your next number, and that for the future the “Yorkshireman” will ride his genius in a curb instead of a snaffle.—I remain, gents, for self and partners, yours very obediently,

JOHN JORROCKS.

ST BOTOLPH’S LANE,
March 10, 1832.

LETTER FROM SEDGEFIELD DICK TO MR JORROCKS.

[Mr Jorrocks called at our office the other day and left the following letter, with a request that we would publish it forthwith, in the hope of procuring for his friend Dick one of the numerous situations for which he considers himself qualified. Without professing to keep a register-office for servants, we are always happy to assist any lover of the chase, more particularly when backed by so respectable a recommender as our friend in Great Coram-street. Our readers will doubtless recollect that a season or two back Mr Jorrocks paid a visit to Sedgefield, and published a graphic description of the doings there in the fifty-seventh number, page 163, of this (*The New Sporting*) Magazine; hence his acquaintance with Dick.]

MISTER JORROCKS, ESQUIRE.

SUR,—I'm Dick—that's to say Dick of Sedgefield—some calls me sarcy Dick—others hunting Dick—but howsomever I'm Dick—Dick that used to do for your hunter when you were here—not as some lasey scoundrelly grums does, by givin' him a bucket of water and a kick in the ribs—but Dick as used to dress him as he should be, curry-come, brush, whisp, come out his tail and main, and covver your saddel with a duster—but you ken me—Dick of the Hope—hopeful

Dick, as they used to call me, and I's sartin you'll be sorry to hear I'm in trouble. The Sedgefield gemmen isn't half such gemmen as they used to be—there's no one says to me, "Dick, are you dry?"—or "Dick, there's a dram for you"; but it's "Dick, you dog, you deserve to be d——d," or "Dick, you roag, I'll yark you into fits." T'other night I goes to the Upper Hardwicke Arms, as we calls the Clubhouse, with my car and old grey Crossbeck, as jenteel as a Lord Mare, to bring down the drunken Bucks after dinner, and having got them all in, both the drunken and half-and-half ones, I just looks round, having heard nothing said about nothing, and said to them, "Gemmen, I'm Dick!" "Dick be d——d!" cried they. "What do we know about Dick?—drive on, or we'll pitch you into the Lake." "Will you?" said I; "it'll take a better man than ever I've got in the car to do that"; so I just pulled up short, under the tree, by the turn before the door, and said if they didn't know what it was to be druv by a man that was as fond of hunting as any of them, I'd take out old Crossbeck and leave them by the Lake. So I lowses the belly-band, intending to unjoke, when out jumped a customer in a blue M'Intosh, and hit me a wop over the eye, and the night being dark I fell on my back. Up I got and fought a round or two, but the night was frosty, and my foot slipped, and I went down again with my man atop of

me. Then all the fine Hardwicke Arms fellows came rushing out—one fine chap with a pipe in his mouth, another fine fellow with a glass in his cockeye, another fine fellow with a lantern in his hand, and they were followed by all the flunkies, Mr Packer among the number, and Mr Roads, and Mr Oliver the butler, and Mr Rowland the futman, and they were followed by all the lazy grums and helpers—that's to say, chaps that helps the grums to do nothing; and then came the maids, or the gals, as they call maids, because they bant married, and fat Mrs Sparks the cook, the big-headed nifeboy, and old John Dove's black-and-wite dog, all for to see Dick—Devil Dick, as some call me. “Pitch him into the Lake! Duck him! Hide him! Baste him!” And when they were considering what would be best for me, some of the flunkies, Mr Packer for one, seized me by the arms and legs, and held me, while the fine Upper Hardwicke Arms swells drov off with the car—but as they went I expressly swore I'd pay them off preciouslly whenever I catched them. Well, the time soon came. Cummin back from Stockton one afternoon—it might be any day but a Sunday, for the hounds don't hunt on Sundays—when I had driv postboy with old Crossbeck and Clarke's brown mare, tacked to a green rattle-trap, full of live lumber, and got sixpence over for driving well, as I always does, just as I reached the hill

above Thorp-bridge, what shud I see but a fox stealin' along the meadows by the side of the beck, with his tongue out, and seemingly rather in a hurry—"Dick's alive!" cried I—for I'm special fond of huntin', and once walked 30 miles to meet the Hambledon hounds—so pulling short up, I cocked my lug, and presently came three of Lambton's dogs towlin' along, with their heads reglarly buried in the scent, for it was a misty day and lay like oatmeal. I cocked my lug again, and farther to the west I heard the whole pack towlin along in full cry, with Mister Bob Hunnum holloain' "Get forrid hounds, get forrid!" just in his usual screech. It bein' a misty day, as I said, and evenin' comin' on, I thought the least I could do for ard Ralph was to keep with the leading hounds; so givin' old Crossbeck to a forineer organ-grinder, as was travellin' a-foot, to take to Sedgefield, I put Clarke's mare at the fence, and was soon cappin' the hounds forrid on the line I'd seen the fox go. Presently up rode Mr Bob Hunnum with the pack, followed by all the Upper Hardwicke Arms swells, and the Sedgefield swells, and the Sunderland swells, and the Durham swells, and the Tees-water swells, all thinkin' themselves uncommon fine fellows; and as soon as ever they seed me, they began roaring, "D——n ye, Dick; stand still!" "Bl——t ye, Dick, what are you after?" "Hold hard, Dick, or I'll kill ye!" just as if I wasn't just as much

of a Christian as any of them, and quite as fond of hunting. So seeing it was all a trick to cut afore me in the run, I crakt my whip over my head, rammed the spurs into the ard mare, and crammed over the fence into the next field. Blob came one of the fine Upper Hardwicke swells—the one that driv away with the car—after me right into my very footsteps, hollowing, “D——n ye, Dick, get out of my way!” “Catch me who can,” cried I, and thereupon we raced over the field. I got to the fence first, but the ard mare swerved, and the Upper Hardwicke swell jumped on. I pulled the mare round in a crack, and afore he took off, I made a charge in his rear and sent him, horse, and all flyin’ neck over croup into the next field. He didn’t dodge none, so I jumped clean over both. His horse got up first, and came tearin’ past me in a crack, while the floord swell came running over the field, first beggin’ and then dammin’ me for not stopping the nag. The hounds then turned short to the left, over another grass field, and crossed the beck. It was deep, and the banks both soft and wide, but Dick never flinched in his life, so I gathered the ard mare together, gave her both whip and spur, and shoved her at it; but the newly thrown up mud and sedges on the takin’-off side made her leap clumsy, and down we soused over head in the middle. Just as I got my head above water again, one of the fine Cumberland



"I jumped clean over both."

cocks that comes to hunt with ard Ralph came stridin' over me on a ginger-tailed chestnut, and instead of helpin' a brother sportsman out, cried, "D——n ye, Dick, that's what I call Poetical Justice!" We rolled about for a long time. At last I scrambled out with a cart-load of water-cress at my back, and went and borrowed some ropes and a horse of old Tommy Giles to pull the ard mare out again, and when I got back to Sedgefield, instead of getting a glass of hot stoppin, Mr Smith, that used to keep the Hope when you were here, but who now keeps the Lower Hardwicke Arms, gave me my discharge from stoppin' here any longer, because as how he said the Upper Hardwicke Arms swells would not stand bein' rid over by a Lower Hardwicke Arms postboy.

Now, Mr Jorrocks, I tak' the liberty of writing all this account to you, knowin' that you are what they call a benevolent man, in hopes that you'll remember Dick that used to look after your horse so well, and take me into your sarvice, either as grum, or walley-de-sham, or butler, or gamekeeper, or futman, or coachman, or huntsman, or whipper-in, or anything you like, or all together, so long as you do but take me; for I always tell the nasty idle grums and sarvents that come to Sedgefield that you are the very best gemmen, Esquire, that ever was among us; so pray do somethin' for Dick, who's uncommon fond of huntin'. Since Smith and I fell out, I've

hunted a-foot with an ash plant in my hand, and some uncommon fine runs there have been—though there hasn't been many swells here to see them. The Cumberland Cocks, they reckon very good men in the saddle-room, but for real extravagant leapin', one of the new Upper Hardwicke swells bangs them all. T'other day in a very hard skurry, from Brochey-moor, down to Seaton, and up to Stranton, he cleared a fence on a bank with a big braying jack-ass a-top, and a wide ditch on the far side. There's been a chap here they call Viator, and another they call Dun-elm, who have been writing about the hounds, and they want very much to know who they are; but they have had much finer runs than any they tell about. One day at Whin-houses, a swell came all the way out of Cleveland, and they soon found a fox at Murton-whin, who lead them a bonny dance for forty minutes, best pace—by jingo, "elbows and legs," as Dickey Wood, who rid his roaring black, said; but at the third fence the swell got floord, lost his nag, and after a very long run of three hours and a half, in top-boots, upon foot, returned to Sedgefield without his horse, or hearin' anything about him. But some of the runs have been uncommon fine, but it's bad for the heart to think that one has not a dinner to go to after the day's done.

All the lazy grums and helpers agree that Sedgefield is not what it used to be, and I believe

the butlers and wally-de-shams think so too. The swells neither get mortal themselves, or give away drink as they did, and the Upper Hardwicke Arms ghost has never been heard of during the meeting. There was a time when a man's grandmother was hardly safe in the place. But indeed, Mr Jorrocks, sur, Sedgefield is not a place for a Cristian, and one that has learned the Church Katekism to live in, and I do hope you'll take me into your service, if it's only to keep a respectable young man that's fond of huntin' out of mischief and bad company. Old fat Mark, the ostler, still goes on with Smith at the Lower Hardwicke Arms. Mr Winter is quite well, so is Mr Hunnum, and Mr Tom, and Mr Robert and Mr Fenwick Hunnum, and ard Ralph is very fresh, and his voice as kittle as ever.

Mr Dove is dead, and Dolly Dodds has just had three months at the treadmill, for taking a pair of wite corderoy brecks off a drying-line. I live at Mothersell's, where a letter will be sartin to fine me, particklarly if it's post paid, and hopin' that you are well, as this leaves me, and that you'll excuse my freedom, and take me into your service, you may rely on findin' me uncommon useful, sober, steddy, ready to fight, or do anything you like, and uncommon fond of huntin'.

Your obedient sarvant as I hope to be,

DICK.

SEDGEFIELD, *December* 1837.

A CHIVEY THROUGH CHESHIRE.

BY A YORKSHIREMAN.

I ARRIVED at Chester about eight o'clock in the evening, and, thanks to the recommendation of an invisible fellow-traveller, who sat next to me on the roof of the Mail, I declared my billet to be the Albion Hotel—one of the best and most comfortable in England. It was market night, and the narrow streets swarmed with people, while the curious wooden galleries that are formed on the first floor, and along which people may travel round a considerable portion of the city, were lighted up, the shops displaying a fine but at the same time miscellaneous assortment of goods, a hairdresser uniting the business of a grocer, a bookseller that of a confectioner, and so on. The Mail stopped at a coaching-house—The Feathers, I think was the name—a sort of half under ground, half above ground hotel; but I declared for the Albion, and quickly found myself in a nice warm coffee-room, with a good blazing fire, where, having discussed some scoloped

oysters and cold pheasant, I retired to bed. Before I went, however, I had an interview with Mr Boots, and sounded him on the prospects of getting a good horse in Chester, and, finding him a very intelligent sort of fellow, I requested him to look about in the morning and fix on one or two for me to see before breakfast.

Accordingly when I came down the next morning, he informed me that he had fixed upon an elegant chestnut mare that some gentleman had lately had on job at Sir Thomas Stanley's—that she was a perfect beauty, and would set off her rider to great advantage. On looking her over in the stable, I found her with less of the hack cut about her than one generally finds, and after cautioning the ostler not to spoil the effect by turning her out in any ill-looking tackle, I told him I would hire her for a few days, and ordered her to be caparisoned by twelve o'clock or so. This was on a Sunday, I recollect, for on making for the street door of the Albion at the appointed hour, I found it closed, and on opening the same, I found my nag parading before the door in all the pride of horse clothing, running martingale, hunting breastplate, rings, and trappings, her forequarters looking for all the world like a frigate.

“What's all this for?” inquired I; “is she vicious?” “Oh no, sir; quiet as a lamb,” was the answer. “Only we *always* ride her in these.”

My object in turning out on a Sunday was to

find a place called Crewood Hall, where the Cheshire hounds were advertised to meet on the following morning, but which it had baffled all my exertions to discover either on the map, or from "the well-informed people" of whom I had inquired its locality.

Knowing that the Kennel was near Delamere Forest, I resolved to ride in that direction, and take up my quarters at the nearest good inn to the Kennel that I could find; and having stuffed a shirt and a few things into my pockets, in this perfect spirit of wandering independence I sallied forth from the city of Chester.

I had one of Sidney Hall's little pocket maps with me, things that no man going into a strange country should be without; and having tried all the paces of my nag, I laid the reins upon her neck, and producing the map again began studying it as she walked along the grass by the roadside.

All at once I discovered the place I had been hunting for so long and so anxiously denoted by little unassuming letters in a part of the map that if my eyes had wandered over once it had been over at least a dozen times; but somehow or other the name had induced me to look at the green spots that generally denote parks and gentlemen's seats, though I afterwards discovered that "Hall" is added to the name of many single houses in Cheshire, just as "Place" is used in Northamptonshire. My original intention was to

take up my quarters in Northwich, but finding Crewood Hall in quite a different direction to what I expected, and coming shortly after I had made the discovery to a sidegate near the commencement of Delamere Forest, which sported a finger-post with the words "To Frodsham" upon it, and this place seeming handy for the meet, I just turned my mare's head up the lane, and quickly found myself wandering amid the splendid solitudes of the Forest, a wild, mountainous, rocky, and wooded tract, but with not the best of roads to travel upon. I then passed through, or near to, the village of Alvanley, a spot that gives a title to a famed Meltonian of former days; and just as evening began to draw on, I descended a steep hill, at the foot of which lies the neat little town of Frodsham. About the centre of it stands a very old-fashioned stone house, known by the singular sign of the Bear's Paw, into the yard of which I now rode; and having seen all proper attention and respect paid to my hunter, I went to get "ditto" done for myself.

There is something pleasant in the quiet unassuming appearance of a small country inn, where the landlady and her daughters do the duty of a nasty, greasy-collared, knock-kneed waiter; and the Bear's Paw is eminently felicitous in its domestic arrangements. I had an excellent dinner, for which I was only charged two shillings and sixpence, and a nice clean bed for one shilling.

Having ascertained beyond a doubt from the ostler that Crewood Hall was only four miles from Frodsham, and having traced the route on the map, I made a parcel of the few things I had carried with me on the previous day, and, requesting them to be sent by the first conveyance to Chester, started about 10 o'clock for the meet. After winding about several narrow lanes, the majority of which were paved, as indeed are most of the country roads in Cheshire, I overtook a groom with a couple of horses, which I found belonged to Major Brooke, and were for himself and his nephew, a son of Sir Richard Brooke. In the centre of some large grass enclosures the groom pointed out the place of meeting, an old-fashioned brick building, having the appearance of a Hall-house of former days, though now converted into a farmhouse. Just as we arrived, Maiden, the huntsman, attended by two whippers-in and about thirty couple of hounds, came in the contrary direction, and presently a few horsemen joined the party. Maiden is a civil fellow, and, notwithstanding my unsportsmanlike appearance, entered fully into the spirit of the thing; and told me all about "the horses and hounds, and the system of kennel," as the old song says, just the same as though I had been in scarlet and mounted on a 300 guineas nag. Indeed, he is a very respectable servant, both in manner and appearance, and seems uncommonly keen and

fond of the thing. His hounds were looking extremely well, and as he expected to get into the Forest, he had brought out a large pack, among which were eight or nine couple of young ones. The two whips are also active varmint-looking fellows, and the black-muzzled one has an uncommonly knowing screech and holloa of his own, more like the celebrated Dick Barton's than any other man's I know. They were all well mounted on useful-looking horses in capital condition; and altogether the turnout, without the slightest approach to anything flash, was extremely sporting and business-like. The hounds seemed to be about the average size of foxhounds, neither very large nor very small, but just what one finds in half the crack kennels in England, for I think we might bring ten packs together from different parts that would present very little difference to the eye of a casual observer, so well is the breeding of foxhounds understood all over the kingdom. Some countries, of course, require a larger and some a smaller or lighter stamp of hound, but the Cheshire, I believe, is a country that admits of the happy medium.

The fixture, Crewood Hall, being so near the Forest, is not in great favour, and we had not above half a dozen pinks in the field. Of these, Major and the Messrs Brookes furnished three; who the others were I either never heard or forget. One of the party I know, on a thoroughbred

chestnut, nearly favoured another with a broken leg, his horse lashing out most viciously as he passed, just grazing the stirrup-iron, and landing his hoofs in the other horse's side. After drawing the banks by the riverside blank, and also several woods in the neighbourhood, Maiden, in the absence of Sir Harry Mainwaring, gave the word for the Forest, and on we jogged, when arriving at the foot of a hill, or rather young mountain, we serpentined our ways to the top, and the hounds commenced drawing the wild and rugged sides, which appeared much better calculated for sheltering a fox than for the working of hounds. The summit of this hill commands a fine view of the neighbouring country from the town of Frodsham, with its handsome church at its base, over a tract of rich grazing land, with large enclosures, looking very much like hunting, to the river Mersey, which still maintains a noble breadth, and terminates the view.

I should think this part of the Forest must partake a good deal of the style of Welsh hunting, for the precipitous nature of the country, with its thick underwood and heath, with every now and then newly-made plantations of stunted firs, render seeing, or getting to, hounds quite out of the question. The ear is all that a huntsman has to rely upon, and Maiden, having given his horse to one of the whippers-in, was seen every now and then perched on some projecting rock listen-

ing if his hounds were boiling up a hunt below. They found *something*, though what it was nobody



In Delamere Forest.

ever knew, and having worked to the far end of this wild region without driving out a fox, they

suddenly threw up, and after casting forward over the down, and back into cover, without recovering the scent, we were all very glad to leave that part, and proceed to a more favourable portion of the Forest.

The Forest, like the New Forest, has lost a good deal of the wild nature indicated by the name in consequence of the numerous new plantations made in all parts; it is an excellent country for hounds, though not favourable for riders, as it is absolutely necessary to keep to the sides in most parts.

The hounds soon found, but after running for an hour they disturbed so many foxes and there were so many holloas in different quarters, that I got tired of riding, and pulling up about three o'clock, found my way as well as I could out of the Forest before it grew dark, and quietly jogged my chesnut mare, who proved herself to be nothing but a good one, back to Chester.

The next day I gave her a rest, and examined the curiosities of the place which certainly is one of the most beautiful and one of the nicest towns in England—I know of no place like it.

Its covered walks, with the shops in the centre of the town, remind one something of those of Berne, in Switzerland; but the latter, if I recollect right, are of stone, and on a level, or nearly so, with the street; whereas at Chester they are what we would call on the first floor, and are

made of wood. Then the fine walk on the walls round the town, the arches over the streets, the old churches, the new castle, the old and new bridges, and, above all, the circular race-course, bounded on one side by the river Dee and on the other by the town walls, are all peculiarly its own.

The society, I also understand, is excellent; and I met some very pretty girls in the course of my peregrinations.

Though a bad sightseer in a general way, I was induced by the tempting appearance of a fine gravel drive that extends from the house to within a few yards of the turnpike gate over the new bridge (and which road, together with the park, is open at all times to the public) to stroll to Eaton Hall, the seat of the Marquess of Westminster, where I met with an intelligent carter carting away the grass that had just been cut within the rails before the house, who, seeing I was a stranger, thought I might like to return by a different route to the one by which I came, directed me to a footpath through the fields by the river-side, which brought me home and completed my circuit for the day. Of Eaton I have little to say, save what is applicable to almost every "work of nature" (as the Irishman designated the Tower) that I have ever seen—viz., that it looks better in a picture than in reality. Of the noble owner's liberality and con-

descension, however, in thus sharing the good things with which Providence had blessed him with his fellow-men, too much cannot be said in commendation, and the example is worthy of general imitation.

On the following morning, my good little mare being refreshed by a whole day's rest, a thing I should think she seldom got, I had her out at an early hour to go in quest of Carden Hall, the seat of the late celebrated Mr Leche, and now of his son, who, like his father, is a master of foxhounds, and who had advertised his fixture for that day at his own house. Though my "Sidney Hall" led me to believe that there was a shorter cut than by the high road, yet I thought it expedient to choose the easiest one to find, and accordingly proceeded by the Whitchurch turnpike, and after travelling some nine miles or so turned off up a by-road, and after passing a gentleman on foot, in top-boots and a green jacket, who was making love most industriously to two girls, I found myself in sight of Carden lodges. The morning being foggy, and expecting from the style of the lodges, and the extent of the park into which I got, to find a large stone mansion, I actually rode straight through, and it was not till I came within sight of the triumphal arch that stands at the end of the approach on the other side that I pulled up, and inquired the locality of the house, and harking back found that I

passed it before ascending the hill, where I expected to have found it. Carden is the most singular of all the English houses I have ever seen. The whole exterior of the house is of wood, painted in broad streaks of black and white, and gives one more the idea of a large Swiss cottage, or rather palace, than anything else. It is of considerable extent, and close adjoining are very extensive stabling, kennels, etc. The situation is low and sheltered, the park rising in front in beautifully undulating ground, studded with fine old timber, and terminating in parts with crags and rocky precipices. The country to the back and sides is flat, and well laid out in clumps and plantations; and the whole thing wears the appearance of the residence of a "fine old English gentleman," such as Mr Leche's father was. As I approached, the hounds, consisting of about twenty couple, attended by three whippers-in in scarlet and caps, turned out of the kennel close by, and proceeded to take their walk in front. First, there was the veteran, old Joe Sinclair, who had been huntsman to the "old squire"; then a sharp knowing-looking chap (on a thoroughbred chesnut mare) called Gaff; and thirdly, a lad, I believe, newly entered to the chase. The hounds were seen to disadvantage at that moment, for, owing to some mistake relative to Mr Leche's returning home on the previous day, they had not been fed until the evening, and, of course, were

looking heavy and sluggish, which went off after a few hours' work.

Among them I observed what I never remember to have seen in a pack before—viz., a couple or a couple and a half of black-and-tan hounds, which I thought at first must have been produced by a cross with the bloodhound, but Mr Leche informed me they were pure foxhound blood. I remember when Mr Smith had the Craven hounds he attempted a cross of this description with Lord Aylesbury's bloodhounds at Tottenham Park, but the produce, I believe, was worthless.

After the hounds had taken a few turns up and down, Mr Leche made his appearance, attired in scarlet and a cap, mounted on a fine old white horse, carrying the horn on the saddle, and took command of the pack.

The field was not numerous, but among the number I recognised the gentleman I had seen in the lane in the green jacket, which he had now exchanged for the scarlet hunting-coat, and was riding a beautifully-shaped grey horse. Small, however, as was the muster, there was a character out, to wit, the very celebrated Roger Dutton, a fine, hearty, hale, John Bull sportsman, dressed in a green coat, with a hunt button, white cords, and brown tops, riding a fine, large, stout, black horse, which he assured me had carried him three days a week for twelve years, without being either sick, sad, or sorry. Hear that, ye twelve-

horse Meltonians! who think no man can ride the same horse above once a week, nor hunt without having two in the field, besides the cover hack in the morning.



Roger Dutton.

Roger Dutton, like his horse, is said to be as hard as nails, and he had been up all the previous night at a house-warming at a neighbouring friend's, where, I believe, he had filled the presi-

dent's chair, a post that his cheerful contented countenance seemed eminently calculated for. Roger, I understand, is a great favourite with the gentry in Cheshire; and I do not wonder at it, for there is something singularly taking in his honest jocose countenance and manner.

Mr Leche had this season commenced hunting his own hounds, the famous Will Head having left him to go to the Marquess of Hastings; and I think that a gentleman who keeps hounds without a subscription and hunts almost exclusively on his own property is quite right in having as much fun for his money as possible. Indeed, I am sorry to say Mr Leche is very much circumscribed in his country, and from all accounts has not experienced that liberal treatment to which his father's conduct and his own exertions are considered to have entitled him; but of the merits of the case, of course, I have no means of judging, though I think it is a pity that any obstacle should be thrown in the way of a gentleman wishing to do so popular an act as keeping a pack of foxhounds at his own expense. Without a sufficiency of country foxhunting is out of the question, and I was given to understand that Mr Leche had scarcely sufficient for the two days a week which he professes to hunt. A gentleman who was out, and who was extremely civil to the "stranger," took me to the top of the hill near the park, from whence there is a view over a fine tract of country

on the Welsh side of Carden, consisting of a fair portion of grass land and very good-sized enclosures, which, I believe, had formerly formed part of Sir Richard Puleston's country.

We were not particularly fortunate in the commencement of the day, for after drawing two or three likely-looking covers blank, we came round to a gorse near the park, where, though there were plenty of foxes, it was a long time before one could be induced to go away, and when he did, owing to one of those unlucky events that so frequently occur just at the commencement, and prevent hounds settling properly to the scent, we could make nothing of him. With a second we were more fortunate, and hunted him up to a village beyond Carden, and lost. When returning by the house, it appeared to be the proper hour for luncheon, and Roger Dutton and company went, leaving a few who were not luncheon eaters, and who preferred the open air to seeing others eat and drink, to wait for their return.

Plenty of good strong ale, in jugs bearing inscriptions commemorating some feat with the "old squire's Carden dogs," as they were styled, was handed round outside to all that felt inclined that way; but I preferred having a look into the Kennel, and in somewhat less than an hour the party returned, like "giants refreshed," to their steeds, and again mounted for the chase, each doubtless "determined to ride

and resolved to be first"; for, after all is said and done, one spur in the head is worth two on the heel. Another fox was found and lost, and just as it began to get dark, Mr Leche trotted off to a gorse about three miles out of my line, and I trotted off home, or at least to the Albion at Chester.

As I commenced by saying so will I conclude by repeating, that the Albion is an admirably managed house; and though it seems bad inns cannot be "shown up" with impunity,¹ yet that is only an additional reason why good ones should be pointed out. I was never more comfortable in an hotel in my life—everything was extremely good, and the charges moderate. As a contrast to this picture, I will conclude with a story told me the other day by a Kentish gentleman of an innkeeper's "ways" on the Dover road.

Two gentlemen having dined and stayed all night called for the bill in the morning, and one of them happened to be within earshot when the waiter went to the landlord to have it made out, and overheard the following colloquy:—

Waiter. Please, sir, the gemmen in No. 5 wants their bill.

Landlord. Very well (taking down a printed form). Let me hear what they had.

¹ Surtees refers to the libel action brought against him in the previous year by the Leamington hotel-keeper Gom or Gomm. See 'R. S. Surtees, Creator of Jorrocks,' p. 93 *et seq.*—E. D. C.

Waiter. Soup, sir.

Landlord. Soup—very well. What sort was it?

Waiter. Mock turtle.

Landlord. Mock turtle, three shillings. Did they made any remark about it?

Waiter. No, sir; only one of them said it was werry good.

Landlord. Did they eat it twice?

Waiter. Yes, sir.

Landlord. Oh, then—mock turtle, *five* shillings; now go on.

Waiter. Fried sole and shrimp sauce.

Landlord. Fried sole, two shillings; shrimp sauce, one—three shillings. Did they make any remark about that?

Waiter. One of them said the fish was werry fresh.

Landlord. Indeed! Then fried sole *three* shillings; shrimp sauce, one and six—four and six. Now go on.

Waiter. Small leg Welsh mutton, potatoes, and French beans.

Landlord. Mutton, five shillings; potatoes, one, French beans, five—rather early for French beans, isn't it?

Waiter. Yes, sir. Both the gemmens remarked it was *werry* early.

Landlord. Oh, then—French beans, *ten* shillings.

THE INSIDE SEAT.

BY A YORKSHIREMAN.

ON Monday, in the last York August meeting, the spirit moved me to see the races ; accordingly, a little before seven o'clock in the morning, I presented myself in the yard of the Saracen's Head, Snowhill, to try and get a seat by the York Express. All the outside places were taken. Some by Cockney sportsmen going to the moors (for the important 12th was nigh at hand) ; others by fat women going into the country ; while three brace of pointers in wicker baskets occupied the rear. My friend Tom Hilton was bustling about with all the importance of the guard of a well-loaded coach, scarcely deigning to speak to any one, and issuing his orders with the dignity of a Lord-Lieutenant. "Ar's sorry ar hasn't gotten room outside te-day, sur" (for Tom knows I am a good tip). "There's just one place inside, and if ye'll tak it te Sutton, I'll manish t' box for ye there—we are quoite full, what with racing and shuttin' folk together. De ye think Mancipa-

tion 'il win t' Mug on Thursday?" "Don't know, Tom—and if I did I would not tell you—secrecy is the very soul of racing—and silence often passes for knowledge—so take up my bag, and if I must be stewed inside, place my coat so as to secure me a seat with my face to the horses."

The hustle continued, hackney-coaches and cabs came rattling into the yard, and the passengers seemed all assembled. "Now, guard, take care of that box with a canvass cover, and don't put anything on that may break or injure it," vociferated a little cadaverous-looking old man, in a high-crowned oilskin-covered hat, and a measley-looking old tartan cloak, with a flaring red moreen collar, which enveloped his whole person. "Guard! I say!" reiterated he, "be very careful of that box. Do you think it is safe there, porter?" "Safe as other people's," said the curly-headed catiff. "*Fellow*," said he to the guard, "I shall remember you according to your language." "Aye, aye," replied Tom Hilton, "mak a noise afore ye start, de." "You impudent vagabond!" said he of the plaid. "Now, gentlemen," said the coachman, mounting the box, "please take your seats, it only wants the fourth of a second to seven." "Now, sir," said the porter, "please get in," at the same time suiting the action to the word by opening the door. "You are the *fellow* who spoke to me," said he of the plaid. "You had better take care what you are about, sir,"—

adding with great dignity –“ *You don't know who I am, sir.*” “Oh, you are a gemman,” said the porter, putting his tongue in his cheek as he handed or rather shoved him into the coach. “A gentleman, sir! *I'm more than a gentleman!*” was the indignant reply.

I jumped in next, and found myself opposite this “more than a gentleman,” whose little black eyes, divested of anything like eye-brows or lashes, still retained the fire of fiercely indignant anger. I immediately perceived that I had caught a character, and as the coach rolled out of the yard I ceased to regret being an inside passenger, notwithstanding there were then four of us, the coachman of the Norwich mail, which had just driven into the yard, and a mechanic-like personage with a white bundle on his knee, having taken possession of the vacant places. The “more than a gentleman” had been so busy rating the people in the yard, as not to observe the transfer of the coachman from his box to our coach, and, with a feeling peculiar to us all, supposed of course he was bound for the same place as himself, and commenced a series of questions relative to the time they would reach Newcastle (for thither was he bound), and where they would stop for provender on the road; which after much skilful parrying, as we rolled up to Islington, the coachman answered by getting out at the Peacock, and declaring his journey at an end. The other

passenger did the same; and the traveller and I being left alone, he slung his enormous greasy lined hat to the roof of the coach, and decorated his head with a brown fur cap, after which he commenced storming at the newspaper and black-lead pencil sellers who surrounded the coach.

There was something irresistibly droll in his appearance, and a laboured politeness in his manner, through which his natural coarseness would every now and then protrude. It is seldom that one gets hold of a man of whose pursuits some probable conjecture may not be formed, but he completely baffled all attempts at speculation. At this stage of the journey I thought I had hit upon his occupation, for on throwing open his tartan cloak he displayed a couple of cravats round his neck, and an infinity of waistcoats,—a black cloth upper one with a button in the collar, another black one under that, and two buff kerseymere under those, which naturally made me surmise that he was a jockey going to ride at York races, who was thus clothed for the purpose of reducing or wasting; and I was somewhat confirmed in this opinion from having lately read the article in the *Quarterly Review*, wherein certain observations are made on gentlemen jockeys, recommending them to steer clear of suspicious characters, and I naturally concluded that he was one of the amateur order, upon the strength of which he had just dubbed himself

more than a gentleman, meaning, as I greenly inferred, a gentleman and a jockey. I was soon undeceived, however, for on a long-faced puritanical-looking sinner transferring himself from his carriage wherein he sat with great pomp into the coach, we again wheeled off, and he immediately commenced an attack on the newcomer respecting his opinion of the Bank Charter, East India Company's Bill, Church Reform, and other state concerns. Our new traveller was not prepossessing in his appearance. He was a middle-aged man, with a long melancholy face, resembling that of a travelling donkey, and did not seem inclined to hold communion with us. On his knee he carried a large well-bound book, secured by a brass clasp, which—by a squint of my left eye—I discovered to be Patterson's 'Book of Roads,' while in his hand he held a smaller work, with which he ever and anon refreshed his soul by the perusal of a chapter devoted to the "Religious character of Doctor Mason Good."

Two more dissimilar characters than the little jabbering old man in the cloak and this gentleman "with a serious turn of mind," were perhaps never cast together by that capricious goddess Fortune. The voluble attacks of the one, and the dry slow replies of the other, were admirable; but before we reached Finchley-common we took up a fourth, who raised the siege from the righteous man, and, leaving him to the calm consideration

of the virtues of his prototype, Doctor Mason Good, entered the lists of conversation. He was a fresh-looking mercantile man, of apparently forty years of age, and was going as far as Hatfield. These two opened a battery upon each other, and if any of my readers can, from a perusal of the heads of the conversation that passed, form any idea of the habits or occupation of the elder of my fellow-travellers, I shall admit that they are gifted with a greater share of penetration than myself. I should premise that the whole was spoken with a rapidity that frequently left me a sentence or two in arrear.

"I see by the papers," said he of the tartan cloak, "that there has been an incendiary fire in Gloucestershire. I travelled up the other day with Mr —, the member for Northallerton—been home for the good of his health—married a relation of Lord Grey's. The crops seem rather light this year. How far north have you travelled, sir? Not been to York. Don't speak as if you had been much in the North. Been as far as Wolverhampton, aye? Much business there? Was once overturned near Black Barnsley, in the snow. The coachman was drunk. They are not only famous for cutlery at Sheffield, but some good silver-workers there too. York is an old-fashioned place. Are you an attorney? Attornies increase very fast. One attorney in a country village can do no harm. Must be two to stir up dissension.

One apothecary can get on. Some very elegant houses on Clapham-common. Gloucester is a sleepy place. What do you give a couple for ducks? Knew Peter Noakes very well. My mother used always to eat mustard with her potatoes. Is St Paul's clock stopped? Saw something about it in the 'Globe.' I don't like sleeping on a mattress—a damp bed is not comfortable. Horne Tooke was a sad scamp. Did you ever try the infallible German corn plaister for corns? There is something pleasant in looking at one's own children," &c.

A brisker or more varied conversation I never listened to, it might well be described as "*de rebus omnibus et quibusdam aliis.*" Still it gave me no clue to the habits or occupation of my fellow-traveller. The newcomer was a good listener, and save when a question was put point-blank, he seldom interrupted the Niagara of words. We soon arrived at Hatfield, when we were again left with the original three. The man with a "serious turn of mind" had produced a small book of prayers, which he held in the palm of his hand and read with apparent devotion. This was a complete estoppel to a conversation, as far as he was concerned, and fearful of being made the victim of garrulous old age, I threw myself in my corner and feigned sleep. The "more than a gentleman" was evidently disconcerted, and after a few fruitless attempts at

both of us he extended his arms, and taking hold of one of the slings on his side of the coach and of one on mine, assumed a position which, with his fur cap and dingy flowing cloak, gave him the exact appearance of an old owl.

At the 35th milestone the coach stopped, and in stepped a lady in buff-striped gown and Chinchilla muff and tippet. His eyes gleamed with delight—he jerked himself into a corner, smoothed her seat, helped her in as if he had been her lover, and before the wheels were again in motion had commenced a brisk conversation. She was from Baldock, and he knew people there, asked if there was a theatre and many balls in the winter, and if she knew Mr Somebody, who lived somewhere near, and was a near relative of Mr Somebody, of Dumfries; but alas! how transient are all earthly hopes. Scarcely had they arrived at a good sound seam of conversation before Tom Hilton opened the door, and saying they had reached the thirty-seventh milestone, handed the lady out, to our hero's infinite mortification.

He again resumed this extended position, which he maintained until we arrived at Charley Fox's, at Sutton, where, instead of at the Cock, I regret to say we had to dine. Our hero having donned his high-crowned oilskin-covered hat, in lieu of the fur cap, sailed into the dining-room, plaid and all, and producing a little long-handled pewter-cased quizzing glass, about the size of a shilling,

from amid the profusion of waistcoats, he walked round the table peering under the covers, for all the world like a magpie looking into a marrow-bone. The maids tittered, the outside passengers looked at each other, and the little boys and girls at the door eyed him with mingled fear and amazement. He seemed inclined to haunt me, and seated himself by my side. The dinner was bad, and the hour being early, I was little inclined to undergo "the process of eating," as my friend Dr Lardner would say, so I had more leisure to devote to him. "Sir, *may* I trouble you for a slice of that calf's head?" said he. "*Sir*, I am quite ashamed to trouble you. A little of that tongue, if you please, *sir*, and a very little of the gravy. I am a very poor eater. *Sir*, I thank you. *Sir*, I am really ashamed to trouble you. Mary, my dear, bring me a glass of water. I never drink anything but water. *Sir*, you'll find mustard an excellent stomachic with your potatoes, my mother used always to eat mustard with hers. Mary, my *dear*, have you had the cholera here. Can you tell me if Mr Peppercorn lives at St Neots still? I've observed all my life that the days become sensibly shorter in August. Brandy I think is rather apt to make people drunk. When does the shooting season commence? What's the dinner, Mary? I've had dinner but *no* beer." "Two and sixpence, if you please, sir." "Two and sixpence, Mary, but that does not include



"I placed myself on the bench, beside that master artist
Mr Cartwright."

you, I suppose, Mary, and you would not like to be forgotten, I dare say, would you, Mary?"

"No, sir." "Then there, see, Mary—there's twopence for you, my *dear*."

As we left the house to resume our journey, Tom Hilton told me he had got the box-seat for me, and, little loath to quit either the holy man or the "more than a gentleman," I placed myself on the bench, beside that master artist Mr Cartwright. When feats of almost super-human exertion are recorded, as they have been before to-day in your immortal pages, the performances of this coachman ought not to be omitted. Nimrod instances my friend Joe Walton, on the Cambridge Star, as performing a great task in driving that coach to town and back every day, but it is nothing compared to what Cartwright does on the York Express. Joe starts from Cambridge at seven in the morning—a nice seasonable hour—and drives up to London to dinner, returning to Cambridge at eight in the evening to tea, and on the seventh day neither he "nor his cattle do any manner of work"; whereas Cartwright has to turn out every morning in the year at three o'clock, and, driving to within fifteen miles of town, meets the other coach, which he returns with, getting home about four in the afternoon, after driving between ninety and a hundred miles without stopping, and with much heavier loads than Joe Walton has to

contend with. So, Nimrod, "beat that if you can!"

We changed coachman at Bugden, the new-comer took us as far as Stamford, and of course we talked Lord Exeter's stud over together; Sultan and Beiram and Cactus and Galata, and all Sultan's sons and daughters, for coachmen are generally pretty good hands at pedigrees. At Stamford the man of "a serious turn of mind" left us, but not without a slight token at parting, in the shape of a religious tract, which he managed to smuggle into my travelling cap when I got outside. This tract-distributing is a common practice of the saints; I remember, a few years since, as I was returning from having that celebrated "Day with the Surrey" which first brought that distinguished sportsman, Mr Jorrocks, before the public, that I met a Brighton coach at the back of which one of these gentlemen was perched, who showered some down—commencing with the curious interrogatory "Do you wish to go to Hell?"—as the coach travelled between Croydon and Merstham. The present one was headed "A Traveller's Farewell, I shall see thy face no more"; it ran on for four pages, diverging into the favourite questions, "Shall we meet in Hell?" and "Shall we meet in Heaven?"

At Stamford the "more than a gentleman" attempted to pick a quarrel with the coachman, demanding, in a most important tone, "How

he durst say he had driven a certain distance" (I forget how far) "when he knew it was two miles short of what he said." The earnestness of his manner, and the loud tone in which the dialogue was carried on, attracted the notice of the passers-by, and Tom Hilton having given the coachman a hint, the latter observed, "That some people were in the habit of quarrelling with the coachmen for the purpose of saving their money"—a very thimble-riggish kind of taunt, by the way, but a successful one, for in the present instance the "more than a gentleman" produced a lanky brown silk purse, and presented the man with five shillings!

Two drunken graziers insisting upon outside places, I was now turned inside with this curiosity, who thinking me a fresh comer opened the battery of his volubility. Finding the flood-gates of my eloquence closed, he again resigned himself to the elegant spread-owl position I before described, which he maintained until a quarter before eleven, when the coach stopped at Newark to take tea or supper, or both.

He again mounted his great extinguisher of a hat before he presented himself to the public, and his mean appearance was so at variance with his attempted dignity of manner that the waiters and people always seemed puzzled how to treat him. The supper was good, but he took tea, observing that potatoes at night were very likely

to produce cholera, and his mother used always to eat mustard with hers, which was a signal for some young wags outside to commence a quiz upon him, assuring him that the night air was very predisposing to cholera; and as he alighted at Doncaster, and nearly missed his footing, one of them told him that a sudden fright was more likely to produce it than anything. The maid at Newark became an object of special patronage during tea. "Well, Mary, my *dear*," said he laying his hands on her shoulders and gloating upon her, "you are looking very well, indeed. How long have you lived at Newark? Were you at this house when the horses ran away with the York Highflyer, and nearly got the coach into the Trent, and Miss Hughes recovered £700 against the proprietors for the loss of her teeth?" Concluding with, "and now, Mary, my *dear*, there's twopence for yourself, and eighteenpence for the tea—you would not like to be forgotten, I dare say, Mary, my *dear*."

When we resumed our places in the coach we found two other lumps of humanity occupying the vacant places. It was pitch dark, and what they were like I can form no idea, save that from the room the one next to me took up, I conjectured that he had either a great many clothes on, or was of more than ordinary dimensions. Having again suspended his great hat to his satisfaction, the "more than a gentleman" soon began pumping

his next neighbour. They soon struck up a brisk conversation, in the course of which I gleaned that East Retford was only a "slow place to live in," and though there were a good many card-parties in winter, no resident had above £800 a year; that the Corporation were at loggerheads together; and ducks could not be bought under 2s. 6d. a couple; also that the Duke of Newcastle is six feet high, and Nottingham Castle is not to be repaired, and several other interesting particulars; for he was the most inquisitive little man, and the most miscellaneous one in his questions, I ever met with. Nevertheless he let out nothing whatever that enabled me to conjecture what he was himself, or if he did, before I had arrived at the half-way house of a conclusion he was sure to demolish it by some other observation or interrogatory.

The two travellers got out at Retford, when I pulled on my cap and fell into a profound sleep, from which I was only once awoke by the coach stopping at Doncaster. About a quarter before eight it pulled up on the road, and the door being opened a female in black got in while a child was put on the top. I looked out and found we were passing Knavesmire. My fellow-traveller's eyes gleamed at the sight of a fresh victim, and he immediately grappled with her. She was Mrs Phillips, the coachman's wife, who was then driving—she had been married about five years—

the boy on the top was the first-fruits of their marriage—and he complimented her by saying he made no doubt she was an excellent wife. He knew York (as well as every place that any one had mentioned in the course of the journey) well—talked about Bootham-bar—the Dring-houses, where they used to hang people, and observed that they now performed that ceremony at the back of the County Courts. Indeed, so eloquent was he on this as well as any other subject, that at one time I began to suspect he was an amateur hangman on his travels.

Within a minute of its time the coach pulled up at the door of the Black Swan at York, where it divides itself and branches off to Carlisle and Newcastle, after allowing the travellers an hour for breakfast. It was the first day of the races, and the street was crowded with top-booted gentry, men with their “kerchiefs secured with diamond-pins,” as the ‘Quarterly’ said, and shoeless itinerants vending “Croshaw’s only correct list of all the running horses, mares, and geldings ; with the names, weights, and colours of the riders.” The “more than a gentleman” was evidently no sportsman, for he repelled with disdain all entreaties to provide himself with a correct list. His box was alone the object of his solicitude, and about it he pestered everybody he came near. “Guard, have you removed my box ? Are you sure my box is safe ? Where is my box ?

Let me see where you have placed my box. It is a small wooden box with a canvas covering. *Pray* don't place anything upon my box, sir. Just let me look into the boot and try if I can see my box." After breakfast he turned out again and had another peep into the boot, and then got hold of a Quakeress to converse with; after which he struck up a conversation with Jim the porter, whom he recognised as an old acquaintance, and Jim of course knew him, as it might lead to a *douceur*. "Where do we dine?" inquired he. "At Darlington," was the answer. "Ah! At Scott's?" for he really appeared to know everything. "Yes." "I thought Scott was dead." "Yes, but his widow keeps on the house." "And is old John, the waiter, there still, and has his son finished his course of lectures at Edinburgh?" "Yes, he's set up at Ferry Hill." "O dear, I'm sorry to hear he's very ill."

But now, in my mind's eye, I see the Newcastle coach ready for a start, so must reluctantly bid adieu to my nondescript fellow-voyageur. What he was I have no conception, nor can I recollect having travelled before 199 miles with one who gave so little clue to his business, profession, or local habitation; but certain it is that he excited a curiosity in my mind equal to what the "unknown stout gentleman in brown" did in Washington Irving's, while his singular manner and appearance frightened the children and attracted the notice

alike of innkeeper and ostler ; the last thing I heard as the Newcastle coach rattled off, was Tom Hilton's voice exclaiming to the new guard, "*Take care of that ere tyke, for he's* MORE NOR A GEMMAN ! "

A YORKSHIREMAN.

September 1833.

PARIS RACES AND PARIS IN 1832.¹

I.

THERE was some racing on the 4th, along the avenues in the Bois de Boulogne—the Hyde Park of Paris,—but not knowing that they sported so many courses we went to the Champ de Mars again and did not see them. We will therefore pass on again to those of Sunday, September the 9th. We wonder what some of our prim country justices would say, if, on taking up their provincial paper, or perhaps the ‘John Bull,’ they were to find such a list of amusements for the Sunday as ‘Galignani’s Messenger’ presented its readers with for this day. We will give it verbatim, in order that they may see it and judge for themselves. It begins:—

“Protestant Service, at the Chapel of the British Embassy, No. 39, rue du Faubourg St Honoré, at 11½; at Oratoire, rue St Honoré, in French, at 12 o’clock—

¹ The earlier portion of this article, describing the races on the Champ de Mars, was embodied in “Sporting in France” in Jorrocks’s ‘Jaunts and Jollities.’—E. D. C.

English Episcopal Service at three o'clock; Hotel Marboeuf, Champs-Élysées, at 11 and 3; 75, rue de Vaugirard, and No. 31, Boulevard Mont Parnasse, at 11½—Evangelical Service, 10, rue du Bouloi, in English at noon, in French at half-past two—Unitarian Service, by the Rev. J. Worsley, 61, rue de Provence, at one o'clock: Chapelle des Écoles, at the Oratoire, by Rev. M. Wilks, at 3; La Visitation, 214, rue St Antoine, at 11—Lutheran Church, 16, rue de Billettes, in French at 12, or German at 2—Palace and Gallery of Pictures of the Palais Royal (write to Baron Fain, aux Tuileries)—Review with Military Music in the Place du Carousel, from 9 to 12—Horse Races in the Champ de Mars—Fête in the Park of St Cloud—Hotel de Ville, 12 to 4—Combat d'Animaux, Barriere du Combat—Cabinet of Natural History and Library, garden of Plants, 11 to 3 (passport)—Post to and from England."

What a medley is here—Protestant Service and Horse racing—Evangelical Service and Bull-baiting (for the Combat d'Animaux is neither more or less)—Unitarian Service and Fête in the Park of St Cloud! What will pious John Bull think of such doings, he who (in London at least) is so tight-laced as to eat stale bread to breakfast on Sunday morning in preference to letting the baker's devotions be disturbed; the least he could do under such circumstances would be to lodge an information against the whole nation. Somehow or other, however, both John and his wife's religion seems to sit very easy upon them when they get to France; or perhaps it may be accounted for on the supposition that none save those whose religion is so accommodating would think of going to such an impious country.

The morning of Sunday, September the 9th,

was cloudy in Paris, and at one time it was feared that the Prefect might take fright and postpone the races; but about twelve o'clock old Sol began to peep through the clouds, and the hearts of "chaise à louer" merchants bounded at the sight. There were four races on the list for this day: the King's Prize of a "vase en vermeil,"—value 1500 francs, "3700 francs en espèces"; the Prince Royal's Prize of a "vase d'argent," of 1000 francs value, and 2000 francs en espèces, for four-year-olds and upwards, besides two "Courses Particulières," or matches. The Prince Royal's Prize was run first, and won easy, in two heats, by Monsieur Rieussec's Felix—very well ridden by a French jockey of the name of Olivier, who took the lead at starting and maintained it throughout, at a slapping pace, in both heats. North on Ducalion, or Deux-Calions, as the Programme called him, ran him hard, but Felix had the happiness of coming in first. He is one of the neatest horses in France, though scarcely large enough for a breeder. Young Tandem, the property of M. Shickler, was the most promising looking of the whole field, but his running fell short of his appearance; nevertheless he is a horse that ought to be looked to as a stallion. The French seem fond of this species of nomenclature, and a Young Milton ran in this race as well as Young Tandem, the former being described as a four-year-old: if we mistake not there was a horse

running in that name in Paris, as a five-year-old, in 1829.

The most interesting race of the day was that for the King's Prize, inasmuch as it brought Corisandre and Cyrus together again (at even weights, with no allowance for sex or winning), after the lapse of a week from the latter's victory. The mare had improved amazingly in the interval, and the horse was in condition that did Carter (Lord Henry Seymour's trainer) the greatest credit. Eight others started for the first heat, though nothing was considered as having a shadow of chance except Cyrus and Corisandre; the horse was the favourite. The mare was rode by Tom Wilson, and, as usual, those who were loudest in their censure of his riding on the preceding Sunday when she lost, were the most vehement in their applause now that fortune seemed to favour him. The race lay entirely between these two—Corisandre winning the first heat with ease. Her condition then was taken into consideration by the cognoscenti, and it was agreed that she would be beaten in the second, as she was the previous Sunday. The other eight were tailed off so far from home that we fully expected to see the next heat between the horse and mare alone; but nothing daunted seven of them came to the scratch again, but the betting (what there was) was entirely between the "G—d dem" horse, as they called Lord Henry Seymour's, and Coris-

andre. Tom Wilson made more play at starting this time, and the two soon singled themselves out from the group, and after the first time round the course the further the rest went the further they were left behind. At the turn for straight running Wilson shot ahead of Cyrus, and won by a length and a half. Pichon, a jockey formed somewhat in the figure of a jug, and clad in buff and green, on Léonie, led the awkward squad, the last of whom came flogging and spurring past the stand, as if he meant to go round again. Here then, was a theme for a professor "on condition" to lecture upon, and we hope it would not be wholly thrown away on the French trainers. Corisandre, with the benefit of half a training, beat a horse in first-rate condition with as much ease as he had beat her before she was trained at all. The racing upon the whole this day was very good, and the matches apparently well made; the assemblage, also, was more numerous than on any of the previous days, though none of the royal family were present. Louis Philip is not much of a sportsman, and, moreover, has his hands quite full enough with the reins of State without meddling with those of the Course. Indeed, we think he has got a very unsteady seat, and should not be at all surprised to see him capsized some of these odd days.

As we noticed the falling off in the retinue of royalty, we must also, as honest journalists, bear

testimony to the great improvement that has taken place in the Paris Races since we last visited them in 1825 or 1826, we forget which, and at the time of writing this are many hundred miles from our note-book of those days. This improvement, however, is not to be ascribed to the present Government but to that of Charles X., and we almost fear that these races have now nearly reached their zenith. The Duke de Guiche—whose long residence in England let him a good deal into the mysteries of the trade—was the maker of the “Haras de Meudon,” or Stud at Meudon,¹ and his loss will not easily be replaced. Count d’Orsay (one of the most spirited sportsmen they ever had in France) has also deserted them, and grim death has laid hands on another. Indeed, were it not for the exertions and example of Lord Henry Seymour, the Paris Races would be but poorly supported. His lordship has seven or eight horses in training, and in addition to his jockey (North) generally has Moss or some other one over from Newmarket to ride for him.

The mixture of French and English jockeys and grooms is, as may be supposed, somewhat droll. The scenes that took place at the back of the stands after each heat were very amusing. If the French gain little of the real art of training from their English competitors they catch all the minor points, and imitate their manners and silent

¹ This is the Royal Stud.

importance to the best of their ability. As soon as a horse came out, half a dozen fellows would get about him; one to hold him, another to whistle to him, a third to knock the flies off him, a fourth to tickle him, a fifth to rinse his mouth out, while the sixth—the *stud-groom*, in earrings, a blue apron, and trousers (more like a gardener than anything else)—would stand by sacréing, and calling out, “Ne parlez pas, Ne parlez pas,” whenever he saw any one advancing who he thought might be likely to ask questions. Then to hear the little English boys’ remarks, and see the indignant looks of the Frenchmen, who could not tell what they were saying, but knew full well they were laughing at them. “You should tell your *Mounsheer* to buy this ’ere mare,” said a little dog with a bottle and rubber under his arm to a lanky Frenchman; “she would make a fine covering stallion for you in a few years.” “Vy don’t you give your oss a speedy ball or two?” asked another, of one who came out with a beaten horse, and then loud bursts of laughter proceeded every now and then from an English booth called the “Cottage of Content,” where the jockeys assembled prior to each race. As to the poor horses, they were like to be killed with kindness and cloathing; each had as much thrust on as would cure a man in a collapse of the cholera. Somehow or other they have them very tractable; we saw a Frenchman do a thing that was enough

to make the blood curdle in one's veins. In the first heat for the 6000 francs the King's horse, Pamela, got a wound on the near hind leg, and when scraping him a fat fellow came up behind, and without speaking to the horse, or passing his hand down the limb, or anything, he just took hold of his leg as he would of a stick, to the dead certainty, as we thought, of having "his timbers shivered"; but the horse took it quite quietly, and did not even switch his tail.

There was a great commotion caused on the last day of the races by the appearance of two of the "St Simeons," in the Champ de Mars, in the full costume of their order. Our readers are doubtless aware that this is a new sect which lately sprung up in Paris, and that community of wives and community of property were leading features in their religion, or whatever they pleased to call it. After continuing some time, Government prosecuted the principals (who took their trials while we were in Paris), and the Court of Cassation sentenced them to imprisonment, and ordered the dissolution of their dissolute body; and by way of enforcing the decree, Government placed a strong guard over their hotel. The two men that walked through the Champ de Mars were fine handsome fellows, in the very prime of life, about six feet high, and well proportioned. They wore a sort of Greek skull-cap of velvet, embroidered with gold, their hair flowing back

over their shoulders, and large whiskers and beards. A short dark-blue surtout, or rather jacket, with small pockets in front, with black leather belts and buckles, formed their habits, which being open at the breast exhibited a white jacket or shirt, cut straight across the neck, with a red border, and white ducks and boots completed their costume. They were assailed with loud laughter, which they bore with the greatest composure (doubtless considering themselves persecuted saints), and walked through the whole length of the Champ de Mars, and passed over the bridge to Neuilly. If the tribe were all like these two they must have been a dangerous set for some of the Parisian ladies, for (as Ball Hughes's valet said of his master) "They were the best-looking chaps on the course, except ourself." Nevertheless, as to the community of wives, we confess we do not understand how they were to arrange matters; for a brother with a very ugly one would have no objection to put into the lottery in hopes of obtaining a prettier.

Doubtless many of our readers would like to know how things are looking in *la belle Paris*—who is the belle of the Tuileries, of the Champ Elysée, or the Bois de Boulogne? Reader, believe us, there is but little gaiety in Paris at the present day; the aspect of things is changed, and the gloom which pervaded it at the period of which we are speaking can only be appreciated by those

who have known it in other days. Formerly the month of September, though not the season for Parisian life, was one in which more English were to be found in the capital than during any other. Families on their way to Italy for the winter, others returning from the sejour—the Swiss tourist, the Rhenish navigator, and hundreds who resorted to it for a change, or the object of sight-seeing, were to be found within its walls, and the Tuileries Gardens in an afternoon swarmed with our countrymen. The Boulevards, the Bois de Boulogne, every street and place, in fact, bespoke their presence, and “Here they speak English” appeared in half the shop windows. In the Rue de Rivoli there was a continual whurr of passing carriages, from the royal coaches and eight, with splendid bodyguard, to the Versailles diligences or humble cab with tinkling bells. A long line of carriages occupied the street at the approaches to the gardens, and the noble-looking grenadiers, in dark-blue, contrasted well with the clean bright-scarlet clad Swiss, who did duty together on either side of the gates. How changed is now the scene! The orange-lined parterres only resound to the mirth of children; the “chaises à louer” are only occupied by the “bonnes,” as they call the nurses; the guards at the entrance are miserable-looking, half-grown, ill-clothed privates of the line; and the carriage of two fat Dutch-built old girls, in lilac-striped

gowns and yellow bonnets with red flowers, shares the space with a dog *merchant* (for everything is in the large way in France) with a couple of worn-out hounds for sale—while three giggling girls in cottage bonnets are the only female specimens of English promenaders. Paris, in fact, is a mere shadow of what it was before the Revolution, and the cholera arrived just in time to complete the devastation that the former had commenced. We do not think it is taking the average too highly to state that every fifth person we met was cloathed in black; which, considering that formerly the French did not go into mourning at all, may give some idea of the extent of the mortality. The survivors, too, appeared dispirited, and gaiety seemed to have abdicated its throne.

The theatres were only half-filled, and the other places of resort shared a similar fate. We went one evening to Tivoli; it was on a fête night, and as favourable a one for out-of-door amusements as any that occurred in the course of the year, and yet in the circle which we have seen crowded with dancers from hour to hour, but one solitary set of quadrilles could be formed. The other pastimes—shooting for roses at the apple on the head of William Tell's son—sailing in boats—riding on lions and swans in roundabouts—and other *manly* sports, seemed to have lost their charms, and the “Jouez, Messieurs,

Jouez " of the proprietors was wasted on the air. Many of the smaller shops and stalls in the bazaar were shut up or deserted, and the sight of an Englishman seemed as grateful to the eyes of those that remained as the dove with the olive branch could be to Noah. The restorateurs, too, are in a miserable way. We dined frequently at Grignon's (Rue Neuve de Petit Champ) when not more than one table in ten was occupied, and we never met but two Englishmen there, whereas formerly there was scarcely elbow-room at the same hour. The cafés seem to be the only places that answer, at least if we may judge by their increase within these few years; and we saw a bill of a cheap and nasty place, in the Rue Traversiere St Honoré, where for twenty-five sous (about a shilling) the guests are furnished with a dish of soup, three "plats au choix" (*alias* three plates of meat, fish, or mixture), one dessert, one "carafon d'excellent vin," or one bottle of beer, and bread at "discretion"! The No. is 23, in case any of our friends should like to try it; or there is one, Monsieur Prosper, Passage des Panoramas, where they may be fed for two francs, two francs and a half, or three francs a head. The once famous Palais Royal still preserves the benefit of the purification Charles X. gave it, and the "Café de la Paix" has been converted into a regular theatre. At the other corner the tame savage still exhibits his ferocity on the drum-

heads, as wild as he was the first day he arrived, which is a good many years since, but there is very little going on even in the Palais Royal now.

II.

We took a peep into the Louvre. The same porter who had witnessed our return so many summers that he seemed almost to consider us as "one of the family," and passed us on without the production of our passport, was still at the entrance, but the cocked hat and splendid livery of the X-royal family was replaced by a loose frock-coat and trousers, producing such an alteration that we scarcely knew our friend. The tall servants in full-dress liveries, who kept the gallery, had disappeared altogether, and been replaced by a few shabby *valet-de-place* looking fellows, in single-breasted blue coats, with red collars and trousers, and the *fleur-de-lis* couches were covered with brown holland. So much for French economy. But they have gone too far to last; and though it may be all very well among themselves, they are too vain to allow strangers to comment upon their shabbiness, and their old love of display will soon get the better of their present fit of economy.

There is little change in the arrangement of

the pictures since the Revolution. The fine portrait of Charles X. in his Coronation robes, which occupied a corner of the anteroom, has disappeared, and its place occupied with a painting by Taunay of the Pass of the Grand St Bernard, which for any resemblance to the place would do just as well for the pass of Jack Straw's Castle at Hampstead. There were very few artists at work in the gallery, and indeed the fine arts appear to have been at a standstill for some time; for, with the exception of a picture of three Princesses and of the chief of the late Order of St Simeon, we saw nothing that was not published before the Revolution. The only traces that we saw of that event was the place where the dead bodies were buried in the Place du Louvre, which is enclosed with an iron railing, and a guard placed over it. In the centre some half-dozen tri-coloured flags wave over a sort of monument, of which there are several minor ones scattered about; but the general appearance is far from imposing; and what with the shrubs, wreaths of flowers, flags, and paper inscriptions, it bears more resemblance to a child's playground than the silent tomb of many hundred brave men.

Versailles was never a very lively place, but now it is dulness reduced to an essence. The presence of those splendid bodies, the Garde du Corps and Garde Royale, composed of the flower of the French aristocracy, and Charles X.'s fre-

quent visits for the purpose of sporting, used to diffuse a little animation into it occasionally ; but now the hotels of the Garde are occupied by scrubby-looking troops of the line, and the late royal stables by their horses. Charles X. was not what we would call a good sportsman, but he was passionately fond of field sports. His system was too sanguinary, and savoured too much of what we call the pot. The slaughter committed at his battues was enormous, and at Versailles¹ we have seen whole cartloads of game brought into the town after them. In hunting he was more of the Englishman than in shooting, but still the love of blood was predominant, and he never missed an opportunity of shooting the game before the hounds. His manner of going to and returning from the chase in gilded coaches and eight, with bodyguards, savoured rather of the ridiculous, especially when the door opened, and a ruddy-faced gentleman in a white hat, green coat, drab breeches, and top-boots, stepped out ; but Charles was a good horseman, and there was nothing timid or effeminate about him in the field.

The object of our visit to Versailles, however, was not to see the nakedness of the land, but to see a pack of English foxhounds which were established there last season under the auspices

¹ There is still an Hotel at Versailles called the Hotel de la Chasse Royal.

of the Prince of Moscow, but which have since changed managers, and are now kept by Mr Kay (who resided for some years at St Omer), who receives a subscription. Being but in their infancy, anything like a critical notice of them would be unfair, though we cannot help congratulating the English residents in Paris upon the acquisition, and wishing Mr Kay every possible success in his very spirited undertaking. He has taken a large chateau at Petit (Chaville), about a mile beyond the barrier (approached by the street in which the "Hotel de Reservoir" stands), where he is fitting up stables, and is about to build a kennel. The hounds, when we saw them, were in a temporary shed in a small garden, which formed the yard, and where (such was the abundance of fruit this year) they might be seen reposing among melon beds, or rubbing their backs against the ripe peaches and nectarines on the walls. In numbers they were rather short, some having died since the close of last season, but a reinforcement of both hounds and horses was daily expected from England. Mr Smith of the Craven hounds and the Derby Staghound kennel had furnished those that we saw, and there were eight or nine couples of very fair good-looking hounds. Lightning from Mr Smith's kennel is a dashing fine-looking hound; and Ferryman, from the same, has all the good foxhound points about him. There were also a couple of little bitches

from the Derby kennel that are as neat as neat can be, and would be an ornament to any establishment.

The hounds are hunted by Mr Kay, and whipped in to by Davis, who formerly whipped in to Jonathan with the Derby Stag hounds, and who also lived three or four seasons with Mr Smith when that gentleman hunted the Hambledon country. He is a civil active man, seems very fond of hounds, and has had the opportunity of knowing what fox-hunting is, for as Mr Smith does not spare himself in chase, he also expects his servants to do their duty.

Hunting in France and hunting in England, however, are very different sorts of things. As to *real* fox-hunting, it is almost impossible to obtain it, for the hounds are so numerous, and foxes so fat, that no sport can be depended upon, and therefore (though it might be reckoned slow in England) it is a much better plan to turn down bag-men or deer, which they do with these hounds; and, as Davis informed us, had had some very good runs. Last year they turned out three deer which all showed sport, and were ultimately killed, and some of the foxes also ran very straight and stout. They never drew for wild ones; but one day in returning from a run with a bag-man, old Ferryman drew a bit of copse "on his own account," and hit upon the scent of something which they ran for eight or nine miles into a

forest, but what it was they never discovered, and it was just as likely to be a wolf as a fox. There is a great deal of wood in this part of France. The Forests of St Germain, Marly, de Leger, Rambouillet, and des Ivelines all lay within a small compass, but the neighbouring country is flat and unenclosed.

Should this establishment succeed it will be a very great acquisition to Paris, and an inducement to many Englishmen to winter in Versailles or the French capital. The French do not understand the thing, and do not fancy seeing their land, however bare, ridden over ; but as the master of the hounds resides in the country which they hunt, we trust by conciliatory measures, and pointing out the benefits which must accrue to the proprietors of the land by the number of horses, &c., that will be kept in the neighbourhood, they will be able to surmount all difficulties. The land is so subdivided and the farms so small that the means of the farmers would not permit of their participating in the sport, even if their inclinations prompted them ; but the golden key will be found very magical in procuring their goodwill, and permission to trespass upon their territories. So far, we understand, they have proceeded without molestation ; but then the fields were small, which they can no longer be expected to continue, now that it is made a subscription pack. One thing we recommend Mr

Kay to impress upon the minds of his friends—viz., that as money will be wanted to compensate for damage, as well as for meeting the regular expenses of the establishment, all those who partake of the sport are expected to subscribe.

To those who are acquainted with the enormous expenses of hunting establishments in England, the outlay upon similar ones in France will appear almost incredible; we do not think we are wide of the mark in stating that the mere tax for the pack, horses, and servants in the former country would keep sufficient hounds for two days a week in the latter. In former days an establishment of this description at Versailles could have been supported by the English residents alone, and we are not sure but it will have the effect of inducing many to reside there in preference to other parts. Hunting has always been the amusement that John Bull has complained of not getting abroad; and though we do not hold this establishment up as a model for English masters of hounds, we nevertheless say that it has the most business-like appearance of any that has yet been introduced into France. The experiment of fox-hunting has been tried repeatedly, but never under the sanction and with the support of the principal landowners of the districts as in the present instance. Mr Chambers, a former master of the Herefordshire hounds, made the attempt at Calais some years back, but was soon stopped;

Mr Leigh Cross and Mr Cresswell tried it successively at Boulogne, and Colonel Charrité and a large party of Englishmen attempted it both there and at Samer in 1829, and were ultimately stopped by the sentence of severe fines and imprisonment by the Courts of Boulogne.¹

From the kennel we made a detour, and entered the magnificent gardens of the Palace of Versailles. With what an idea of stately grandeur the old style of ornamental gardening inspires a beholder! The long straight avenue of ancient timber, the lessening vistas and sudden prospects, interspersed with numberless statues, fountains, and temples! Some of the fountains were playing in preparation of an approaching fête, and spouted the clear water into the air in a hundred fantastic forms. Then what a fairy scene is presented from the summit of the broad flight of steps that lead from the terrace in front of the palace into the gardens below, especially when viewed at sunset on a fine autumnal evening, such as closed the day of which we are now speaking! The distant forest forms a sort of rough fringe to the luxuriant timber in the park and gardens, and the foreground gradually refines, as it were, until the eye roves among the lines of light-leaved orange-trees, and fancifully cut dark yews, interspersed among fragrant flowers, and many figured marble

¹ A detailed account of this enterprise is given by the author himself in 'R. S. Surtees, Creator of Jorrocks,' p. 35 *et seq.*—E. D. C.

statues and vases, that with sparkling fountains occupy the centre. Taking a view from the centre of the terrace, what a lengthened vista lies before us. Some poplars in the distance mark the termination of the long straight lake, reflecting the parting rays of the evening's sun, and a tiny barge is seen moored in the centre. The sides are girded with ancient forest trees, and the landing place is marked by the bursting forth of a hundred-mouthed fountain. Farther back the gentle slope commences, and a long grass walk between a row of statues, vases, and towering trees brings us again to the gardens, where grassy slopes bound each flight of steps as they rise in regular succession up to the broad terrace.

A FEW LINES FROM MR JORROCKS
ON THE TRIP TO PARIS.

DEAR SIR,—My friend the Yorkshireman seems to have reached the end of his tether in the last number, and to have wound up his trip to Paris rather brusquely, as we say on the Continent. He certainly appears to me to have been werry particular in relating matters that could not be of much interest to the generality of your readers—such as balls and blows-out—while he has been silent on many interesting topics, which I consider it the duty of every traveller to communicate to the public, such as national habits, laws, religion, constitutions, and coins, to say nothing of bull-baiting, bear-fighting, badger-drawing on a Sunday at the Barrier St Martin (so called, I understand, out of compliment to Mr Richard Martin, the great patron of all brutes¹), or the many werry wonderful sights in the Palais Royal

¹ "Humanity Martin," M.P. for Co. Galway 1801-1826, who promoted the first modern legislation for the protection of animals, 1822, and was one of the founders of the R.S.P.C.A.—E. D. C.

—the dancing figures in dirty shirts, the jewelry in the shops, the wonderful and irreclaimable cannibal at the Café des Arogle, who for ten years and upwards has continued a half-naked savage, beating a drum in the orchester, and handing bon double beer de Mars alternately among the company, just like sneaking Tom, the waiter with the knock-knee'd eyes, at Bagnigge Wells, who picks up the ninepins, hands round swipes, and grinds the horgan by turns.

All these and a great deal more he has omitted to mention. For instance, how it requires three men and a woman to shoe an oss—how one man holds him by the head and cries *whoaie*, how another holds up his foot while a third shoes him, and how the *femme* walks round with an osse's tail and whisks away the flies. These in my mind are wot mark the difference of nations more strongly than monarchial forms, and wot the observing traveller would be most particular in describing.

Again, the Yorkshireman has said nothing about the clipping of poodles on the Pont Neuf—a profitable profession that appears to be flourishing—or the sale of second-hand tooth-picks at the gates of the Tuileries—or how they wash one's linen by thumping it between two flat boards, which may be all werry good for trade but werry bad for the wearer.

I am rather pinch'd for time just now, it being near the feeding hour, and the smell of the savoury viands mounting upstairs each time the kitchen door is opened, or I would write you a deuced deal better account of the trip than he's done; but I can't help mentioning one werry funny thing that I saw, and of which I have never seen any account in your Magazine, which I need not add is the only sporting one going. What think you of their having a sporting paper in France! My eyes said I wot a go, when I thought of the wretched shovels, as they call them, that toddled about in the cabs and hackney coaches, and the sporting appearance of the men riding with cherry-tree nets over their osses, and plenty of nice fleecy sheep-skins to keep them warm in summer, and the superior turn-out they made at Bondy—a sight I never shall forget!

Well, when I was a-packing up my things to go away, I asked the Garsoon for a bit of paper to fold my tooth-brush and sponge in—for I likes a wash in the morning—and he gave me wot turned out to be one of these sporting papers, called the 'Journal des Haras des Courses,' and having nothing to do I awailed myself of the opportunity of taking a lesson in French, and finding something about osses, I shewed it to the Yorkshireman, who laughed werry much, and said he would have a shy at the Editor in his account

of the trip—a promise which I werry much regret he omitted to perform, as I feel he would have done it much better than I can—being quite a man for pedigree and stud-book and all that sort of thing—however, I hope you will give me every assistance in your power, and let us show up these Mouncheers between us.

The Editor says, as near as I can translate it, “Similarly with what was practised last year, an agent from the Court of Sardinia has been sent to England to buy a certain number of osses for the King’s stables, and for some wealthy individuals. The stud, of which we gave an account in our number of September 1831, was principally composed of osses really remarkable, who did great credit to the knowledge of the purchaser; we offered him our congratulations thereon. But this time we must be more sparing of our praise. The osses which have stopped for a few days at the Bazaar in the Champs Elisees, and which many good judges have been to see, are far from being equal to those that were formerly brought over, and it would be a werry hard task for any of the Paris merchants to get rid of them. Créméaux, Aron, Anselle,¹ would certainly never have taken the trouble to import them, with any chance of selling them to any of our rich Conniesseurs. The horses which are now going

¹ Parisian horse-dealers.

to Turin do not possess either form, elegance, or any of those qualities which would be required by an amateur willing to give from £100 to £200 for a good English 'unter."

Wen we got to this part I thought the Yorkshireman would have died of laughing, for it seemed that he knew more of the matter than I did. Said he, "The man must be mad, and does not know the difference between a coach-horse or 'unters and a thoroughbred brood-mare. I was in Yorkshire when the dealer was there, and saw the horses he bought, and, indeed, knew many of them, and capital ones they were for the purpose—wiz., great, slapping coach-horses and roadsters, for the King of Sardinia's own use; while wot he talks of now are thoroughbred brood-mares, most likely with ragged manes and large bellies—not the most elegant properties—which not even a Frenchman would be tempted to give £100 or £200 for as 'unters!" The Yorkshireman then read on as follows: "A stallion is included in this expedition; we have not seen him, but from all accounts we have received it appears that this oss is as inferior as the rest, and that any expectation that might be formed with reference to his improving the breed of the country will be disappointed." But Betsay has just come in to announce that dinner is ready, and as you say this is the last day on which you can receive

a harticle, oblige me by adding anything to this
you like, as no doubt you know all about it. I
am, sir, for self and partners, yours to serve,

JOHN JORROCKS.

GREAT CORAM-STREET, *July 21.*

'New Sporting Magazine,' 1832.

THE FOGGY MORNING.

BY A YORKSHIREMAN.

["The metropolis, its vicinity, and environs was visited with a werry woluminous fog," etc.—'County Herald.']

Every one—at least every one that had the pleasure of being in London at the time—remembers the dense fog that prevailed during the whole of the 3rd and part of the 4th of February.

On the evening preceding the former of these days, as I was mizzling along the Strand to the west end, I encountered old Jorrocks rolling along to the east, as he said, in search of me. Be that as it may, he certainly wanted to see me.

"To-morrow our hounds meet at Hooley-lane-gate, to draw the cover by Chipstead Church," said he, "and as it is on the roadside, I've dreamt for these two nights a most horrible dream, as Mrs Jorrocks can testify, that Donkey Dashwood will take advantage of the opportunity to see us from the top of the Brighton coach as it passes along, and write an account of us as he did of Mr Steere of Horsham's hounds. Now I would

not for nine hundred and ninety-nine pounds, nineteen shillings, and ninepence a year, paid quarterly, that such a shabby untradesmanlike fellow should make a penny by our pack ; and I am determined—inconvenient as it will be to me, there being a sale at the India house of werry superior high-flavoured Souchong—to take the field and thwart him in his purpose, and I shall feel particularly obliged if you will accompany me, and I will mount you and all that sort of thing, and give you a famous breakfast before you start and a good blow-out and drench when you return.”

“Pou !” said I, “he’s beneath your notice ! Never let it be said that a member of the Surrey Hunt condescended to notice such a blockhead. Besides, what a wild-goose chase it would be turning out in search of a man merely on the strength of a dream. No, no, J. ; take my advice. Let’s go and have a good dinner at the Piazza, and see the Revolt of the Harem, with the eighty-four pair of female legs, at Covent Garden after, and attend your tea sale to-morrow instead of hunting.”

“That’s werry good advice,” said Jorrocks, “and what I’ve always said myself—stick to your shop and your shop will stick to you ; and it would have been wery well for you if you had done so, my friend, but on this occasion I have an impulse that must be gratified. I feel quite convinced that Donkey Dashwood will be on the

road to-morrow, and Mrs J. knows how my rest has been broken by the thought. I'm really fretting my guts to fiddle-strings with the idea ! It was only last night I inflicted a dig in the ribs upon Mrs J. that caused the whole of Great Coram-street to ring with her noise, as, in the middle of a dream, I saw a yellow Brighton coach, with a black bull with a straight tail on the door panel, pull up at the Gate, just as Tom Hills came across with the hounds, and a man, muffled up in a great boat cloak, lowering a sea-green shawl before a roguish pair of eyes ; and it will be just the same again to-night if you don't indulge my desire. Pray do, and I shall never, no never, know how to be sufficiently grateful for this and all other favours."

Seeing the old boy was so eagerly bent, I at last consented, and, fixing to be at his house at seven in the morning, we parted, he undertaking to make all necessary arrangements. I am one of those curious beings that never sleep sound before a day's hunting, and whether the scene lies among the grazing grounds of Leicestershire or the hills and flints of Surrey, it makes no difference in that respect. I always wake up an hour or two before my time.

When I awoke the next morning I felt as if I was chilled, and yet I had plenty of bed-clothes on me. Five o'clock struck by Covent Garden clock. I dozed again. The next nap occupied

an hour exactly, for I heard six strike ; and in twenty minutes a slip-shod porter came in to begin his day's work by telling a lie—viz., that it was "just gone six."

I now discovered the cause of my discomfort. The room was filled with thick yellow fog, so dense that the candle scarcely threw any light around the apartment, and on looking out at Covent Garden the gas lights glimmered in the fog like so many dying glow-worms. However, it might be confined to London, and being a man of my word, I shaved as well as I could with the lukewarm water the porter had brought me, and putting on a greatcoat to hide my boots and breeches, groped my way to Coram-street, which I reached just as St Pancras clock chimed seven. Jorrocks was all ready, and was just gartering his great brown tops with a yard and a half of white tape up to a pair of "drab shags," leaving the usual flowing favours at the sides.

"Betsay, fatch the food," said he ; "the Yorkshireman's werry hungrey, I guess."

It was more than Jorrocks was, for he had been troubled with another dream, in which the same Brighton coach again appeared ; and in a paroxysm of rage he had kicked Mrs Jorrocks out of bed, having first brought her a wipe over the eye that promised to leave its memento for some weeks, all which had caused a terrible rumpus between them, and no end of talk about the Right Hon.

Sir John Nicholl, Knight,¹ and the Court for the protection of injured ribs.

Before we had been half the usual time at it, a trampling of horses' feet under the window hastened the completion of our breakfast, and, looking at his watch, Jorrocks proclaimed it was time to be off.

"We must go gently," said he, "for we are going to ride the horses down that we are to hunt; and if they are anywise tired after it, we will leave them at Croydon and return by the coach. You will ride Snap Dragon—a rare animal!—the finest horse in the world, as you will say when you have tried him. He has only one fault—which ought rather to be called a misfortune—he's broken-winded, and sometimes drops down in his gallop, which is the werry best of all reasons for not taking him out of a trot. Now then, 'time's up'! Pocket whatever you like, except the silver spoons—in fact, make yourself at home. Suppose we carry a pound of cheese, and then we need only spend money on beer—a penny saved 's a penny gained, and take care of the pence and the pounds will take care of themselves."

On opening the street door a cloud of fog rushed in, as if all the sweeps in London were emptying their soot-bags before it. It had increased tenfold,

¹ Vicar-General to the Archbishop of Canterbury, in whose court matrimonial causes were heard in those days.—E. D. C.

and dense yellow masses rolled over each other like clouds in a thunderstorm. You could both eat and feel it, and the damp struck through one's clothes in the most summary manner.

"This is *bad*," said Jorrocks, coughing. "I'm almost blind already, and can't see across the street. It is as dark as a wolf's mouth. Where are the horses?"

"Here, sir," said a voice within two yards of us, and Snap Dragon snorted.

"Well, bring them close to the curbstone and let's be off, for there's no time to lose, and we'll soon be clear of the fog."

"Perhaps you had better take the lanthorn," observed the man.

"I think we had," said Jorrocks. "Light it and bring it here."

"It is lit, sir," said the man, holding up a thing that only served to make darkness visible.

"That won't do. It gives no light at all. Betsay, fetch a mould—one of the long sixes—and a piece of cord."

Which being produced, Jorrocks suspended the lanthorn to his horse's neck, and, desiring me to follow in his wake, led the way down Great Coram-street, across Brunswick Square into Red Lion-street. Here the fog was terrible. The street is narrow, and was completely choaked with it. Snap Dragon kept close to the tail of Jorrocks's horse, who went swinging along with the lanthorn.

“Mind where you are going, you great chaw-bacon,” shouted a “buy a hearthbrick-firebrick boy,” whose stock-in-trade Jorrocks had nearly demolished as he crossed before him. “Where are you for now, and bad luck to ye, ye boiled Lobster,” bellowed a stout Irish female breakfast-stall keeper, whose dainty viands Jorrocks had sent rolling about the street, as he caught the corner of her stall with his toe emerging from the street into Holborn. “The deuce be in the fog,” said he. “Holloa there! where are you driving to with that meazley-looking cab of yours; you nearly ran the shafts into my horse’s ribs.”

“Vy don’t you flare up, then?” said the driver, whisking by.

“Hold my horse,” said Jorrocks, “while I go and borrow an argand burner at the George and Blue Boar. We shall be endorsed to a certainty if we don’t have something of the sort.”

Off he got and ran over the way to the inn. Presently he emerged from the yard, followed by divers horsekeepers, coachwashers, waiters, and others, amid loud cries of “flare up! flare up! go it fox-hunter—Talli-ho, Talli-ho!” with a bright mail-coach footboard-lamp strap’t to his back, which, lighting up the whole of his broad back now cased in scarlet, gave him the appearance of a large red and gold insurance office badge, though when he got upon his horse, and mizzled along through the dense moving fog, he might

have been taken for a full-grown cherub. The hackney coachmen and cabdrivers along whose lines we passed could not make him out at first. Some thought he was a mail-coach guard riding post with the bags; but a market gardener's waggon stopping us in Fleet Street, they had time for inspection, and, oh Lord! what a noise they made. There is nothing more horrible than the abortive attempts of a genuine cockney snob to raise a hunting cry. It is utterly impossible to produce anything more unnatural, and the whole sound reminds one of underground life, unhealthy pursuits, debauchery, drabs, and gin.

With the aid of the George and Blue Boar light, we managed pretty well as far as the Obelisk over Blackfriars Bridge, but the glass got clouded over, and Jorrocks was not half so brilliant as at starting. The fog, however, abated nothing in point of denseness, and before we reached the Elephant and Castle Jorrocks had run against two trucks, three watercress women, one "pyes all ot! all ot" man, dispersed a whole bevy of Welch milkmaids, and rode slap over one end of a "buy 'at box! bonnet box!" man's pole, damaging about a dozen of his pasteboards; for all whose benedictions, I, as this great fox-hunting Knight-errant's Esquire, came in. "Balam Hill Joe," the one-eyed cad, had left his "Barcelone come crack 'em and buy 'em" stall in the charge of the Kent Road crossing-sweeper, to indulge

in his seventh and last go of gin (seven being, as he says, as good as a hundred before breakfast), and it shared the fate of the breakfast service at the end of Red Lion Street, being all scattered in the mud; when, seeing nothing but accidents brooding, I holloed J. to pull up and get the glass wiped. This being done, he flared up uncommonly; and just as we were starting again, Susan Slummers, the head chambermaid of the Elephant and Castle, appeared at a window in the Elephant side with a farthing rush light in her hand, and throwing up the sash exclaimed,¹ "Oh, great sportsman!"

Nothing worthy of note occurred till we got near Streatham—to the fatal spot, by the way, on which the go-cart went down on the day Jorrocks and I went to have our day's shooting in Surrey—when a coach overtook us which Jorrocks hailed, supposing it was a Brighton one. "Hoy, stop!" cried he, with the utmost importance, and the driver pulled up out of his walk, for he could hardly see his leaders' tails for the fog, notwithstanding he had five lamps in front. "Have you got 'ere a passenger of the name of Donkey Dashwood among your crew?"

¹ It will be fresh in the recollection of my readers that at the commencement of the street row in Paris, called the "grand days," the papers all made mention of an English gentleman in the Rue St Honoré, who, being disturbed over his coffee and toast, opened the window to see what the row was; and seeing some dirty rascals milling each other below, he indulged in the sublime exclamation of, "Oh, great nation!" What is there more ridiculous in Miss Slummer's exclamation?

"No, sir, no," said the coachman, "we don't carry no sich cattle. This is the fast Croydon, only we can't go werry fast for the fog to-day."

"The fast Croydon!" replied Jorrocks, "that won't do—I say it's a Brighton!"

"You're a liar," said the coachman, for these men are respectable in proportion to the distance they have to travel.

"Prove it," said Jorrocks with the greatest coolness.

"Take your lamp from your back and read," said the man: which Mr Jorrocks did, and read, "John Inkpen, Croydon and London," on the door panel.

"Ah! I see now," said he with a grunt; "this is a dark coach. The one I'm looking for is yellow, with a black bull with a straight tail on the pannel—but all cats are grey in the dark—otherwise I can see as far through a mud wall as any man. Shut your mouth-organ and drive on. And a word of advice to ye at parting: always keep a civil tongue in your head, and the next time a sportsman stops ye, remember that more flies are caught by a drop of honey than by a hogshead of vinegar!"

Four other coaches did Jorrocks stop in a similar way before we got through Croydon, with each of whose coachmen he had a blow up; but though he does not, like Gay's bulldog—

"Love fighting better than his food,"

still he likes a good slanging match, and is never without an impertinent answer to an impertinent speech. Notwithstanding the density of the fog, his accurate knowledge of the road brought us to the gates at the low end of Croydon at half-past ten, of what ought to have been the morning, though, from the circumstance of the lamps being kept lighted all down the road, it might have passed much better for the same hour at night. The damp fog had long since penetrated through every thread I had on, and I began to feel as if I had been dragged through a horse-pond.

The atmosphere, too, was all against Snap Dragon's infirmity, and he puffed and wheezed to such an extent that the pikeman thought he heard Squire and Macerone's steam carriage coming, and begged us to get out of the way. Here I would fain have persuaded the grocer to desist from his quixotic undertaking, but he turned a deaf ear to my entreaties.

"We are only three miles from the meet," said he, "and I hold it to be utterly impossible for this fog to extend a mile beyond Croydon. It will evaporate, you'll see, as we approach the open; indeed, I can almost sniff the fresh air now, and if I mistake not, that's a lark I hear carolling before us!"

"Now, spooney, where are ye for?" bellowed a carter, breaking off in his whistle as Jorrocks rode slap against his leader, the shock at once

dispelling the pleasing pastoral delusion and nearly knocking Jorrocks off his horse. "There's a go!" said he.

"Oh, never mind!" said I. "All larks are grey in the dark!"

Notwithstanding Jorrocks's prophecy, the fog continued as dense as ever, and we pulled up at what J. said was the meet, without the slightest prospect of its breaking. "Well, this is wery disheartening," said he, "but it cannot last for ever. Listen if you can hear anybody."

But Snap Dragon's infirmity drowned all other sounds.

"It's werry odd," said he. "There does not seem to be anybody astir. Hoi, Snooks! Nodding Homer! Smith. You, Figgins! Who's there? Jonathan Crane! Jerry Crane! Peter Crane!"

But nobody, not even a Crane—and there are plenty of them in the Surrey Hunt—answered.

"Hark! was that a cow or a horn? A horn as I live. Tom's bugle playing the 'Dead March in Saul.' How werry fine it sounds as it comes mellowed by the fog. This weather has its advantages after all's said and done!"

Jorrocks's lanthorn served as a landmark for Tom, who approached with the hounds.

"Who's there?" cried he.

"Me," said Jorrocks.

"Who's me?"

"Why, Mr J."

“Who’s Mr J. ?”

“Why, don’t you know ? Jorrocks, you fool !”

“Beg pardon, sir, but I took you for one of the horse patrol, not seeing your scarlet through the fog. This is bad weather, Mr J. I wish I mayn’t have lost some of my hounds in coming over Warlingham Common, for we all got scattered, and Peckham hasn’t cast up yet—that’s why I was playing my bugle.”

“Hie there ! hie !” shouted a voice behind from the top of a vehicle, which proved to be a Brighton coach.

“Stop !” cried Jorrocks. “By the powers, that’s the wery drag I’m haunted by. Yellow—with a black bull with a straight tail—as I live !” said he, pulling his lanthorn round to bear upon the side. “Diana be thanked for this and all other favours. You’ve got Donkey Dashwood on board, haven’t you ?”

“Don’t know,” said the coachman, turning round to his passengers. “Is Mr Dashwood here ?”

“Yes,” said a small squeaking voice from the inside, lowering half the window so as to let as little fog in as possible—“my name’s Dashwood.”

“I’m glad to meet you,” said J., adding with great emphasis, “My name is Jorrocks ; and now, sir, if you dare to write a line about our hounds——”

“I know nothing of you or your hounds,” said the squeaking passenger, interrupting him.



"Is Mr Dashwood here?"

"I know you don't, sir; neither did you about Mr Steere's or any other that you write about, and that's why I have come to caution you against pretending to do so, you watering-place fish-fed booby, for, by the powers, if you do, I'll——"

"I don't understand you, sir," said the traveller, interrupting him. "I thought I was opposite a gentleman when I spoke to you."

"Sir, you were never more opposite a gentleman in the whole course of your life than you are at the present moment," responded Jorrocks, and, seeing him about to pull up the window, he dashed his hand at it to prevent him, and in the effort caught the traveller a wipe in the face which cut his lip, and was the signal for the rest of the passengers to take the part of their fellow-traveller.

There was a deuce of a hubbub inside and out, in the course of which the hostile parties exchanged cards; and on inspecting the one Jorrocks got by the light of his lanthorn, I read, "James Dashwood and Sons, Slop sellers, 15 Old Cavendish-street, Brighton. N.B.—The best price given for broken bottles and linen rags!"

[NOTE.—As this affair will furnish food for the gentlemen of the long robe, it of course will produce another article in this magazine.]

'New Sporting Magazine,' 1834.

ODE TO THE PRESENT SPRING.

BY JOHN JORROCKS.

[Our readers must remember the *Ode to Spring* by Mr Jorrocks in a former number of the N.S.M. Most of them, no doubt, have it completely by heart. We were waiting the other day in the parlour next to the old grocer's sanctum ("Betty" having forgotten to announce us), when we overheard the old boy at work upon the following ode, of which we secured a shorthand copy and immediately bolted.]

Oh ! lovely Spring ! sweet daughter of the year !

(Do shut the door, my dear !)

Oh ! lovely Spring ! that warms the poet's soul—

(And ring, love, for more coal !)

Oh ! lovely Spring ! that wakes the woodland
quire—

(And stir the fire !)

Oh ! lovely Spring, now beauteous blossoms blow—

(At least they will, after the snow !)

Oh ! Spring ! thro' woodlands now to roam how
sweet,

(If one could keep one's feet !)

And see the birds skim o'er the lake, how nice—

(Covered with ice !)

Oh ! lovely Spring ! how sweet to tend thy flocks !

(Bring me my lambs' wool socks !)

Sitting upon a wood-crowned hill—

(My blood's quite in a chill)

Chaunting the praises of a shepherd's daughter
that lives in straw-thatched cot—

(Bring me a glass of brandy and water,
hot !)

Oh ! lovely Spring ! (stop, let me sneeze !)

Oh, lovely Spring ! (another wheeze !)

A thousand flowers now lift their little heads to
bless you—

(Cheshew ! cheshew !)

And herds are lowing,

(Good heavens, love ! can't you stop that
blowing ?)

And insects humming,

To welcome thy glad coming ;

And little lambkins bleating,

(Do get some hot water, dear, to put my
feet in !)

And doves are cooing

And gently wooing.

(And just tell Ann to bring the warming-
pan.)

Oh ! lovely Spring ! in chaunting forth thy praise,
Cygnet-like I could end my days—

(But I can't write another word, by gum !
my fingers are so devilish numb.)

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

BY A YORKSHIREMAN.

I AM always proud to receive your commands, Mr Editor; but what am I to write about? You say it must be nothing about Jorrocks because you are going to have a shy at him yourself, and you know that the grocer is my standing dish—that “I called him into existence” as Canning said of the New World. Moreover, “figs” and I have had a trip to Paris together since my last communication, and I have got a whole pocket-book full of adventures, which I thought of cooking up for you. But I really don’t know what to supply their place with. I do nothing in the gunning line, or I could spin you eight and twenty pages or so on the length of the woodcock’s bill, which I would endeavour to prove is no longer than most tailors’. The poor fisherman is frozen out at this season of the year, and it is enough to give one the rheumatism to think of it; and as to hunting tours, there is no space of time between a whole season and a day that has not

been occupied by the narrative of some sporting aspirant, from the elegant descriptions of Nimrod to the maudlin ravings of the man "wot recommends a three minute's lap to hounds before hunting!"

Well, I'll give my grey goose the rein, and let it go which way it will.

One nasty, frosty, misty morning, early last November, I found myself on the top of a two-horse coach, on the road between Grantham and Lincoln, but whether I had come from Stamford, Leicester, Melton, or Nottingham, it is not material for you to know. The morning was raw, and I was well muffled up, not expecting my journey to terminate before night. Towards the middle of the day the sun broke forth, and I lowered the worsted comforter from before my eyes, for I generally travel with them covered by way of seeing the country. Shortly after this we overtook a groom with two horses—the led one carrying lots of cloathing, and through the roller that encircled them was stuck a cane whip-stick.

It was no business of mine, to be sure, as Paul Pry would say, nor could it make much difference to me; but still I could not resist the temptation of asking the man whither he was going, and received for answer "Lincoln." The two-horse coachman then vouchsafed to inform me that the following day was the first of Sir Richard Sutton's regular hunting for the season, and that the

meet was at Burton, two miles from Lincoln. I wish I had my good little bay, or even the old white mare with me, thought I, for I would stop and have a look at them. "Is it possible to get a horse at Lincoln, do you think, coachman?" "Oh, yes; ye can get onything there," said he, "it's one of the finest places in the country for that." Well, I'll try, however, thought I; it will only make me a couple of days later in getting home, and I daresay old Tommy Hoggers knows what to do with things in my absence—at least if he does not he has been a long time in learning. Accordingly I stopped at Lincoln, and allowed the two-horse-power to roll on without me.

Lincoln is a fine old town, all ups and downs, like a yard and a half of pump water. As to horses, I saw loads of them, but they were all in harness waiting for their coaches, thirty-four of which change horses there every day. Having my tongue in my head, I soon found a man who lets out saddle-horses, and poking my way up a narrow entry leading from the main street found myself before his sign—"Ward, Livery-stable keeper." He was out himself, whether on hire or not, I don't know, but his wife showed me the stud, consisting of two horses, one of which she said had *seen* hounds, the other seemed ready for the hounds to see it in their trenchers; *all* the rest were out. Of course there was not much difficulty in deciding, and having agreed

on the price and fixed the hour I took my departure.

I found Lincoln was devilish full, and carriages kept jingling in with rural belles inside and John and Jane on the box. The inn I stayed at is the one facing the Tavern, and just below the old arch which divides the town. I forget the name of it, but it is a very good one, and people seemed to think so, for it was quite full, and I, with several other males, were accommodated with a sort of travellers' sitting-room down the yard. Some very stupid young country gentlemen were my companions, and finding there was little or nothing in them, I retreated to the far end of the room after dinner, and lying down on a sofa prepared for a snooze.

In this I may truly say "I reckoned without my host"; for I had no sooner taken up my berth than I found myself close to another party from whom, though a few thin deals concealed them from me, I could overhear every word that passed as well as if I had been among them. However the situation not being of my own seeking, I just laid myself down, and overheard the conversation, half-sleeping, half-waking, enjoyed the benefit of both parties. "What time are you ordered, Mr ——?" inquired a gentleman through the wall. "A quarter before ten," was the answer. Thinks I, then, the hounds will throw off at half-past ten. Then the door opened with,

“John Boots, Mr Smith wants his shoes.” Next a shrill voice is heard: “Is Miss ——’s maid there?” “What would you please to drink, sir?” “I say, Mr ——, don’t you think your maid much prettier than her young missis?” “Don’t know,” said Mr ——, who I afterwards found was the footman. “Miss is not pretty, perhaps, but then she has a very elegant way with her. Now, in walking, if you observe, she is *particularly* neat. Does Squire —— come as much to your house now as he used to do?” “No, and I’m sorry for it, for he was *quite* a gentleman.” “I look towards you, sir; your health, Mr ——; isn’t that your bell?” “Yes, but let him ring again; I never put myself out of the way; for the quicker you are the quicker they will have you: that is what they call the march of intellect.” (*Another ring.*) “Mr ——’s footman wanted.” “Coming, coming,” and exit John. “Longish stage that, Tom,” growled a sort of leather-lunged voice, apparently from one corner of the room, “and same osses out again to the ball; s’pose I shan’t get bed till three. Wonder what they call it stuff ball for; thought gentlefolks stuffed themselves pretty considerably at dinner. ’Tween you and I, Tom, don’t think this ’ere Reform Bill, as they call it, has done you or I much good. Time’s not as good as was, and gemmen grumble now at three pence a mile.

Wonder wot they'll pay for climbing up hill to-night ? ”

“ It must be time to dress,” said one of my friends in the room, looking at his watch and then at himself in the glass. “ I wish the fellow would come to curl my hair.” “ Oh, never mind having it curled,” said another, “ you are very handsome ; let your sister's maid do it ; ” and about ten o'clock, when country Christians go to bed, they went off to dress to begin the evening. There is an old proverb, and it is a true one, “ that one fool makes many ” ; and caught with the contagion I determined to see a Stuff Ball, more especially as I saw by an advertisement that the ladies' patronesses recommended “ geranium colour.” Now in former years it seems that the ladies really did wear the stuffs manufactured in the country, and I confess I should like to have seen one of those balls, that I might have judged whether it is “ the fine feathers that make the fine birds ” ; but I suppose they had “ not been becoming,” as they say ; and it is all stuff calling them “ stuff balls,” for there is no difference between them and balls anywhere else, so I'll just drop the subject.

Whether the good folks were expected to overstuff themselves or what, I don't pretend to know, but the hounds were not to throw off before one o'clock on the following day. The

morning commenced with a drizzling rain, which long before the appointed hour ripened into a regular downpour. Still the ardent sportsmen of Lincolnshire (though they stood a good chance of being drowned) were not to be damped, and it would have been odd if the Yorkshireman had taken fright at the weather. Having examined my hunter and found he was neither made of sugar or salt, but in fact of very tough stiff-looking flesh, I got myself settled into a small flat-flapped saddle, and after the animal had taken a good cough at the door, we began to jog on. Perhaps you would like a description of the turn-out. The horse or mare, whichever it was, was a dark brown, with a long shaggy coat like a watchman's; it showed some breeding about the head, had a switch tail, and its mouth was decorated with a plain snaffle, which I soon found had no more power over it than a halter. The rider wore a brown greatcoat, and, by way of looking more like a fox-hunter, a worsted comforter round his neck, and carried a lady's whip in his hand.

Of all the curious quadrupeds that inhabit this sublunary world, there is not one more curious than a hack horse. They are generally said to be good for nothing, and to be bought at exceeding low prices on that account, and yet they often beat the best horses out of private stables on the road. Mine was a regular rattler—Tom

Thumb¹ is a fool compared to him ; and though I knew Burton was only two miles off, he went away at such a bat that he carried me a mile beyond the turn before I knew where I was.

Here I met three red-coats, when, beginning to suspect I had overshot the mark, I let them get a certain distance, and then, pulling round, trotted after them. The rain now poured down in torrents, and shelter was in great request at Burton. There was an immense muster of horsemen—every stable and out-house was full—and divers gentlemen might be seen picking out the most sheltering branches of the trees in Lord Monson's park, where the hounds were expected to come on leaving the kennel. The clouds, however, gave no hopes of amendment, and the day being well advanced, it was thought advisable to take them out and get the thing over as quick as possible, as the stag-hunters say. How or when they started nobody could tell, but the alarm being given that they "were off," we all started at score, and after much trotting, splashing, and pulling, I found myself in the midst of three hundred well-mounted sportsmen, with—

"My horse's mouth open half up to his ear,"

all moving briskly through some fields, and far ahead I could see Jack Shirley's cap bobbing up

¹ A famous trotting pony, the property of "Squire" Osbaldeston.—
E D. C.

and down as he bumped along ; but as to getting a sight of the hounds, that seemed an impossibility, and, indeed, a treat that no man in a great-coat has a right to expect. Sir Richard was riding his cover hack (a very neat pony), and looked the sportsman all over. He is a handsome man, middle stature, dark, in the prime of life, wears a cap : and now you have his picture.

We soon got to a gorse, a large one too, where we soon found a fox who soon went to ground ; and then we all trotted off again for six or seven miles to a rich, flat, grassy country, with large enclosures, rattling fences, and plenty of brooks. The rain still descended in torrents, and before we arrived at the cover our ranks were considerably thinned ; but the pace we went, and the manner in which my Bucephalus pulled, prevented my doing more than catching an occasional glimpse of the pack. I forget the name of the cover to which we went—indeed, to tell the truth, I never heard it,—and people, thinking that I looked more like a tailor than a fox-hunter, did not care to be communicative. In truth, I began to be very uncomfortable, for just as we arrived at the cover I found the wet had soaked through my hat, and was effecting a passage under my coat collar down my back. I looked at my watch, and it was half-past three. Thinks I to myself—half-past three, in November, and a long way from home, in a strange country, and very wet

indeed, is no fun ; if they don't find here, I go no farther.

“ Talliho, talliho, talliho !—Hoop, hoop !—Hark, holloa !—Hark, holloa ! ” interrupted my reverie. Crack went the whips, horns sounded—the hounds got together—two hundred wet gentlemen reined up their steeds, and all was life and energy ; the fox broke gallantly away—my hunter seemed to partake of the general enthusiasm, and getting the bit between his teeth, and putting his head between his legs, rushed into the middle of the fray, and carried me right away, for I could not get a pull at him. Three fences did he clear gallantly and safely, so raising myself in my stirrups, says I to myself, “ I'm on a hunter,” and I put him straight at a fourth ; but having heard of the old proverb of never making two bites of a cherry, I suppose, he attempted to take at one leap what any reasonable horse would have made two of, and a wide runner being on the far side he went head foremost in, and shot me clean, or rather dirty, into the next field, which, being recently ploughed and rather clayey, made a shocking example of my greatcoat. “ Oh, he's a doctor,” said a farmer who came over in the line, eyeing me ; “ he'll take no harm.” So on he rode, leaving me and my nag, who, having scrambled out of the ditch, and beginning to breathe rather high, I scraped the thick of the mud off us both, and entered Lincoln under cover of darkness.

When I awoke the next morning my arms ached considerably from the pulling of my hard-mouthed hunter, and I inwardly vowed to have nothing more to do with hacks in the field. About mid-day, my old friend the two-horse coach again making its appearance in the streets, I kissed my hand to Lincoln, and resumed my journey on the top. I sat next a jolly old farmer in a drab greatcoat and flaxen wig, and we soon broached the subject of the game laws and the corn laws, and agricultural distress, and at last we worked round to the never-failing one of fox-hunting.

"Did ye iver see the Brocklesby dogs," said he.

"Never," said I.

"These are worth stopping to see," said he.

"Where are they?" said I.

"Why, the hunt's at Beelsby to-morrow," said he; "may be fourteen mile east of Brigg."

"The deuce is in the dogs," said I to myself. "I'll bet five shillings I don't get through Brigg to-night." And faith I would have won the bet, for I never could pass a pack of hounds in my life; and alighting at Brigg, I let the old two-horser resume its journey again without me. Of course, the first thing I did was to inquire about a nag, and summoning the ostler of the inn where I stopped, I asked if such a thing was to be had, and found there were no less than two men who let them out. Off I posted to the first one—

Gibson, a substantial-looking publican in shorts and a shooting-jacket, who, thinking I was a commercial traveller, made no bones about letting me have one. "But where de ye want to gan te?" said he. Now my friend at Lincoln having made no objection to me hunting his hack (in consideration of a few extra shillings, of course), I never expected any difficulty at Brigg, so in the simplicity of my heart I said I only wanted to go as far as Beelsby to see Lord Yarborough's hounds throw off. The publican's jaw fell directly, and poking his hands into his breeches' pockets, and squaring himself in the passage, he thus delivered himself—

"Then I'm d——d if ye have a horse of mine," and turning upon his heel, left me to depart at my leisure, muttering as he went, "No, no; I'll have no hunting o' my horses; had enough o' that game; d——d if I do."

This was a clencher, and seeing that argument would be of no avail, and remembering that there was another stablekeeper, I poked off in the dark; but unfortunately all his were out, and as I could not well walk to Beelsby and back, I seemed regularly thrown on my back, and wished myself on the top of the old coach again. "He's a sad narrow-minded fellow," said I, poking a lump of cold beef into my mouth, "and I'll be hanged if I know what to do. Ostler, do you think there is no tempting that man?"

"I don't know," said the ostler. "I can go and try him again."

Which he did, and after much parleying he consented to let me have a *gig*, provided his man went with me to see that I did not take the horse out of the shafts to hunt. On the following morning, therefore, just as I was done breakfast, I heard something rumble into the yard of the White Lion, and looking out, I found a fine yellow gig, the wheels picked out with black and cushions covered with blue, driven by a healthy-looking youth. The weather had changed from rain to piercing cold, and the clouds gave every indication of an approaching snow-storm. I muffled myself up, and took my seat, laughing all the time at the idea of a man hunting in a gig. Before we got to Caistor the sleet and snow commenced, and old Giggy (who the man informed me was twenty years old) seemed to consider himself entitled to stop. Though the youth had lived all his life at Brigg, his geographical knowledge was bounded on the east by the town of Caistor, consequently we had to inquire our way for the next five or six miles. After driving three or four miles on the Grimsby road, we turned off into a narrow by-lane, which looked like fox-hunting, and presently we espied a couple of hunters on before. The roads got worse at every yard, and the storm kept increasing, when luckily we found ourselves in sight of the meet. It was a good-looking farm

house, with a well-stored stackyard at the back, to reach which we had to drive through some fields. As the hounds met there, I knew the farmer would not take me for Swing if he saw me among the stacks; so, jumping out of the gig and telling the man to get himself sheltered as well as he could, but not to take the horse out of the harness, I made the best of my way through the yard. Just as I got to the rails on the far side, the hounds and servants came trotting on from the opposite direction, and truly when I saw them I did not regret taking the old farmer's advice. There were about five and twenty couple of, as fine, even, high-bred fox-hounds as I ever set eyes on, and in such condition—full over the loins and along the back, and fining gradually towards the belly, just showing enough of the ribs and no more. And then, such a set of servants! The huntsman was absent from a fall, but there were four men in scarlet, with leather breeches cleaned so superlatively, that even George the Fourth, in the plenitude of his puppyism, could not have desired anything better; and their horses looked more like starting for King's hundreds¹ on the well-groomed turf, than fighting their way across a rough plough country.

As the party stopped, I advanced a few steps to have a nearer survey of the pack, and wonder-

¹ The Royal Plates of 100 guineas each, abolished in 1887, were popularly called "King's" (or "Queen's") hundreds.—E. D. C.

ful to relate, one of the whips not only touched his cap, but condescended to converse with me, a compliment, I should think, not often paid to a pedestrian, and which may justly entitle me to call it "the proudest moment of my life." As the morning was not one for gentlemen to jog to cover, the high-bred sportsmen soon came pouring in from all quarters, giving pretty evident proof that the rain had been pouring upon them; and hearing a voice say, "Here comes my Lord," I naturally looked in that direction, and soon saw the owner of the pack alighting from his hack, which he exchanged for a fine sporting-looking black, whose rat tail stuck out like the long horn to a coach. His Lordship is past the prime of life—indeed, Debrett makes him out fifty-two, and he looks it all, but there is a deal of life and strength in him yet; still, such is the force of associations, I could not help thinking, despite his hunting cap, leather breeches and all, that he looked more like a sailor than a fox-hunter.

The cover, a good-sized wood, was within sight of the farmhouse, and stood in a line with the turn of the road leading up to it, where I would have to pass again on my return; so finding my friend at my elbow, I requested him to take the gig and wait for me whilst I took the Epping Hunt chance of catching a loose horse, and, indeed, I was very near the mark, for in jumping a little runner in the second grass field,

Mr Pelham's horse nearly spilt him ; and though it might not have been up to my weight, it would have been a deal better than the shoemaker's pony I was on.

Did you ever, Mr Editor, know the misery of seeing a fine pack of hounds in the act of getting into cover without your having a horse to follow them ? If so, pity my situation. Nothing in life can be more tantalizing or humiliating. One feels like a fish out of water. The mighty spirit of man sinks into insignificance as he trails on foot among the well-mounted sportsmen, who scarcely deign to regard him as a rational being. The greatest hero that ever lived—a Wellington—a Napoleon—aye, or Cæsar himself—would sing small, on foot, among a party of fox-hunters. It is all very fine talking about “measuring men by their souls,” and about “the mind's being the standard of the man,” but the mind won't carry one across country ; and when my dimensions are taken, I should like to be on the top of a well-bred, slapping, sixteen hands hunter, with a good spurring place, colour, what you like.

We were very soon in cover, which was only remarkable for a very courteously worded request on the part of the noble owner, for gentlemen to refrain from trespassing, stuck opposite the gate. The find was instantaneous, and after running the cover's utmost limits two or three times, and making the horsemen box the compass, as

it were, the fox broke from the end at which my gig was planted. It was a beautiful sight, and I almost cried as I toiled across a heavy ploughed field, with as much soil gathered at my heels as would have given me a vote for the county, to see the pack get away in such style, and to think of the utter helplessness of a man hunting on foot. I think I see the hounds at this instant, rattling along the top of an undulating grass field, with two servants blowing their horns, the whippers-in halloa away, and the field tearing along the lane in a line with them. Old Giggy even was fired with the noble emulation, and reared and plunged as each scarlet coat galloped by, endangering the shafts and the driver's neck. The hounds were running straight in my line, and jumping into the vehicle, we started off at a gallop, and the country being favourable for charioteers, we kept catching glimpses of them every now and then, until, at length, we saw them fairly dwindle away before our eyes as they ascended a distant hill, the summit whereof was crowned with a fir plantation.

A YORKSHIREMAN.

Near BOROUGHBIDGE.

P.S.—If anybody will send me the conclusion of this day's sport I will give them—I don't know what.

'New Sporting Magazine,' 1833.



"Old Giggy fired with noble emulation."

THE COACH DINNER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'A DAY WITH THE SURREY.'

DID'ST ever, Mr Editor, consign thy precious carcase to "a four inside and twelve outside coach, without luggage on the roof"? Or do the proprietors of the 'New Sporter' keep thee thine own particular *voiture*, as they ought to do? Nay, be not ashamed—greater men than you have travelled by the stage, and now, with your permission, I'll conduct you to the most interesting feature in a day's journey—"A coach dinner." Where will you have it?—name your own place—yet stay; there's no occasion—we won't be personal, so let it be anywhere 'twixt Berwick and Brighton—any house you like; possessing a neat landlady inside, and having "Neat wines, Neat Post Chaises," written up without.

All huddled together, inside and out, long passengers and short ones, turning the sharp corner of the "High Street" the guard's horn plays a solo to our stomachs—

"Rest, traveller, rest, thy dinner's ready."

And see, from the arch doorway of the "Duke's Head" there issue two chambermaids, one in curls, t'other in a cap; boots, with both curls and cap, and a ladder in his hand; the waiter with a duster in his to count noses. About the entrance the usual coach-gazers are assembled—a coachman out of place, a beggar out at the elbows, three recruits with ribbons in their hats, a captain with corns, the coachman wot is to take the present one's place, and a youth with a small fortune but large expectations. The latter is the idler of the place—"the young man about town"—and it being summer time, he sports a green-lined straw hat with flipes large enough to run donkey races round, a ribbon for a neck-cloth, and gills *à la* Byron, thereby showing the terminations of the enormous fringes (as Queen Elizabeth called whiskers) that grace his leaden head. He wears a light fustian two-storied shooting-jacket, into the lower apartments whereof his hands are stowed; sporting a blue rowing shirt, of course he needs no waistcoat; indeed, it would conceal a long line of studs that grace the front, while two gold chains dangle together, keeping each other in order. He is a tarry-at-home traveller, and looks with ineffable contempt upon the fools that every day pass through by the coach.

The little fellow just before him with the keen black eye and snubby nose is the Paul Pry of the place. Three and thirty summers have elapsed

since he retired from behind the counter on half-pay, during which period he has never once missed seeing the "Independent" change horses. He knows everything and everybody. "Bless me," says he, "it was but yesterday gone a week that Mr Jenkins returned from London, and here he is again on his road. That legacy his uncle, the drysalter, left him has not been forthcoming, I reckon. Guard," says he, "you have got Mrs Tibbett's bonnet-box on again, I see. Now if so be she's going to return it, that won't do, because we all observed her in it last Sunday as she flaunted up the middle aisle, and it will only be because she saw Lady Emily's was lined with green that she will have hers so too. Is there a party at the hall that you are carrying more fish again to-day?"

"Never you mind," says the guard, "but get out of my way, or I'll drop this chest upon your toes. You're always standing in one's way, and never stand a drop of nothing."

But here comes the man of men—the varmint of the place, as the twist of his head and elbow in recognition of the coachman's salute testify. The height of his ambition is to be taken for a coachman, and in pursuance of so laudable a desire, he leaves no stone unturned to effect his object. As the coach pulled up he was in the bar taking a glass of cold sherry negus and a cigar, the former of which he quickly despatched,

and with the latter in his mouth sallied forth, his shaved white hat stuck knowingly on one side, and the thumbs of his gloveless hands thrust into the arm-holes of his waistcoat, throwing the single-breasted greencoat, with metal buttons, on to his haunches. The rest of his apparel is in the most "correct form" (as he calls it): a pale cream-coloured neckcloth, with a diamond tye, a gold coach and four for a pin, a buff waistcoat with four pockets and metal buttons, leaving a great interregnum 'twixt it and the drab kersey trowsers, which terminate with buttons at the ankle. His appearance is best described by the term "a good-looking, ill-looking fellow," for wherever nature has been at all bountiful he has spared no labour in attempting to neutralise the gift, and, with the exception of his whiskers, which are huge and riotous in the extreme, his hair is clipped as close as a charity



*"The Varmint of the Place,"
Mr Banghup.*

schoolboy's. His dialogue is short and slangy, accompanied with the nasal twang.

"Y've got the old near-side leader back from Joe, I see."

"Yes, Mr Banghup," said the coachman; "but I had sore work first—at last, says I to our horse-keeper, says I, it's not to no use your harnessing that 'ere roan for me any more, for as how I von't drive him, so it's not to no use harnessing of him, for I von't be gammon'd out of my team by any on them, therefore it's not to no use harnessing of him any more for me."

"So you got him back, did you?" inquires Mr Banghup.

"'Ord bless you, yes; it wasn't to no use aggravising about it, says I; I won't stand it, so it was not to no use harnessing of him for me."

"The old brown looks fresh, but what have you been doing with his tail; it's an inch shorter than it was yesterday. And that collar doesn't belong to him; he should have the one with the scollop-shell; but do you think you can manage a turn to-day? Who's on the box?" inquires Mr Banghup in conclusion.

"Vy, really I can't tell who he is," says coachman; "he's an uncommon disagreeable chap, without any hargument about him. I can't make not nothing on him, but mayhap the guard can arrange for you. Here, Joe—I say, Joe, can thou

manage to get us the box seat as far as —— for Mr Banghup; that chap doesn't seem to take no divarsion on the road. Who is he, do ye know ? ”

“ Why,” says the guard, “ he's booked in the name of Brown, but our book-keeper said as how he thought it was that writing man, Nim South, and you know he always prents what happens on the road.”

“ No,” says the coachman, “ we have so many Nim Souths and Dashwoods upon the coach nowadays, I took a Dashwood down one day and brought another up the next, and dang it there was as much difference between them as there is between a chestnut horse and a horse chestnut ; and my fellow-sarvant told me that he had two Nim Souths together on the coach last Tuesday. There's never a mistake of no sort occurs on the road, but we have immediately ‘ You had better take care, coachman, Dashwood's on the roof ’ ; or ‘ I'll write to Nim South,’ or some such stuff. D——n their Nim Souths, says I.”

“ Ay, but Dashwood is a good un for the coachmen, you know,” says the guard ; “ you remember what he wrote about the night work.”

“ Yes, Dashwood certainly is a good un for us,” says coachee.

“ But Nim South is an especial rum un. Did you ever see him ? ” said the guard.

“ No,” says the coachman, “ I can't say as how that ever I did to my knowledge, but I

understand he's very much upon the road, particular in the hunting season, and thinks nothing of being in one country one day and in another (perhaps a hundred miles off) the next. May be I shall have an opportunity of speaking a bit of my mind to him some day, like I did to Mr G—— when I drove the Wellington."

"How was that," says the guard. "I never heard that story."

"Well," says coachee, "just loose that near wheeler's trace, and take Mrs Renney's fowl out of the front boot, and I'll tell you. Wy now, ye see, it happened one morning as I was driving the Wellington from Newcastle to Northallerton. Just as we got to —— bar I took up a gentleman beside me on the box—a particular fine man he was. I was forced to look up to him as he sat by me—fine, broad-shouldered, powerful man as ever I seed. Well, we soon struck into conversation together, and you see, as we passed between Durham and Rusheyford, says he to me—quite stranger like, you know—'Who lives in yon large house,' pointing to B—— Castle. 'Oh!' says I, 'that's Mr R——'s, called B—— Castle; y've may be heard tell of B—— Castle.' 'Yes,' said he, 'I have; it looks like a fine place; I suppose Mr R—— is very rich?' 'Wy, he's rich,' said I, 'but not so rich as he was, I think.' 'How's that,' said Mr G.; 'doesn't he get his rents, or what?' 'Oh, I dare say,' says I, 'he's well

enough for the matter of that, but ye see, somehow he got among the gambling chaps in London, and lost a deal of brass.' 'Who won it?' said he. 'Why,' said I, 'G—— and R——le, and some more on them, but I can't exactly say who, only I see'd these two posting through with four horses, and the folks said they had come to take possession of the pits until they were paid.' 'How did they win it?' said he; 'at card-playing or horse-racing?' 'Oh, horse-racing,' said I; and so we went on talking and talking, and I spoke my mind out to him about gambling, and so on, pretty freely, and I never suspected who it was till next day, when I met my fellow-servant, and we pulled up on the road, says he to me, says he, 'Do you know you had Mr G—— on the box yesterday when we passed you?' 'No,' says I, 'not a bit of it'; and I never was so taken aback in my life. But he's a fine man is Mr G——, and I'm sure he behaved well to me at parting—he's as good as most two passengers on a coach."

"Come, coachman! what are you chattering there about," says the master of the inn, coming out with the widespread way-bill in his hand, "full inside and out are you. Who did you set down at ——?" "Only Mr T.'s little boy from ——." "You seem to have a deal of luggage underneath—you must try and get the passengers away a few minutes sooner and save my horses—better to do that than make a few halfpence by

what they may drink. Ay, there goes the dinner ! pork at top, pork at bottom, mind : and put the joints opposite the women—they are slow carvers."

Passengers are now all busy preparing for action ; coats No. 1, No. 2, and No 3, all taken off in succession, chins are let out of their silken jeopardy, and fur caps are bundled into the pockets of the owners." Inside passengers eye outsiders with suspicion, while a deaf gentleman who has left his trumpet in the coach, meets an acquaintance whom he has not seen for seven years, and in consequence of the omission can only shake hands and grimace in return for the movements of the lips of the speaker: "You find it very warm inside, I should think, sir, don't you?" says the acquaintance. "Thank ye, thank ye, my good friend; I am *rather* deaf, but I suppose you are inquiring after my wife and daughters—they are quite well, I am obliged to you." "Where will you sit at dinner?" rejoins the acquaintance. "It is two years since I was there," replied he. "No; but where will you sit, sir? I said." "Oh! John? I beg your pardon, I am *rather* deaf—he is still in Jamaica with his regiment."

"Come, waiter, d—n it all, why was not the dinner on the table when we arrived?" demands a superfine inside passenger. "This is always the way with your confounded coach dinners; and what have you got under there—goose, eh?"

"No ; pork, sir."

"What is under that one ? "

"Pork, too, sir."

"Great heavens, pork again!—the country is deluged with pork : who the devil do you think can dine off pork ? Oh ! shade of my grandfather's departed cook, shelter me from this abomination ! "

"A couple of ducks coming, sir," says the waiter. "Ducks ! confound your ducks ! you deserve to be well ducked for mentioning such things. What with your pork and ducks you will make the whole inside of the coach reek with onions and vulgarity."

"There is a cold relation—I beg pardon—a cold collation on the side-table, sir," says the waiter, "if you prefer cold meat."

"Hang your cold relations ; have you got any real Devonshire cider in the house ? "

"Yes, sir, some very excellent."

"Then bring me a bottle and a tooth-pick," replies he.

"Allow me to duck you, ma'm," demands an outside passenger of a female in a green silk cloak.

"Thank you, sir, I've got some pork coming."

"Will you take some of this thingumbob ? " turning a questionable looking pig's countenance over in its pewter bed.

"You are in considerable danger, my friend—

you are in considerable danger," drawls forth the superfine insider to an outsider opposite.

"How's that?" says he.

"Why, you are eating with your knife, and you are in considerable danger of cutting your mouth."

What is the matter at the far end of the table?—a lady in russet-brown with a black velvet bonnet and a feather, in convulsions. She's choking, by jove! Hit her on the back—gently, gently—she's swallowed a fish bone. "I'll lay five to two she dies," says Mr ——. She coughs—up comes a couple of tooth-picks, she having drunk off a glass of them in mistake for wine and water. Poor body; why did she not put on her spectacles?

"Now look you, waiter, there are the horses out already, and we have not half done yet," observes a hungry-looking citizen of the world, eyeing the horses pacing tardily towards the coach; "blow me if I go before the half-hour's up, however, so the guard may blow till he is black in the face."

"Take any cheese, sir?" says the waiter.

"No, to be sure, not yet: have you no tarts?"

"Why, none, I am afraid, that we can recommend, sir; but there's a very nice cold plumb pudding you can have."

"Cold pudding, you brute, do you suppose I'm in love—bring the cheese."

(*Enter coachman.*) "I leave you here, if you please, sir."

"Just as you please, sir ; I have no objection," replies the gentleman.

"Please to remember the coachman—driven you forty-five miles."

"Yes ; but you'll recollect you were very impertinent about my wife's band-box—there's a shilling between us for you."

"Oh, sir ! I'm sure I didn't mean no unpurliteness. I hope you won't think nothing at all about it. It was very aggrivising that the box was forgot, but I hope you'll give me a trifle more—forty-five miles."

"No—no more ; so be off."

"Please to remember the coachman, ma'm ; forty-five miles ! Leave you here, sir, if you please—go no farther, sir—forty-five miles, ma'm."

"Now, gentlemen and ladies, the coach is quite ready"—"time's up," says the guard, entering the room.

"What's dinner, waiter."

"Two and three, and beer six—two and nine, if you please, sir—yours is three and sixpence, ma'm—two glasses of brandy and water—yours is four shillings, sir—a bottle of real Devonshire cider, sir."

"Now, sir, coach is ready—time up ; can't wait !" roars out the guard. "Here, Joe, set the ladder for the lady."

"Now, my dear Mrs Simpson, good-morning to you. God bless you, and remember me to

your husband and the little ones, and be sure to write soon," says an old lady as she hugs a youngish one at the door. "Have you got all your things quite right—ten boxes, twelve parcels, an umbrella, a parasol, the cage for Tommy's canary bird, and the bundle tied up in the red silk handkerchief—all there, are they?"

"Yes, quite right, thank you, dear Mrs Jackson; now good-bye. But stay—I forgot my reticule; I left it on the drawers in the bedroom."

"Just run for it, Joe, will you?"

"Can't wait, ma'm," says the guard.

"You must," says Mrs Simpson, a spirited little woman. "I won't go without it."

"Where do we stop next, guard?" inquires a long passenger.

"At ——," says he; "twenty minutes allowed for tea or supper, or whatever you like to take."

"What time do we get there?"

"At twenty-three minutes past six."

"Can you manage to tuck me up somewhere, coachman, as far as ——."

"No, quite full. Are you coming on the box, sir?" says he to Mr Brown; "here's Squire Banghup will take it if you are tired."

"No, I am not tired," says Mr Brown.

"'Fraid, sir," says the guard to Mr Banghup, "we can't manage the box for you to-day; but you can go by me, and take the chance of our up-coach. I'm sure Will has the box kept for you."

"Well, I suppose I must; there's nothing else to do."

"Guard," squeaks out an old lady behind, after squabbling for some time with a passenger beside her, "you must put this gentleman somewhere else. He's quite damp; he'll give me the rheumatis in my arm with his coat; he's quite damp—just feel him."

"Poh, ma'm," says the guard; "take a drop of brandy. I see you have got a bottle in your bag there; that will keep the rheumatis out."

"No, indeed I won't," replies she. "I keep this for fear of the Cobbler of Morpeth,¹ that's killing all the people over the seas, and if I drink it now, I shan't have it when I want it."

"Can you spare us a pinch of snuff?" says the ostler to the coachman, who is just helping himself to one before he takes the reins.

"Ay, you've a nice nose for a pinch," says he. "Here, help yourself," holding out the box. "I got a new box given me t'other day."

"What have you done with the old one?" inquires the ostler, with an eye to business.

"Oh! I had no old one," says the coachman. "I'm only taking to snuffing now."

"Then when will this be old," says the ostler.

"Oh, I don't know," replies he, "it's gold—

¹ No doubt the old lady meant "Cholera Morbus." Russia in 1830, and Germany in the following year, were devastated by Asiatic cholera, and there was something like a scare in England at the time this paper was written.—E. D. C.

and they say gold wears a long time. Now boy," says he to the horsekeeper's helper, "look sharp with your horse-cloths, and take care nobody pays you twice over," at the same time adjusting the reins, and mounting the box, adding, "here's that old pair-horse coach coming with all their convict-looking passengers—blow me, but I'd



"Away goes the coach, full inside and out."

sooner be hung off a long stage, than die a natural death on a short un. All right behind? is Mr Banghup hup."

"All right," says the guard—out goes the horn, and away goes the coach, full inside and out, with Mr Banghup an extra passenger.

Oh! Mr Banghup; noble, ambitious, and intellectual man that thou art—how soft, how

smooth runs the current of thy life—to thee the toils which rack thy brethren are unknown, to thee the worst of ills would be a coach capsize. 'Tis thine to hear with cool indifference of the fate of nations, and the fall of kings—the boast of victory, or the vanquished's groans. What heed's it to men like thee, whether royalty and independence flourish in the land, so long as the Royal Independent keeps upon the road; or what carest thou who holds the reins of State, if but good Tom Jones keeps those of the fast New Coach? Joys greater far to thee than watching the noble efforts of the gallant Poles to free themselves from the iron yoke, 'tis to mark the action of the gallant wheelers bearing nobly from the pole chain of the well-filled drag,—and greatest yet, after a long day's fag, to press thy downy couch 'midst glorious anticipations of the next day's drive. You, Mr Banghup, are one of the men of whom Horace wrote—

“Sunt quos curriculo pulverem Olympicum
Collegisse juvat; metaque fervidis
Evitata rotis, palmaque nobilis
Terrarum dominos evehit ad Deos.”

Lib. I., Ode 1.

Which I thus render for the benefit of “country gentlemen.” “The summit of some men's ambition is to drive four-in-hand.”

A YORKSHIREMAN.

1831.

LONDON LOCOMOTION: OR, THE CAB STAND.

WHAT a change has taken place in hackney-coaches and the means of getting about London, generally, within the period of our recollection! Indeed, to talk of hackney-coaches now is to talk of a thing that is not, for a hackney-coach is rarely or ever seen. Five-and-twenty years ago, street cabs were just beginning to interfere with the old, crazy, creaking, jingling vehicles, and were receiving the polite attention that innovation ever commands.

The street cabs of those days were quite different to the street cabs of the present one, inasmuch as they were cabs—leather-headed conveyances, with a little perch of a seat for the driver outside, parallel with the fare. We believe we are indebted to the French for the invention of cabs; and Nimrod, a great authority in those days in all that related to locomotion, without we believe knowing whence cabs came, said they “were very good things for Frenchmen, or Englishmen who were afraid of being melted.” Private cabs were

just as much in vogue formerly as broughams are now—the private cabs, we need hardly say, being without the side appendage or projection that adorned the public one ; in fact, such as we still see them. The old public cabs were very dangerous affairs ; they were drawn by groggy, over-worked horses—a bellyband being all that intervened between a passenger and eternity. A false step, or “fore paw,” as a travelled cabby said, when his horse came down on his nose, was seldom recovered.

Hackney-coaches were safe enough, though they certainly were the very nastiest things that it is possible to conceive. There is nothing so deplorable as faded finery, and they presented faded finery in its most debauched and degraded form ; like the high-mettled racer that used to be depicted, ending its days in drawing one, they had started life in all the pride of pomp and circumstance—coronets and the noblest quarterings dignified their dirty, lack-lustre panels, and their hammer cloths were flaunting combinations of filth and finery. But if the hammer or hamper-cloths, as they ought to be called, were dashed and tawdry, what shall we say to the squabs, the cushions, and the linings ? Here, where the fairest, the proudest, the noblest, the most beautiful, had reclined in silken luxuriance, rolled and lolled drunken sailors, greasy butchers, all sorts of live and dead lumber, the linings often bearing

indelible evidence of their patronage in the way of dirty head marks.

Latterly, they were almost exclusively devoted to carrying luggage and lots of live lumber. Nobody in a hurry ever thought of getting into one. An able-bodied man would walk as quick as many of them used to go, notwithstanding the wisdom of parliament said six miles an hour was the slowest they should travel. The horses in the hackney-coaches were the same lamentable, high in bone, low in flesh, looking animals that drew the cabs, and were generally the refuse of the stage-coaches. The harness was generally of a piece with the coaches, often exhibiting great heraldic display, with a total absence of cleanliness or even of pump-water. It often looked as if it had been as long on the horses' backs as the cabman told Mr Pickwick his horse had been in the cab. Still, the coachman of these cumbersome vehicles affected the dress of the upper-class coachman. Though they often in summer dispensed with their coats, still the sleeved-livery waistcoat atoned for the want, while old plush breeches, green, red, yellow, blue, all the colours of the rainbow, were to be found upon the hackney-coach box. The drivers seemed to be the fallen angels of servitude, some of whom appeared to have broken their falls by bringing away the clothes and many-caped box-coat of place. Second-hand plush breeches and heavy box coats must

have fallen considerably in value since those days. Even the brewers' draymen do not seem so fond of the former as they used to be.

One great difference between the hackney-coaches of former times and the public vehicles of the present day is, that what we now have are made for the express purpose to which they are applied, instead of being the degraded, cast-off vehicles of other service. If, therefore, on the one hand there is no superfluous outlay in decoration or luxury, so, on the other hand, there is no dashed and tarnished finery. Added to this, the discovery that one horse is capable of drawing all that the public really require, has caused a diminution of one-third of the old fare (being the keep of the other horse) to take place. The other horse was necessary in consequence of the size, the weight, and the unwieldy nature of the old hackney-coaches. The public, however, were nothing benefited by that, seeing all they wanted was to get themselves carried. The transition from old family coaches and chariots to the close cabs or broughams of the present day, must have caused a great depreciation in the value of the former; if, indeed, the value of an old carriage was not wholly imaginary as between a customer and a coachmaker, the latter putting on to the price of the new carriage what he allowed as the value of old one. If it came to a question of solid cash, we dare say it would be pretty much the

same thing now as it was before—either Mr Wheelspoke could not take it at all, or could only afford ten pounds for it to break up. Still, Wheelspoke has lost a market, and what becomes of all the old rattle-traps is worthy of an inquiry at the hands of Mr Dickens, or perhaps a parliamentary commission. With this market has gone that puzzling vehicle of former days to country folks, ycleped the “glass-coach,” which was in fact the transition state of a carriage between high life and the street stand.

A glass-coach may be defined to have been a superior sort of hackney-coach with the plate off, and perhaps the arms painted out, drawn by a pair of sleekish horses in plain harness, and driven by an ugly, generally smallpox-marked man, in faded, well-brushed, dark clothes, with drab breeches and gaiters, whom no effort of the imagination could convert into a private servant. Still many people got into these things at the rate of a guinea or five-and-twenty shillings a day, exclusive of the driver, and thought they were “doing it,” as the phrase is. Ladies were the great patrons of these things, the amiability of their nature causing them to overlook all those minor details that constitute the difference between a job carriage and a gentleman’s. In truth, without any disparagement to the sex, though they dearly love a smart turn-out, horses with long tails, small legs, and flowing ribbons at their ears,

were it not for their lords and masters they would make a very sorry show of it. However, glass-coaches were useful things, just as useful in their day as the job broughams and clarences are in this ; but this rule is as good now as it was then, and will be as good a hundred years hence—namely, that you cannot make anything of a job carriage but a job carriage. They are convenient, and that is all that can be said of them.

Railways have effected a great change in public opinion with regard to public conveyance both in town and country. Formerly, there was little inducement to locomotion, for posting was slow and expensive, while a stage-coach passenger seemed to be an object of contumely for every person on the road. The innkeepers absolutely fed them just as they would cattle, wherever forage was cheapest or most convenient. If Ned this, or Tom that, horsed the coach, say thirty miles, he considered himself entitled to have something out of the passengers, besides his share of the coach fare plunder ; and it just depended upon the situation of these parties whether passengers got their breakfasts at six o'clock or at ten, or their dinners at two o'clock or at five.

Formerly no lady ever pleaded guilty to travelling by coach. If they were caught *flagrante delictu*, as the law says, it was always the first offence—carriage had happened an accident, or

something of that sort. Now they take their places in railway trains without fear or compunction. In town, gentlemen used to slink into the hackney-coaches at street corners or out-of-the-way places, and discharge themselves in a similar way. Now they get in as bold as brass into Hansom's patent safeties, and not unfrequently brave observation by riding with the doors open. We absolutely saw a swell of the first water, with primrose-coloured kid gloves and most ferocious whiskers, brave the fire of Brookes's and Boodle's by getting into one in the middle of St James's-street, and drive Piccadilly-wards with an air that as good as said, "a gentleman's a gentleman whatever he does."

And this leads us to speak of the public street vehicles of the present day. Omnibuses were an adaptation from the French. The *Dames Blanche* and omnibuses of 1830 will be well remembered by many of our readers. Omnibuses made their appearance in London in the following year. At first, they ran the New Road in opposition to the short stages, by the drivers of which they were held in as great contempt as the drivers of these short coaches were held by the drivers of the long ones.

"Vell," exclaimed one of the latter, as a High-bury Barn's short stage passed between the wind and his nobility, as he sat on his throne in command of four spanking bays ; "vell, I'm blowed !

but I'd rayther be 'ung off a long stage nor die a nattral death off a short 'un."

Omnibuses were "cold shouldered" by the drivers of all the other vehicles. We remember running the gauntlet of the Finsbury-square coach-stand in one of the earliest that were started, and the compliments that were paid our vehicle and ourselves were anything but calculated to increase our conceit. One said it was a wild beast show; another that it was a new hearse; a third, that it was a pianoforte-case; a fourth, that it was a convict-van; and a fifth, that it was a beetle-box. At first, it seemed doubtful that the unshapely things would answer. The fresh-air coach-top character of Englishmen seemed opposed to such confinement and closeness; but it soon appeared that the price had been the great temptation to outside riding, for, inside and out being the same price, people very soon betook themselves to the inside. Omnibuses soon established themselves in public favour, and shortly after swallowed up the two-horse coaches. The number of omnibuses now traversing the metropolis is enormous. Mr Mogg, in his interesting publication called 'Ten Thousand Cab Fares,' estimates their daily journeys at 3000. And here we may observe that Mr Mogg, in the above-mentioned work, still adheres to the old calculations of hackney-coach fares (things quite obsolete), making the cabs subservient, as it

were, to them. We know an amiable country gentleman who went scouring the streets in a Hansom, and being asked his reason, said, because they were only two-thirds the price of the covered ones. Never having seen a hackney-coach on the stands, but having studied his Mogg attentively, he concluded that the broughams were the shilling a mile vehicles, and the Hansoms the eightpenny ones. However, what either the law or Mr Mogg lay down as these gentlemen's dues, and what they got, are very different things ; and it would be a good speculation for some well-dressed idler (a member of the swell-mob for instance) to go about London, letting the cabmen cheat him, and then have a good *battue* among them at the police office. In this bustling, money-making world, it is seldom worth a man's while to waste his time in dancing attendance before a magistrate for a single overcharge, but there is no doubt that some very handsome days' work might be made by any person who went systematically about it.

Mr Mogg, who seems to consider himself a perfect terror to extortionate cabmen, in a cautioning note, advises gentlemen who have the misfortune to differ with drivers, instead of going post-haste to a police office, to call upon him, and he will furnish them, at "a very moderate charge," with a correct certificate of the distance, &c.; but he does not give any idea of what his very moderate charge is.

Suppose, for an overcharge of fourpence or eightpence, a party was asked half a sovereign for measuring the distance, he might perhaps think the remedy was worse than the disease. Any person with a good knowledge of London can tell, without measuring, whether an overcharge is sufficiently flagrant to make it worth following up and likely to carry a conviction. But to the vehicles. We are indebted to that universal genius, Lord Brougham, for the covered cabs or broughams, though they have been altered from his lordship's original invention, so as to carry four passengers inside instead of two. Many of them have railings on the roof for luggage, which is a great convenience to travellers. We believe the drivers are not obliged to carry luggage, consequently its conveyance becomes matter of bargain, which it is always best to make before starting, otherwise a wrangle at the end is sure to be the result. So much for broughams. We admire the talent of the man who invented a "Hansom." The design must have appeared to him in a dream, for no waking man could ever have hit off such a queer, upside down, incongruous-looking vehicle.

The construction of a Hansom is certainly not handsome, according to old-fashioned ideas of beauty or symmetry, unless, indeed, we adopt the venerable adage of "Handsome is that handsome does"; for there is no denying that they

get over the ground well. But with respect to appearance, what would have been thought of a mail coachman, in former days, driving from the guard's seat? It would have been the death of poor Nimrod, who studied propriety, from the cock of the beaver—or “castor,” as they used to call it—to the square of the elbow. Hansoms did not take at first like broughams. This might be owing as well to the singularity of their appearance as to the unpropitious title bestowed upon them by Theodore Hook. Nevertheless their day soon came, and they are now decided favourites with the male sex. We should not be surprised to see private Hansoms started; indeed, we saw one just before the prorogation of parliament, with an earl's coronet on the sides, a cockade in the driver's hat, and all complete.

We have the honour of living opposite a cab-stand, and have had abundant opportunities of studying as well the style of the vehicles as the habits of the drivers. We observe, as we said before, that the Hansoms are most in demand among the men, and, again, that they are more patronised at the West-end than they are in the city. “James Mayhew's patent safeties” seem to be about as well turned out as any of them; then there is a Hansom's Patent Safety Cab Company, which leads one to infer that Hansom is a real living hero, and not a sort of old Parr or Earl of Aldborough to Holloway's pills. There

is, also, the Harp Patent Safety Cab Company, the White Horse Patent Safety Cab Company, Brougham's patent safety, Howe's, Earle's, and many others, all on the safety principle, which means that if the horse tumbles down he will get up again at his leisure, without inconveniencing the passenger. Still they are queer-looking things, with their high wheels, their back seats, and trap-doors, for the rider to communicate with the driver.

Although we have studied the character of the cabman attentively, we have not been able to discover any characteristic features of the race. The body seems to be made up of the odds and ends of mankind. They have not even a distinguishing or peculiar costume. Of the half-dozen now before our window, no two of them are dressed in the slightest degree alike. The first, "number one," as we will call him, is a middle-aged man with a profusion of matted iron-grey curls floating over the greasy collar of a seedy, silk-lined, double-breasted black surtout, rather going, we are sorry to see, at the much-puckered sides or skirts. He wears an overwhelming old Chesterfield hat, a Joinville tie, a dirty parsimonious summer vest, and pepper-and-salt trousers buttoned at the ankle, above very dirty agricultural-looking shoes.

The next is a younger man. He has on a light butler's pantry grey jacket, with diagonal pockets placed very low in the laps, a short much-frayed

black satin vest with a roll collar, a thick grey and white tweed scarf cravat, very much amplified in front, dirty corduroy trousers and high-lows ; a short clay pipe adorns his mouth.

"No. three" looks like a man that has been raked out of an ash heap. His once drab hat is brown and greasy, his dirty half-buttonless witney coat looks as if every species of infection lurked in its woolly surface ; he wears no waistcoat, but shows a dirty broad-blue-striped sailor's shirt, and his nether man is encased in a pair of patched and ragged trousers that defy one's powers to assign a colour to. They are very short, and show a great deal of the tarnished red upper leather of a pair of dress boots.

Then comes a man who might pass either for a fisherman, a gamekeeper, or a gardener. He has on a pea-green Jim Crow or wide-awake hat, a large fringe of ginger whiskers round his freckled face, a red cotton cravat tied in a knot, a light jean shooting jacket, with a dirty Meg Merrilies tartan waistcoat, and thick black corduroy trousers and hob-nailed shoes.

"No. five" has on a very woolly, broad-flapped hat, the crown rather inclining to the conical ; a striped lined cravat, with highish gills ; a large, square-made, blue duffle frock-coat, with great wooden buttons, and gaping pockets on the hips ; drab cord shorts, with mother-of-pearl buttons, and shoes and gaiters.

"No. six" wears a shallow-crowned glazed hat. He is a Jemmy sort of fellow, with a blue bird's-eye cravat, a very low, narrow, velvet collar to a light grey paletot; light waistcoat; with dirty white trousers, and Wellington boots. He drives a Hansom, and has a fine brass-mounted whip.

As there is nothing in their dress, so, certainly, there is nothing in their address to denote any connexion with horses. Formerly, all people who had to do with horses in any way conformed to a certain distinguishing style, from the swell long-stage coachman, who sat with his tight-trouser'd knees turned in, and his elbow ready for a jerk of recognition, down to the limping helper, who swept off the rugs at the words, "All right!"

The cabmen have nothing of this sort. They don't seem to take any "pleasure in their profession," as the coffin-maker said of his apprentice. Their coachmanship consists sheerly of rumbling along, and getting from point to point by going over as little ground as possible—their care, not to run into anything or be run into, and to fleece the fare as much as possible at the far end. In these respects they resemble their brethren in France, who have always been above the elegance of coachmanship. And certainly, to see a man squaring and setting himself in attitude to lord it over a single horse, savours rather of the old

absurdity of bringing a twenty-pounder to storm a pig-sty door. Still, there might be a little regard to neatness and appearance.

Our friends now on the stand are indulging in every variety of attitude. The man of the "Hansom" has got his legs stretched full length on the roof of his vehicle, making a sort of sofa of it. Our old friend of the voluminous hat has his cocked on the wooden splashboard; while the jean-jacketed gentleman sits cross-legged; and the glazed-hatted "Hansom" is perched on the roof of his cab with his back to his horse, looking out for fares behind. Taking cabmen altogether, they are well calculated to answer the description an advertiser gave of himself in a recent number of the *Times*. Thus it ran:—

"Wants a situation, a respectable man, age 38; can fulfil any of the following situations: Coachman, groom or footman, or as undergardener—can milk—or as carman, messenger, or porter. Writes a good hand—knows town well."

There is as great variety in the quadrupeds that draw the cabs as there is in the bipeds that drive them, though the balance of superiority is decidedly with the horses. Many of them, especially those in the Hansoms, are really very respectable, going-like animals—some thoroughbred, many very nearly so. The cabs have clearly filled the void that was occasioned by the substitution of steam for horse-power. The Hansoms have gen-

erally the best-bred horses, and the pace they sometimes go, especially with an idle, cigar-smoking swell inside, is tremendous. The chestnut in the first Hansom now on the stand looks quite thoroughbred, and, save his capped hocks, shows no cause or just impediment why he should not be ridden in the Park. He most likely has his little peculiarities, notwithstanding. The podgy, flea-bitten grey, with a short tail, in the brougham next it, is a good, steady, serviceable-looking family animal—just the sort of horse that a timid female would select to carry her to a card-party or a concert. And, see ! while yet we write, a stout, roundabout dame, rustling in brocade, with a red-and-green terry velvet bonnet, for all the world like a cockatoo, with a poodle in a string, and a stout page following, endeavours to engage Big Hat's attention, by motioning with her pink sham-lace covered parasol. Cabby doesn't like her looks, and pretends not to see.

"Cab !" cries the page, with all the dignity of a giant, which draws the attention of the rest of the cabmen ; but they all seem to be of "number one's" opinion, and there is no rush to the cry.

"Vere to, marm ?" at last asks Big Hat.

"Pentonville," replies the lady.

"Pentonville, marm !" repeats cabby, looking up to the skies in astonishment ; "vy, that's 'most beyond the bills o' mortality."



"A bearded Frenchman in nankeens."

"What do you take me for?" demands the lady.

"For a hog,"¹ replies the driver.

"Imperent feller!" exclaims the lady; "I'll 'ave you fined."

"Thank'e for nothin'," replies cabby, drawing out of the line, to converse with her in an undertone.

At last they get a bargain struck, the old lady bundles in, the stout page mounts beside the coachman—driver, rather,—and the cabs close up just like a card-party playing commerce when one of them dies out.

Now a sudden movement pervades the line. Reins are drawn, drivers are up in their seats flourishing their whips and telegraphing with their arms. It is a bearded Frenchman in nankeens to whom they are all anxious to show the hospitality of their country, by cheating.

"Now, mouncheer!" cries the smart man on the Hansom, driving up to him.

"Blast you, Jem, he hailed me," roars jean-jacket, cutting out of the line too.

"Come along, old razors to let!" exclaims a third, the ash-heap man, doing the same, adding, "I'll drive you to your frog-shop and back before you can say Jack Robinson," at the same time alighting, and opening the door to let monsieur in.

¹ A "hog," we believe, is half-a-crown, but the lady took it literally.

Now all three get hold of him, and monsieur is like to be torn in pieces. Up comes "A, 51," and settles the difficulty, by hailing our friend of the green hat and helping monsieur in.

The three come grumbling back and fall into place as before. The waterman's shrill whistle now sounds, and the Hansoms make a race for it. It is well contested, but glazed hat wins, and dirty coat again returns to the stand. Betty, the slip-shod maid-of-all-work opposite, now converses with the jean-jacketed gentleman, and the conference ends by his drawing up at No. 49, whose opened door discovers a gun-case, a port-manteau, a carpet-bag, a fishing-rod, a hamper, and we know not what else, piled in the passage. Happy Mr Snooks is going to frighten the partridges. Dirty coat and woolly hat alone remain; the waterman's whistle summons one, and a gentleman of the Jewish persuasion wearing a pyramid of hats, takes the other, thus clearing the stand and closing our lucubrations.

THE FROST AND SNOW PAPERS.

De omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis.

No. I.

"See Winter comes, to rule the varied year,
Sullen and sad, with all his rising train,
Vapours, and clouds, and storms!"

—THOMSON.



NEW YEAR'S DAY, and a frost at last!—After the mildest and most open season we have had since 1832, our old friend 'Forty - three, amid a shower of tears, took leave of us, and was succeeded by 1844. The weather up to the close of 1843 was so remarkably mild as to be perfectly unseasonable. The

Fox-hunter, instead of encasing himself in woollen-drawers, winter-waistcoats, and shawl neckcloths,

was obliged to return to his summer wardrobe, and red coats felt almost as unseasonable as they do in May.

The phenomena of Nature were extremely numerous, and the gentry of the "broad sheet," as the newspaper fraternity are called, were correspondingly active. We had accounts of violets in blow, apple-trees blossoming, boys bathing, radishes springing, sparrows laying, strawberries gathering, anglers fishing, insects flying, and saw, as we dare say many sportsmen observed, lady and gentlemen foxes getting together. In short, a milder "Old Mr December" was never remembered even by that retentive-memored and oft-quoted person the "oldest inhabitant." It was too fine, in fact. Frost and snow are disagreeable sounding things, but even the Fox-hunter admits their utility, and they may as well come at the proper time, when people think sitting round a fire as necessary as eating plum-pudding, and the "cold without" a convenient excuse for taking something "warm within."

In addition to the warmth—*heat* I may almost call it—of the weather, the country had become unusually dry. No rain had fallen during the greater part of December—indeed in many parts not since the middle of November—and the fallows at Christmas were absolutely flying. Still it may be observed that there was not the deficiency

of scent usually consequent upon the ground in that state, for the shooter will have noticed that the birds were easier found and laid better than during several previous pluvial weeks ; while with hounds the scent about Christmas, when the ground was driest, was perfectly astonishing. I believe, if the country were canvassed, it would be found that some of the best runs of the season were when the ground was in that state. More foxes were killed certainly, but that was perhaps owing to the influence of the weather, what is enervating to man being invariably enervating to animals also. Take horses for instance : they will break out into a sweat on a muggy morning in half the time they will on a morning with a little frost in the air ; nor is it unusual to find them “shutting up” altogether in a run one day, when they will last a much harder one a week or so after. “Beasts of venery,” as the old writers term them, are also terribly affected by the weather. I remember it used to be said that one fox took more killing after Christmas than two did before, but that was in old blow, snow, wind, hail, blind-man’s buff times, when foxes got well seasoned with the weather.

I never knew a hunting-season approach without a terrible lot of prognostications as to the weather, generally tending towards the expected severity of winter, so prone are mankind to look to the

gloomy side of everything. If woodcocks come early, they are a sure sign of a hard winter; if the golden plover (that almost-best-bird there is) are numerous, it is taken as a similar sign; if the hedges have many haws, or the hollies many berries, they are quoted as infallible symptoms of severity. We have had all these signs this winter, and yet the prophecies have not been fulfilled. Plenty of time for it yet, to be sure, Spring generally setting in with its usual severity about March or April: we have seen snow at Epsom races. The last real storm we had in 1836 did not begin till the second week in January.

Still, as I commenced by stating, I have no objection to a little frost at the right time, and though we are always apt to think the "right time" any time but the present, I am willing to receive Jack Frost without a welcome at Christmas. It gives one time to look at one's horses' legs, and docket one's Christmas bills. Terrible time Christmas! I don't know how it ever came to be called a season of festivity: nine-tenths of the mirth is forced. If you meet in family circle, it most likely presents a lamentable gap made since last meeting; and bold must be the man that arranges for a party of fox-hunters or strangers to come and spend the Christmas with him; the very invitation sounds like worsted-comforters and double soles. Fancy a house full

of visitors, half-strangers, half-stupid, snowed up with you for a fortnight—men that you can hardly carry on the scent of conversation with for an hour after dinner with the aid of old Crockey's best claret sparkling in the purest chrystal!

English people in general have no notion of society beyond that of animal gregariousness. They think it consists in gathering herds; and, no matter whether people have an idea in common or not, they are driven together like children, and "told to be very fond of each other." How often have I wished, when driven into the herd for a three days' imprisonment, for the company of as many cows and horses that I might sit and look them over without being interrupted by their observations! Three days, however, I am happy to think, like the general severity of our penal code, is getting mitigated, and two days are now the more usual amount of rural imprisonment. Sir Walter Scott I think it was who laid down the rule that a country visit should never exceed three, but that two were more correct—"the rest day, the dres't day, and the pressed day"—thereby clearly intimating that the third day was one over. The late Mr Walker, the author of "The Original," was, however, out-and-out the best hand at reforming and rationalizing our domestic arrangements; and I really think, if he had lived, he would have effected a great

change in the social habits of the middle classes.¹ Of course my observations apply exclusively to the *middle* classes, for the aristocracy have the same or nearly the same means of sorting their society in the country as they have in London.

I will copy what Walker says about country houses, and leave such of your rural Readers as have enjoyed the incubus of large Christmas parties, with little or nothing to amuse them but good wine and indifferent cookery, to say whether they might not have been improved by the infusion of a little fresh blood:—

“When I used to frequent country houses,” says Mr Walker, p. 147, “I often heard complaints made of the difficulty of getting down London society, especially in parts remote from the metropolis. Invitations for a short period, it was said, are not worth accepting, and for a long one, except in particular cases, not desirable. The easiest remedy for this dilemma seems to be for persons acquainted with each other, who reside in the same part of the country or on the same route, to make out lists of those they would wish to invite, for what periods, and at what

¹ Thomas Walker, who died in 1836, published “The Original” in weekly parts from May to December during the previous year. His avowed object was to “raise the national tone”; but, says the ‘Dictionary of National Biography,’ “his admirable papers on health and gastronomy formed the chief attraction.” Numerous editions of this work appeared, the last in 1887.—E. D. C.

times: then, by a comparison, arrangements might often be made, holding out sufficient inducements, and satisfactory to all parties."

I have heard the principle of this proposition carried out even further than Mr Walker does it; namely, for a few friends in the country to join and import a poor Lord. This, like a London Star at a country theatre, would have a good effect and draw company, as many people would go to Captain and Mrs John Jumper's to meet Lord Dashaway, who would not go to hear Captain John Jumper's nautical twaddle or see Mrs Captain John Jumper's old gown or new china. I make no doubt a Lord might be had very reasonable; or, at all events, a French Count or German Baron might be picked up cheap at any of the nasty eating-houses in Rupert Street or Leicester Square, who would most likely be his own valet, and so save the extra mouth that a Lord would be sure to entail. It is not only finding wear and tear for the valet's teeth that is objectionable; but the vagabonds teach the country servants such tricks (wearing and tearing their master's clothes for instance) as to be a very serious evil in the primitive establishments of rural neighbourhoods, where gentlemen wear their clothes themselves until they are only fit to frighten crows from the fields. I meditate a paper, however, on servants in general,

and valets in particular, to be “performed,” as the coach proprietors say, the next “frost,” so for the present shall bid them adieu.

A half-broke, that is to say half-English-speaking Frenchman, of tolerably cleanly habits, thrown into a country house during a Christmas snow-storm or biting frost, would be as good as Punch and Judy for Captain and Mrs John Jumper’s juveniles. Their complaisance is well described in the following lines—whose I really don’t know—

“A bowing Frenchman all things knows,
And bid him go to Hell—to Hell he goes.”

Monsieur would eat, Monsieur would drink, Monsieur would dance, Monsieur would sing, Monsieur would play the fiddle, Monsieur would make love to the ladies, and, ye gods! marry them—if *they have any money!*

Upon the whole, I almost think a French Count would be a better speculation than an English Lord. The French, foreigners in general, lay themselves out for society, and understand making the agreeable a hundred times better than the matter-of-fact English do. They don’t go towl, towl, towling on from morning till night, hammering away at the same old subject, asking the same question, and boring you to death with their awfully heavy company; but there is a light tip-and-go-ishness, a sparkle and vivacity about them that an Englishman seldom amounts

to: and yet I question whether a Frenchman has a corresponding greater amount of animal spirits than an Englishman—at least an Englishman unoppressed with book-debts, cares, and hazardous mercantile speculations: but the great apparent difference arises in a Frenchman bottling himself up for particular hours, while an Englishman goes drib, drib, dribbling on, morning, noon, and night. If Monsieur can get his roll and cup of coffee in bed, he won't trouble downstairs till luncheon time: he then appears smart and lively—smart, because he never indulges in the disfigurements of shooting-clothes; and lively, because he is hungry and going to be fed. Young Mr Nimrod Brown has been bothering the ladies in the drawing-room ever since breakfast with details of his jumping performances on his brown mare Lily-of-the-Valley; while Ramrod Jones comes in, in a Robinson Crusoe-ish sort of dress that he has been persecuting an unfortunate snipe in, flushed with details as to how often he had missed him, and how often he had kicked him out of the same bog. The Frenchman cuts in quietly: he has a compliment for each lady, and each lady wishes for a cheap lesson in French, and behold, before they've been at luncheon five minutes, Monsieur has all the conversation to himself, and Nimrod Brown and Ramrod Jones, after an ineffectual attempt to get each other to listen to their stories, go grunting away,

d——g everybody and the Frenchman in particular. But does Monsieur triumph long in the battle-field? Oh, no! He makes a favorable impression, and goes: each lady declares him a most delightful man—"charming man," I believe is the term—and wishes he had returned with them to the morning-room. Monsieur is back to his bedroom; though what a Frenchman does in his bedroom I could never for the life of me conjecture. An Englishman is always in a hurry to get out of his, especially those frowsy dog-hole sort of places bachelors are generally thrust into: but a Frenchman rushes to his like a horse to his stable. There he stays till it is time to take his promenade: then, muffled up in fur-collared coat and a respirator muzzle, with an umbrella under his arm and jointed clogs on his feet, he is seen taking a hurried constitutional on the driest and best gravelled walk the place affords. Up and down he goes, backwards and forwards, looking neither to the right nor the left, but sailing away at so many knots an hour, determined to get so much exercise in so much time, until his unerring watch releases him again to his bedroom, where he remains priming himself until he thinks the gathering below will be about completed.

He then enters glittering with jewellery, "all up," like a bottle of ginger-beer, or, more appropriately speaking, a bottle of the Champagne

of which he is about to partake. The Champagne is a point upon which we can't speak doubtingly: the man whose sense of propriety would induce him to keep a Frenchman will be fully alive to the necessity of treating him with Champagne. Indeed, everybody gives Champagne now-a-days—many have it much hotter than their soup—God knows where it all comes from! But they are at dinner. Now Monsieur makes play at the viands: he knows an Englishman can talk just as long as he is getting his appetite titivated; accordingly he lays by, and makes a waiting-race of it. When Bull is blown, up comes Monsieur Frog-eater with the light artillery of his wits, and all the studied *bon-mots* and compliments of the morning fly about the table like *impromptus*.

Isn't such a man as this worth his wittles? aye, and his drinks too! But he has not yet shone forth in the full meridian of his glory. Put him at the card table, and see how agreeable he will be, especially as long as he is winning. Give the French their due, however, they can lose with a good grace: not so friend Bull, male or female. Greater still though will be the Frenchman's glory should a *quadrille* or *carpet-hop* follow the dinner. He wants no pressing! He's not like lumberesome cumberesome John Bull, that requires tempting with the prettiest girl in the room to get him to stir from his sofa: not he: Johnny Crapaud's up in a moment; a pair of

second or third hand kid gloves, or maybe buff silk, are drawn from the bottom of his pocket, and ere the lid of the pianoforte is raised, he's squaring his elbows before a mirror. Set him a-going, and he'll dance all night! Aye, dance, real out-and-out dancing, not walking, shuffling, gliding, or rolling to and fro, but point the toe, bend the knee, and all the other *etcetera* of the dancing-master.

We heard a story of a very antiquated article of this sort, who (not content with frolicking and pirouetting with all the girls old and young, pretty and ugly, till the little hours of morning) was caught by a wicked juvenile member of the family finishing the ball off before a swing mirror in his night-shirt! In fact, Johnny Crapaud's good company, especially where there are women, and for the "genteel people in moderate circumstances," that the house-agents advertise at, I incline to think a Count would be a better spec. than a Lord. My Lord might run restive, might turn saucy, nay, might bolt just at the time he's most wanted; but Count Crapaud, especially if from the classic region of Rupert Street, will more likely want smoking out than anything else.

How a frost compresses everything; even one's own nose looks nipped: hounds too, how wretched they look; above all, a badly-clipped horse. I wonder now, if, in this year 1844, "any gentleman or man of fortune" will get up and say a

word against clipping. If so, "*I'm his man*," as Feargus O'Connor said to Dickey Cobden. I look upon clipping as the greatest improvement of modern times—horses jump into condition: it is quite in accordance with the pace-loving spirit of the times. Instead of blanketing them, and hooding them, and sweating them, you have nothing to do but keep them as cool and get them as rough in their coats as you can by November, and in a few hours after the clipper's arrival they come out shining like new shillings, and like anything but their former selves. Upon my life it's almost a day a-week—certainly a day a-fortnight—more with a sound horse. Added to this, look at the economy of labor: one man will do three clipped horses with greater ease than he could two unclipped ones. Some grooms say a clipped horse does with less corn too: perhaps they might, but I'll be bound to say grooms won't let them if they can help it: as they are never happy themselves unless they are eating, so they think horses must be similarly situated—they *will* stuff them.

Clipping is a thing that requires a little legislation: present prices are far too high: the Tariff hasn't touched them: a guinea a-day is far too much for men in the situation of clippers to make. To be sure, if gentlemen get second-rate performers, and are weak enough to let them have the run of their kitchens, these fellows (if they have no

other job in prospect) will dawdle two or three days over one horse ; but it seems to be regularly settled that a horse a-day is the work of a *real* clipper. Fifteen shillings we should say is ample pay : it requires no apprenticeship : any fellow with a thumb and a forefinger will work himself into a clipper after two or three trials. Grey horses in particular are very easily clipped, at least bad clipping shows less upon them than upon any other color : but greys are not for every man's riding : " the man on the grey " is always observed.—" Ah, how the man on the grey went ! " —" Lor, I wish I had that fellow's grey horse, I'd see if I couldn't make more out of him than he does."—If one could be certain that one's groom wouldn't stick for higher wages as soon as he had acquired the noble art of clipping by haggling and jaggling one's horses, the best plan would be to have a set of scissors, and " clip at home " : but one never can be certain of these vagabonds. Let them get a suit of clothes or a pair of boots in advance, and see how difficult they are to manage. To be sure the Income-tax has touched these gentry, and many of them are uncommonly good to deal with who there was no holding when in place. The Assessed Taxes having decreased £83,106 during the year, and £17,306 on the quarter, we may look for a still further diminution of impudence. Still if a man has a respectable groom, it is better to clip at home than employ

either a regular professor, or one of the out-of-place tribe who has taken up the trade at short notice. The regular professors are so heavily engaged at the beginning of a season that one has frequently either to clip too soon, or ride sweaty woolly-coated brutes for a fortnight or three weeks, while the newly set up clippers are not a bit better in general than one's own newly set up groom-clipper.

I have never seen a New Year's Day meet, which presents every variety of costume in the field, done justice to. Some Masters shirk large towns on these eventful days; others court them. I confess I don't see why cotton and hardware Cockneys shouldn't have their annual "unt" as well as the "weal and winegar" ones. Epping may be on the decline, or may have declined altogether, but that is no reason why the country hunt should be abolished. Moreover, New Year's Day always brings out a lot of little boys on ponies, and an observing breeder may look them over as he would "Scott's lot," and see which is likely to prove a winner, that is, a sportsman. Delightful task for the master

"to teach the young idea how to hunt,"

as the Poet sings.

Almost my earliest hunting recollection—certainly my earliest fox-hunting one—is a New Year's Day one, and though both Master and

hounds have long ceased to exist, I have it as vividly in my mind as the recollection of yesterday. It was just such a day as this last New Year's Day—clear, bright, and frosty,—just a toss-up whether the hounds would come up or not, and, if they did, whether they would be able to throw off. There was the same shaking of hands, and “happy returnings,” and all that sort of thing, and doubting whether delay would take the frost out of the ground or put more in. Assuredly this year it put more in, and I'll be bound to say nine-tenths of the fields separated this year with the firm conviction that they would not meet again for a month. I hope nobody felt happy at the thought!

But talking of costume, Mr Editor, what Epping Hunt, what “New Year's Day Meet” can equal the abominations we now constantly see in the shape of fishermen's boots in the hunting field! Jackboots are bad enough, but the long, dingy, rhinoceros-hide, trunk-hose sort of things, with their gaping mouths and dangling green-lined straps one frequently sees in conjunction with scarlet coats, are really neither more nor less than absolutely disgusting: they are only fit for smuggling Geneva watches across the frontier or French lace into England in. Turned out in the very best style, they are bad and unsportsman-like, but doubly degraded as they are by all the

half-rigged dandies and hawbucks of the country—some of the hose gaping like young sparrows' mouths in a nest, others with difficulty containing the great woman thighs that are thrust into them—all bespeaking the performance of some most provincial "snob," as shoemakers are called. Such things, I say, ought to be eschewed or laid up for fly-flogging instead of fox-hunting, by all who value decent and sportsmanlike appearance. I never see them without being reminded of the following lines in Hudibras:—

"For, as we said, he always chose
To carry vittles in his *hose*,
That often tempted rats and mice
The ammunition to surprise."

I always expect to see a great slice of bread and cheese, or ham or beef sandwiches tumbling out of them. If I recollect rightly, they are a Lincolnshire introduction—at least I remember to have seen such things out with what were Sir Richard Sutton's hounds many years ago; but why they have been adopted by other countries, I cannot conjecture, unless it be from mistaken notions of economy.

After all is said and done, there is nothing like the old top-boot, white top, or rose-colored top, or brown top, or even mahogany-coloured top, any sort of a top in fact, except a butcher's painted or varnished top—that sort of a top I can't stand,—

such a top, in fact, as one sees in the neighbourhood of Smithfield. It is strange that tops should be so lasty with gentlemen, and so unserviceable with grooms. They will stamp a couple of pair out in a year if their masters will find them for them. That is a subject, however, that belongs more properly to the paper I meditate on "servants," and having used all the paper I can lay hands on and stumped my pen, I think I shall "shut up" for the present, and shall conclude this, my first "Frost and Snow Paper," with an intimation that I shall continue them if the frost and snow continue.

At present the weather seems in a glorious state of uncertainty. The frost that caused the exclamation at the beginning of this paper, disappeared as soon as it came. The 3rd of January saw it raining, and Masters who thought they had their hounds fast for a fortnight at least were unexpectedly called upon to take the field again. Snow then visited many parts, and the night of the 9th led one to think the house would either be prostrated or buried in snow. The wind lulled towards morning, and the 10th dawned a lovely sunshiny day, and it rained before twelve. All this is very perplexing. I beseech the clerk of the weather to be a little more settled in his doings. I can stand anything if I only know it is to be, but this constant chopping and changing

is tiresome and annoying. If, in conclusion, I might be allowed to express a wish, it would be that he would give us a fortnight's frost, half a foot of snow, and be done with it.

A PENT-UP SPORTSMAN.

January 10, 1844.

THE STORM (LATE FROST AND
SNOW) PAPERS.

No. II.

It's no use fighting with the weather: if it won't let you hunt, *it won't*. It is the duty of every man to get as much hunting before Christmas as he can. January is always a nasty, changing, frost-catching month, raining perhaps at night, and changing to a black frost before morning. February sometimes is not much better: witness the present one.

I was called before day-break this morning, with every reasonable over-night expectation of being able to hunt, and concluding the housemaid who called me had most likely been called by the groom, in the simplicity of my heart I left my warm downy couch, and performed the ceremony of dressing by candle-light. As I adjusted my "choker" (neckcloth), I drew the window curtain, and putting out the candle, looked upon the surrounding landscape. The laurel bushes appeared to hold their leaves pretty

straight; there was no appearance of white frost upon the grass, and the clouds were of a dingy hue slightly tinged with red. Altogether I made up my mind it was a hunting day, and set off downstairs with a half-cunning sort of feeling of exultation that I was going to steal a day's hunting. As I passed the staircase window, which looks down upon the leads of the portico (for I'm a comfortable bachelor, and don't like to be blown out of my house when the door opens), I observed a solitary star of ice sparkling on the stone-work. "Confound it!" said I, "it's a frost! It can't be either," I continued, "for there's no symptom in the shrubbery; besides, this is the north side, and the sun seldom gets at it; it must be an old speck." Just then I saw the groom rounding the leafless beech-hedge by the stable on his way to covert, so I rang for breakfast, fully satisfied that it was a hunting day; thinking that, even if the housemaid's feelings had failed her, the groom, who had been backwards and forwards between the house and stable, would be sure to know, and would have sent word if it had been a frost. He was rather behind time at starting, and as I had fourteen miles to covert, and was going to overtake him on another hunter which wanted exercise, I allowed myself nearly three-quarters of an hour before I started.

There are some things that never deceive me—

an incipient sore throat turning to a cold; a jag with a razor producing blood; suspicions of frost increasing on acquaintance; Christmas bringing bills, and the tax-gatherer coming for his money. The ground was very hard underfoot—*crackley*. I didn't like the sound, but, comforting myself with the idea of the groom's feelings being equal to my own, and his acquaintance with the morning greater, I set it down to the north front, and concluded I should find matters different when I got into the road. No such thing; the road was as hard and as dry as a brick-bat: my horse's hoofs rung upon it again; the sides of the road bore him. "Confound it!" said I, "if this isn't a frost, I don't know what is." The ice speck wasn't there for nothing. The cold struck into my finger ends, and a water-drop hung to my nose. Still I went on, on the "one-fool-making-many" principle, thinking the groom must have some reason unknown to me for imagining we should be able to hunt. Perhaps the gardener had thrown up a spadeful of mould to show him there was no frost in the ground that the now brightly rising sun would not take out by eleven or so—that "or so" being a very comfortable loop-hole to escape by when things may not turn out as we prophesy. The ploughs were at work, but the men had their confounded great drab woollen sort of coats on, and the female turnip-pullers kept flopping their



"If this isn't a frost, I don't know what is!"

arms across their chests as they stood eyeing my red coat, doubtless thinking what a fool I was, and how differently they would spend the time if they had their own way.

"On, on, I went," like Mynheer Von Cled, the German gentleman propelled by a mechanical leg; and very like the German gentleman I was; for though at every step I exclaimed as to the improbability of hunting, still I kept moving towards the meet. At length I reached the great R—— road: shortly from the place where I joined it, the turnpike-road stretches along in one of those interminable straight lines characteristic of modern science and trusteeship liberality; and here I could see so far that a horse in the extreme distance appeared no bigger than a beetle. As I trotted on, I descried a horse and rider. Presently I saw the horse had white legs: "If it wasn't that that horse is coming this way," said I to myself, "I should almost be inclined to say those white legs were mine." And yet it goes like old Skyrocket too—and the fellow has a red collar on his coat. *Confound it, if it isn't my horse!*

"Well, Richard, what's happen'd," said I, after pulling up so as to let him come up to me.

"Please, sir, I think the frost's too hard to hunt," said he, touching his hat.

"Confound it!" said I: "has it taken you five miles to find that out? I wish to God you'd

make the discovery before calling me," added I, turning my horse's head about, and considering how I should spend the day.

Servants in general are most stupid about weather: women have no idea about it at all, and men are very often quite as bad: there is a want of perception about them. How many grooms have taken horses to covert without dreaming that anything was the matter with them, which the finer feelings of the master have pronounced lame the minute they got on to them? A groom's hand in general is like iron, and no wonder their perception is leaden. Now it must have been sheer stupidity in my fellow going, for it was not his interest to do so; and yet, though he had been in and out of the house, and backwards and forwards between it and the stable, it seemed it had never occurred to him that it was a frost. Perhaps he thought it could not set in in so short a time as to stop hunting; but if he had been a man of observation, he would have known better. I have seen hounds stopped in six hours, literally six hours, from the time it gave over *raining*. A February frost is very keen.

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There are few greater bores than being balked of a day's hunting: it deranges one's whole system, and unfits one for everything else: the hours get all wrong: it spoils one's temper desper-

ately; and yet, after all, there is precious little pleasure in hunting in a frost—sliding and shaking and scrambling and “catch-my-horse-if-you-please, Sir-ing.” A vale country is well enough, but the North side of a hill tells what the atmosphere really is out of the sun. Still February is always looked upon as a hunting month. Take the average of Februarys, and I think they will be found to have been open months. The name sounds like hunting: not so January. “Will you come and spend January with me, and have some hunting?” That doesn’t sound right. “Will you come and spend February with me, and have some hunting?” Decidedly, yes!

A frost is bad enough, but a delusive frost, that lets one go out in the expectation of hunting, is a double offender. What is a man to do? One cannot breakfast over again, though the chances are we have had a very hurried meal, and to go to bed is equally impossible. Saunter about is also out of the question—it is too cold; added to which, there is nothing fresh to see: gardener at the everlasting leaves, hind at the eternal turnips, and laborer turning manure. The stable we have been in twice already; added to which, we don’t want to risk a rupture with Richard, which would most likely ensue if we were to encounter him again with the day’s derangement in full blow. We know what we will do. We will draw the little round table to the

fire, put on our warm dressing-gown and slippers, and write a paper for the OLD SPORTER. There is a subject that we have often longed to give a castigation to, and our present turn of mind is favourable to fault-finding. We want to have a touch at *Cigar-smoking*; above all, cigar-smoking in-doors. *Have at it*, then, old pen, and perhaps “a small drop of ink, falling like dew upon a thought, may produce that which will make thousands, perhaps millions, think.”

At all events here goes. Fire bright, pen nibbed, paper smooth, ink clear, and coast ditto—Mary, tell John I’m not at home—not at home to anybody—not even to Tom Brown; no, nor Jack Smith. Here goes, I say.

Smoking is one of the vices of the day: it is carried to such a height that scarcely any place is free from the contamination of its filth. In the country-house whence I issued my first “Frost and Snow Paper”—which I now beg to re-christen “STORM PAPER,” as furnishing a heading for most seasons of the English year—there was a succession of visitors, almost every one of whom indulged in this abominably offensive habit. Wherever I went I got a whiff of their tobacco. Bed-rooms, passage, staircases, stables, nay the drawing-room itself was affected with the effluvia of their clothes. Whatever credit the present generation may take to themselves for superior refinement over their ancestors, as far as my

opinion goes it is totally obliterated by this abominably nasty habit. It is worse and more offensive than drinking, for half a drunken man is frequently very amusing, while a whole drunken one can easily be trundled into bed. At all events, the chances are he annoys no one but himself, whereas the smoker is a public nuisance. I am not so intolerant as to wish to

“Compound for sins I am inclined for,
By d-mn-g those I have no mind for ;”

and I would readily put up with the nuisance, as I have long done indeed, out-of-doors, provided my friends would refrain from smoking in the house: but really to be treated to the inhalation of the stale smoke of many previous smokers, by being put into a room that has been occupied by a succession of the smoking fraternity, is more than I can manage; and I avail myself of the medium of your pages to enter my solemn protest against in-door cigar-ing: nay more, I would hint that lighting a cigar in a house preparatory to smoking out-of-doors often leaves a very strong scent, more especially as the smoker generally insures his light by a whiff or two as he goes.

I am strongly inclined to think that smoking is a very dear-bought accomplishment, and one that fashion has had very great influence in engendering: I mean, that it is one of painful acquirement, though *dear* it certainly must be

to some that I see indulging in it. The celebrated Billy B——l, a man whose memory will be revered and esteemed so long as brandy and good fellows are respected—the celebrated Billy B——l it was who uttered the noted aphorism at Limmer's, that a man might smoke for three hundred a-year—a sum insignificant in his enormous revenue, but totally incompatible with the incomes of the counter-skippers, who give one the benefit of “baccy” as one passes along the street on a Sunday night.

In speaking of the dearness of its acquirement, however, I mean the physical suffering necessary to accomplish that supremely contemptuous whiff that sends the smoke curling upwards from the lip of the fumigator, as, fist in ribs, hat on one side, and up-turned nose, he sits reconnoitering some unfortunate individual who he suspects is not first-rate, or what is commonly called a Snob—an expression so defining as to force itself upon one's adoption. Well, that man sits as if he liked his cigar. He draws his breath, and seems to enjoy the smoke that at length he reluctantly puffs out in quantities resembling the “escape” of a steam-engine. Except silver-rimmed spectacles, I know nothing that makes a man look so supremely impudent as smoking a cigar: there is a sort of quiet placitude about his countenance that almost says I don't care a copper for anybody. *This* is the height of enjoyment—

the summit of human happiness ! But then this man is a real smoker : he has served his apprenticeship to it, and it would be useless to deny that to these gentry there is considerable enjoyment in fumigation. But contemplate the sufferings necessary to arrive at that climax of perfection—the splitting head-aches, the secret sicknesses, the feverish nights, and, above all, the agony of feigned enjoyment struggling against complete disgust. I am quite certain that nine-tenths of the men who smoke have achieved the accomplishment through great and painful suffering. I have seen the gradual progress of achievement through all its stages—the blanched cheek, the red eye-lid, the pall'd appetite—until custom gradually overcame disgust, and “sublime tobacco” reigned triumphant.

I have a couple of youths in my mind's eye at this moment, who I remember entering themselves to this now general nuisance at a time when, comparatively speaking, smoking was in its infancy. It was some twenty or five-and-twenty years ago, when cigars were the attributes of gentlemen, instead of being degraded as at present in the mouths of all the coach cads and helpers of the stables. Hard these youths tried to master the difficulty ; hard they tried to humbug the world that they were fond of smoking ; hard they tried to persuade each other that they liked their cigar : Nature, inexorable Nature will have

its course, and each attempt was visited with that dreadful infliction—severer I think than seasickness—stupor, sickness, languor, loss of appetite, and “total prostration of strength,” as the doctor says. One dose, however, did not suffice: seldom it does, I believe. Some one recommended out-of-door smoking, and one of them tried it on a coach-box till he nearly fell among the horses; while the other smoked in the shrubbery until he was so sick that he was obliged to go to bed. I should mention that the coach-box hero burnt several small holes in his white greatcoat (which were then all the go), and the shrubbery one could not go to a ball that he was booked to meet an heiress at.

I believe many a man, if he would make a candid disclosure, would have to admit similar misfortunes. Youth is prone to imitation—especially youths in small towns. An Oxford or Cambridge man coming down is enough to turn the heads of all the hobbardehoys in the place. I remember a Brazenose man appearing at Dorchester during the Long Vacation with a most palpable wig, made by some advertising *perruquier* in High Holborn, which he had got in consequence of some nasty disease of the head not necessary to specify. He wore the matted poodle-y imitation with a jaunty sideling sort of air, and his well-brushed hat was cocked knowingly on one side, while in his hand he swung a short

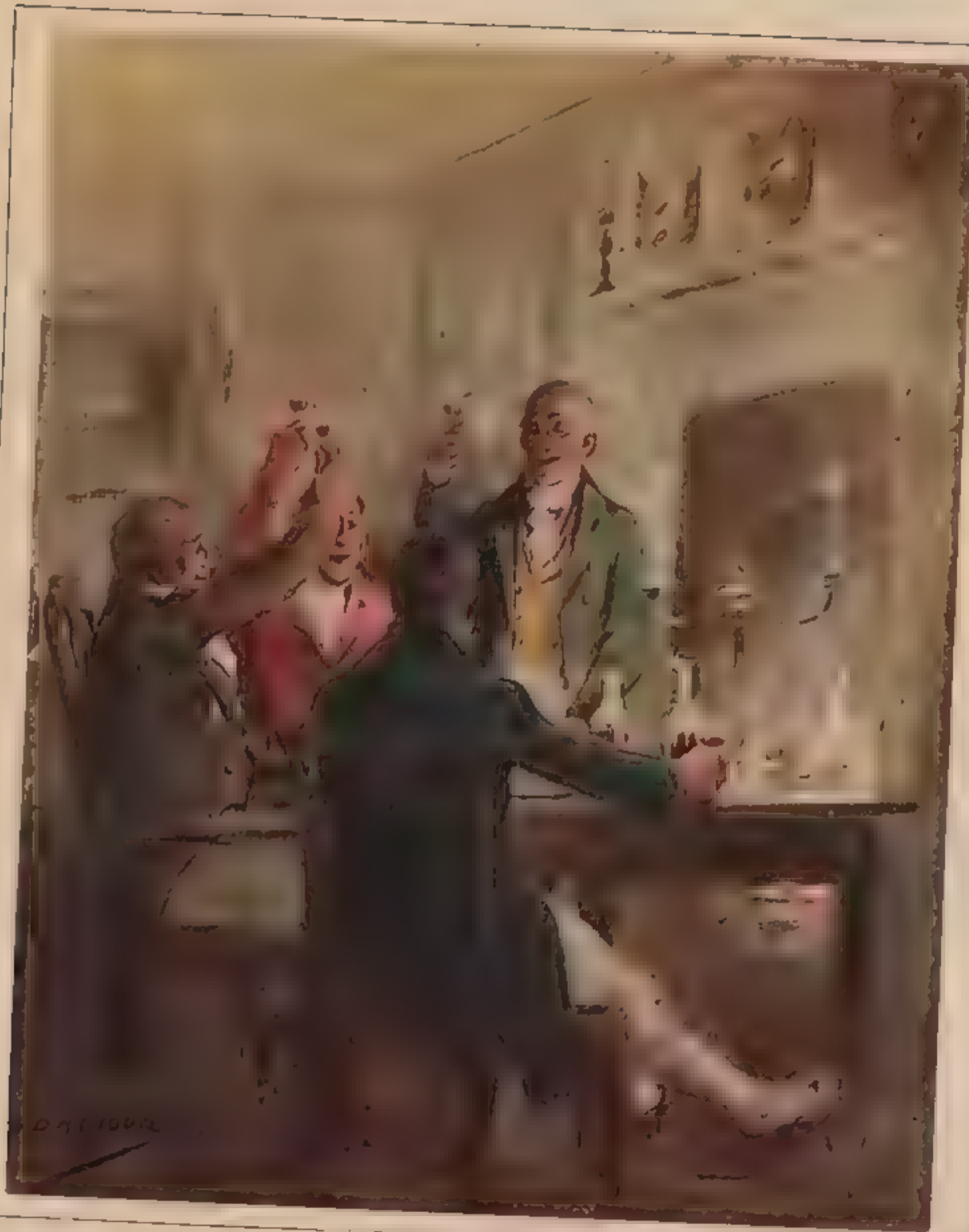
thick ash-stick, which occasionally acted as a chin prop, and occasionally was stuck into his mouth like a tooth-pick. Before he had been in Dorchester a month, the two articed clerks of Mr Pigeon the solicitor, Mr Bover, the doctor's senior apprentice, Mr Podger, the Rector's eldest son, and young Squire Rafferty (whose father was dead) had all got poodle-y wigs and ash-clubs.

I hate a copyist, a man who has not talent enough to make an original fool of himself, but who is indebted to others for his absurdity. "No one ever became great by imitation," as the country tailor said when requested to copy one of Stultz' coats. An original fool one has hopes of: he will most likely see his error, and "take up," as it is called, or maybe he is only amusing himself by trying how many blockheads he can get to imitate him: but the copyist is a downright, unmitigated, irreclaimable booby, fit only to measure sarcenets in a ribbon-shop, or curl wigs in a barber's. If then a copyist is so odious, let me entreat the sucking cigarist to pause ere he commit himself to the clan by taking to what cannot do him any good, and will cost him health and cash to acquire. Don't let him care for being laughed at and called a "spoon": it is much better to be called one than to have it said he makes himself sick every day by *trying* to smoke: not only to have it *said* that he does so, but very likely to do it. If, however, young

gentlemen will smoke, let me earnestly entreat them to do it out-of-doors—really and truly out-of-doors—not lighting the cigar in the passage, and whiffing about the steps under the veranda or along the covered walk, but *bona fide* away from home, so that they neither leave the scent behind them, nor bring it back in their clothes, it being the duty of every good citizen to be as little of a nuisance to his neighbour as possible.

I fear the evil is hardly to be eradicated, but at all events it may be considerably mitigated. If the Ladies would lend a hand, I think much might be done. Some of the would-be-puritanical ones (having made up their minds not to let a man slip through their fingers) pretend to make a bother by inquiring about his religious principles. Suppose, instead of that, they ask “if he smokes”? Not that they need reject him if he does, but it will be a pretty good hint they don’t like it; and if they can whip him off before matrimony, and keep him clear during the honeymoon, the chances are he will not take to it again, especially if they forbid those “horrid Tom Browns and Jack Smiths” (who did all the mischief) the house.

I set out by saying that I thought smoking a greater vice than drinking, and I repeat the assertion. By drinking, I don’t mean that continuous and besotted bestiality we see some men guilty of; but when smokers excuse themselves for smoking on the ground that it is better than



"A sparkling glass round a cheerful fire."

drinking, I beg to say I don't agree with them. I don't think cutting away from the dining-room to the smoking-den any evidence of civilisation, or the curtailment of the pleasures of the table any improvement in our habits. A sparkling glass round a cheerful fire will draw a man out if anything will; and if he has any conversation in him, it may fairly be looked for after dinner. It has always been an Englishman's unbending hour, and I'm sorry to see it superseded by the frippery of foreign habits. There is something about a short-commons house that generally proclaims itself. The cloth left on after dinner is almost an infallible sign. This is another nasty foreign custom, introduced by people for a very laudable purpose, namely —that of concealing their common deal-tables, and adopted by us simply because it is foreign. D—n their foreigneering habits! Give me the bright mahogany, good old sound Port, and let those that like "rot-gut" Claret have it.

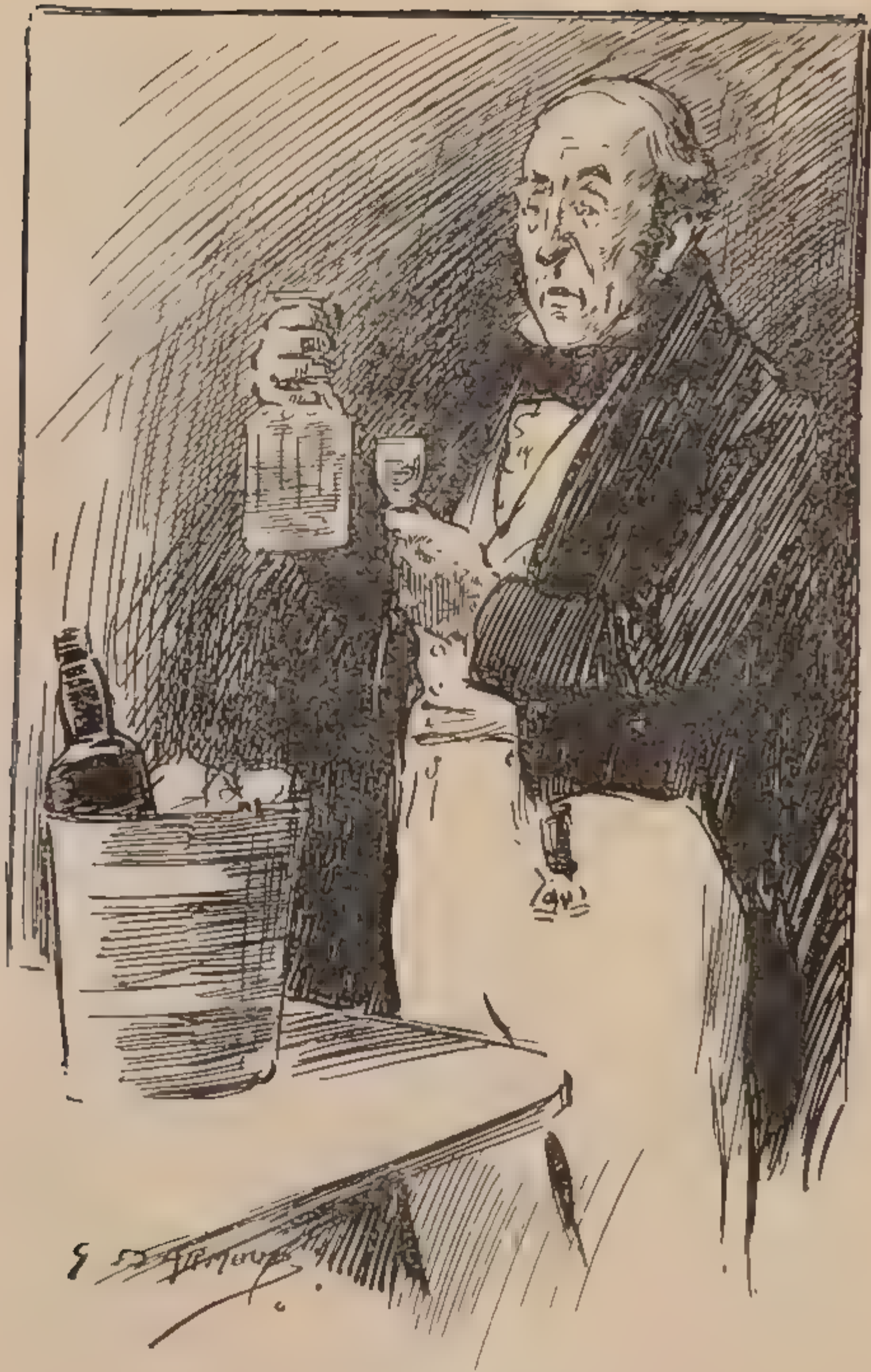
I have always thought Mr Walker, the author of the "Original," was a great loss to the gastronomical world. He had some most comfortable ideas as to how things should be done, and expressed himself in pleasant conversational language. In the eating and drinking department he was great: he knew what small establishments are capable of, and urged people not to attempt too much. He was also a great man

for pre-arrangement. "It is sound practical philosophy," said he, "to have mustard upon the table before the arrival of toasted-cheese.—This very omission," he adds, "has caused as many small vexations in the world as would by this time make a mountain of misery." In the matter of servants, his opinions and my own tally. Where people are not in the unfortunate situation of Miss Biffin—without arms and legs—I cannot conceive why they may not be allowed to help themselves at table. But, no! Everything must be put as far from them as possible—so far, that I am almost tempted sometimes to ask the servants if they had not better take them back into the kitchen altogether.

Wine, too, just the same way. If one of the vagabonds hears you asking a friend to take wine, down he slams the potatoes and greens, and, seizing a decanter, fills your glass to the brim, and very likely dribbles some over your hand. Champagne they deal more gingerly with: either they think it a more expensive wine than it is, or they are desirous of leaving some in the bottle-ends for themselves: but I generally observe there is a cautious measurement of the fluid—if fluid that can be called which is oftentimes three-quarters froth. Reader! deal not out your Champagne with a niggard hand: give plenty, or none at all! Nothing looks so mean as seeing

the butler eye-guessing the bottle, to see if he can squeeze a drop out all round: either give it liberally or none at all. A bottle for eight will do nothing: two bottles will do the trick handsomely, if the ladies are at all in proportion to the gentlemen. There is nothing like Champagne for making a dinner pass off smartly. Sherry and Madeira are very well for funerals: there is a staid melancholiness about these old drinks well befitting the grave occasion: but to make the lively witty, and the dull brisk, there is nothing like Champagne. It's prime stuff too for the ladies. Don't offer *them* still Champagne: it's a waste of money: unless it fizzes, pops and froths, they think nothing of it. Indeed, few men really like still Champagne. If it wasn't the fashion (like smoking), many of them would much rather have a little ale. Some people who give you Champagne, warm as "new milk from the cow" in summer, take their revenge in winter, and give it such an icing during a frost as frequently so to over-do it as to make it undrinkable, until you've thaw'd it in your hand. Even then perhaps it makes all the curious teeth (as my friend Smith calls them) in your head chatter as you take it. I say ice in moderation: serve it out in summer, but spare it in winter: ice is no luxury then: everybody can get it.

I knew a man who used to ice his miserable



"A red-hot Radical who iced his Madeira."

Claret, which having little substance to commence with, got its unfortunate body annihilated in the process. I've seen others ice Sherry, and once in my life I dined with a red-hot Radical who iced his Madeira !

A PENT-UP SPORTSMAN.

February 1844.

JORROCKS'S FAREWELL VALENTINE TO
MISS J—A G—LE ON HIS GOING TO
CHELTENHAM.

Adieu my love, we're doomed to part,
But think of me where'er thou hart,
Where'er thou hart, oh ! think of me,
Where'er I am I'll think o' thee.

The days may come (I'm hapt to roam)
When I shall dwell remote from home ;
But this believe, where'er I go,
I'll ne'er forget to love thee, no !

It p'rhaps may be my lot to fry
'Neath Africa's burning, scorching sky ;
Or, just as likely p'rhaps to freeze,
In regions o' the Polar seas.

Where the poor sailor tempest-tossed is,
Where so severe, so sharp the frost is,
That the bold traveller who goes there,
Is wery like to leave his nose there.

Then think of me when we are parted,
Think of one wots broken-hearted,
One whose 'eart will ne'er be mended,
Until his life is fairly hended.

JOHN JORROCKS.

GREAT CORAM-STREET,
Valentine's Day.

